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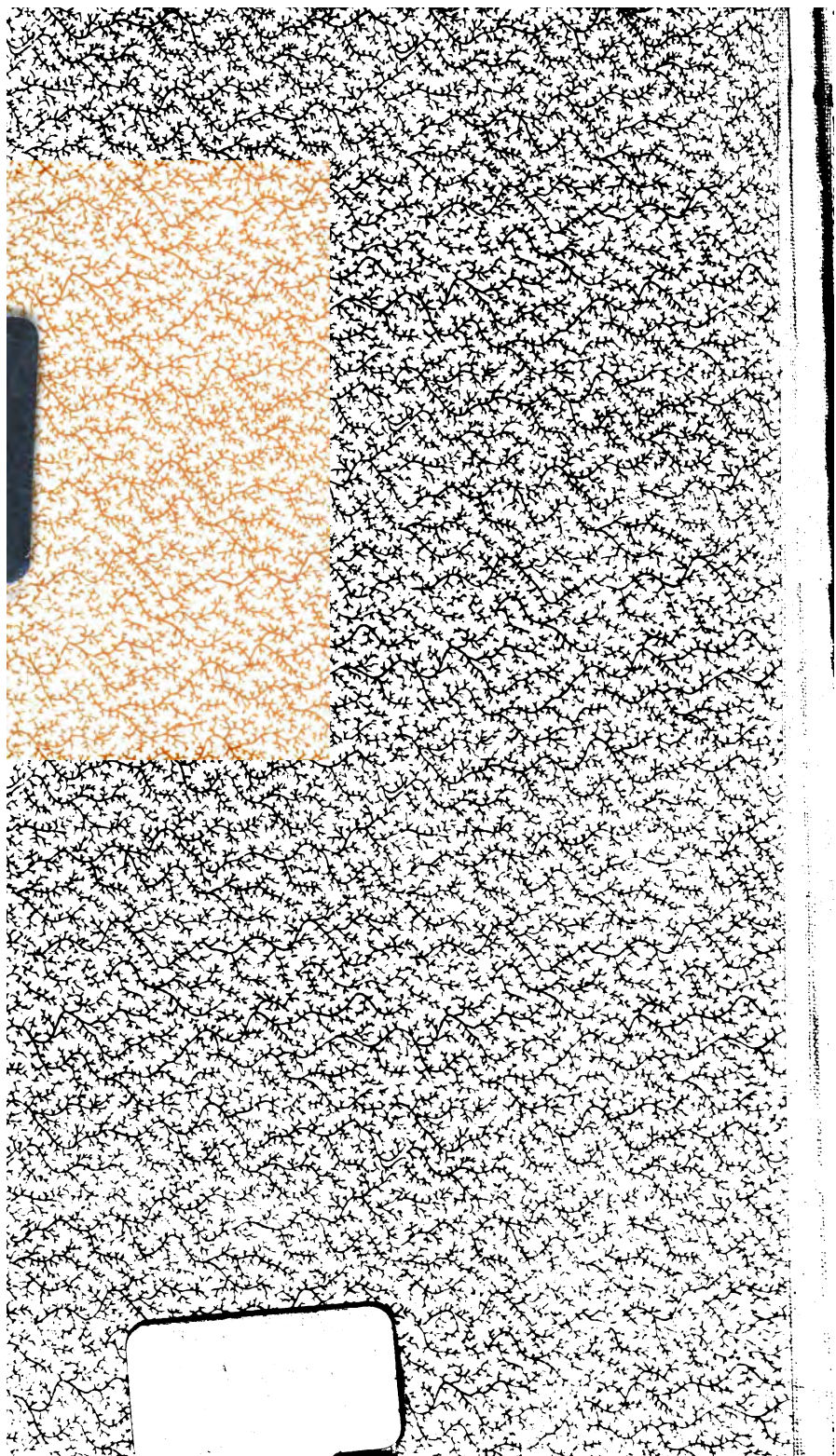
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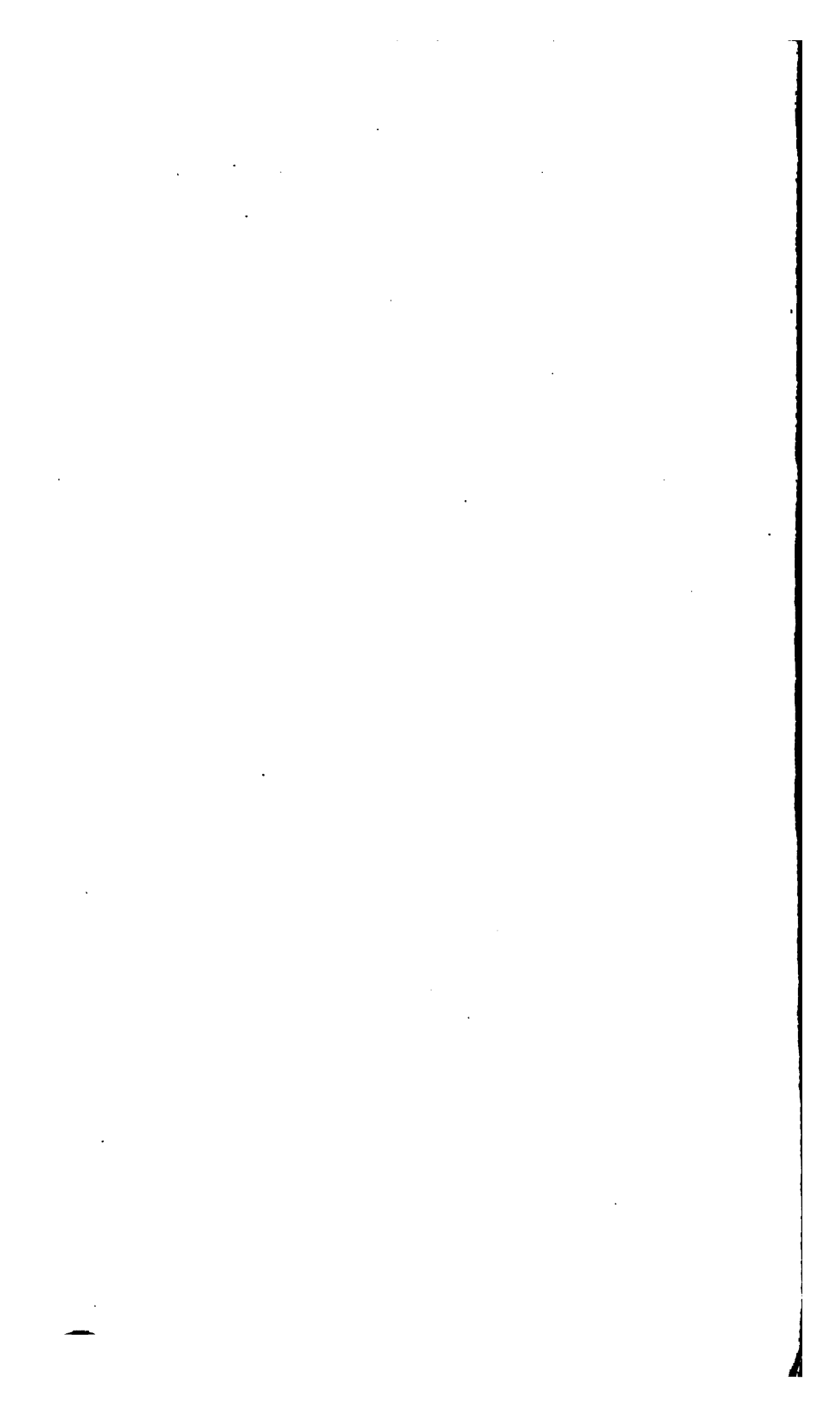
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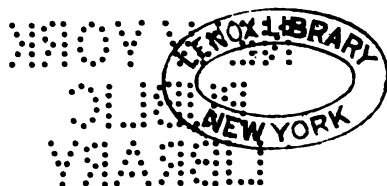
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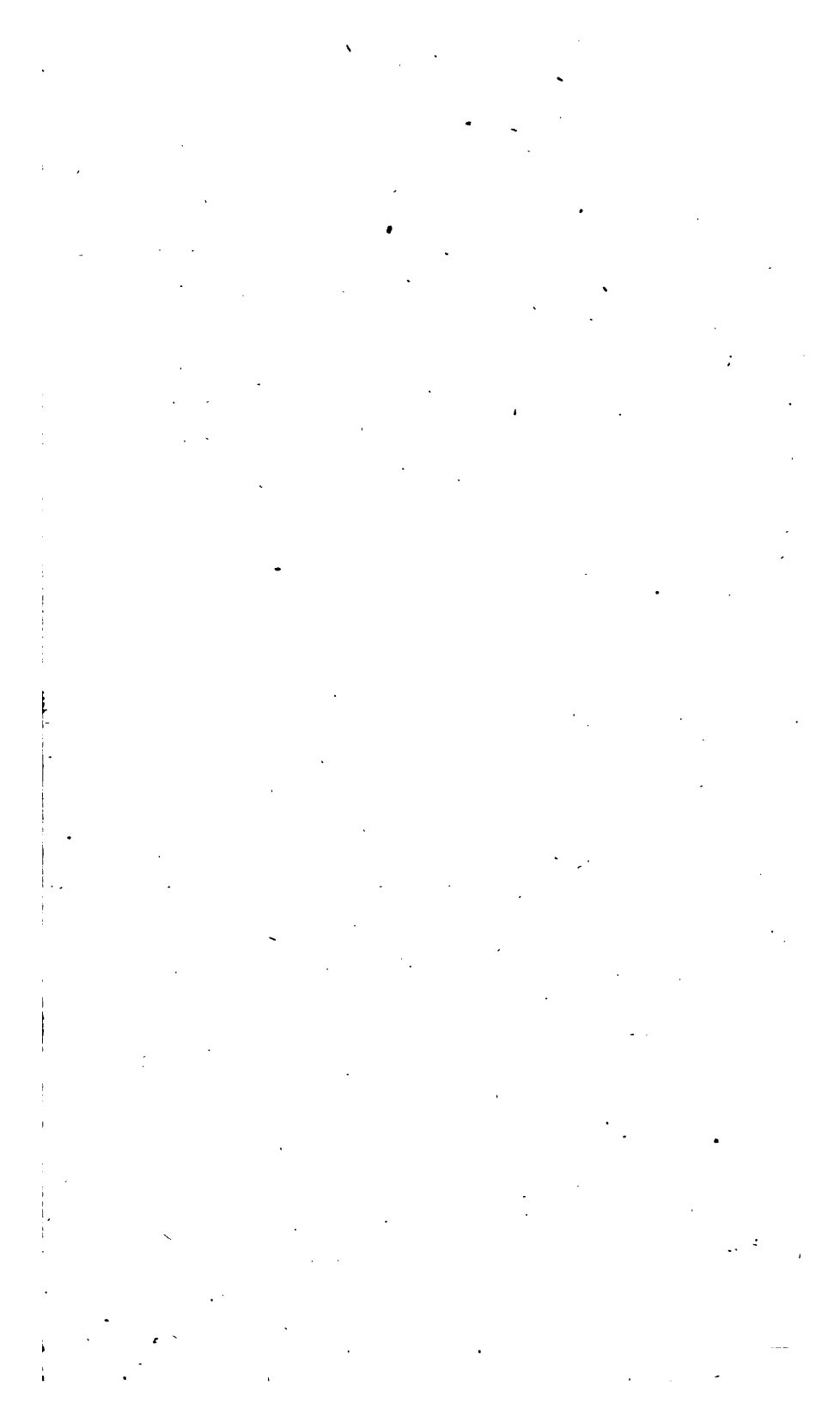
**T**HE Original NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE, long so successfully carried on, and which still continues to be published in Weekly Numbers with undiminished reputation, confessedly gave rise to the present undertaking, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Monthly or NEW NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE.

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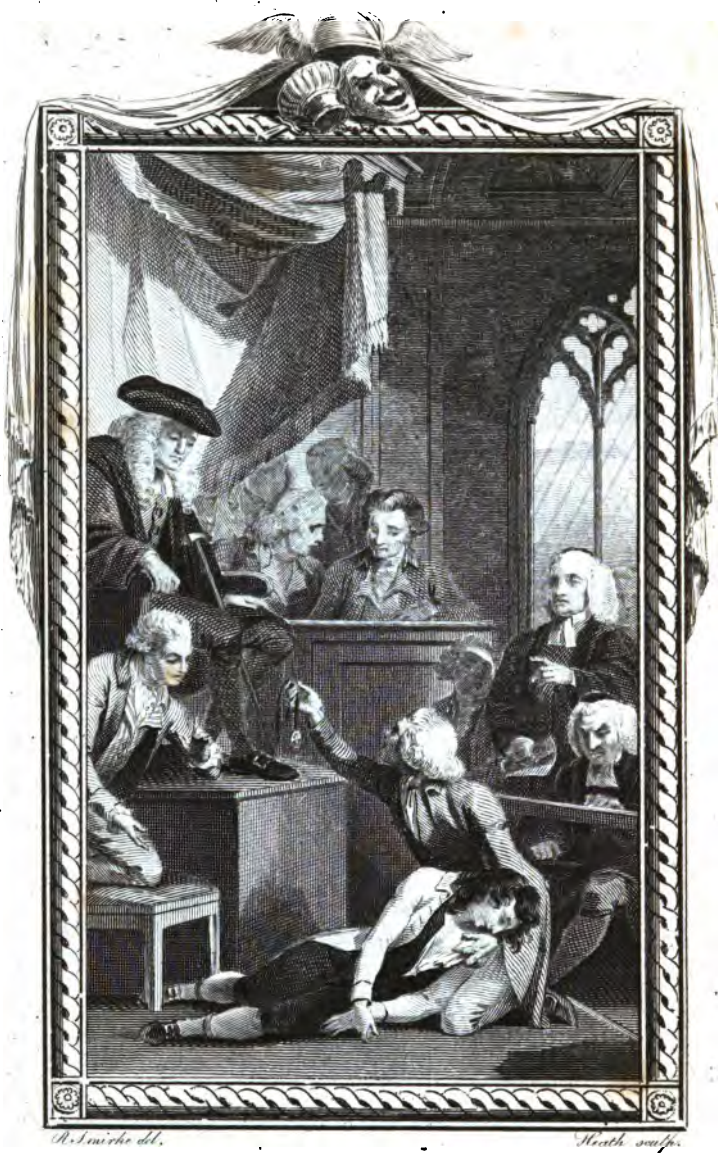
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ROY WEN  
1981  
VIA RAIL







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# THE CRIMINAL.

*Published as the 1st direct by Harrison & Co. May 2 1786.*



# THE New Novelist's Magazine.

## THE CRIMINAL.

BY MR. HARRISON.



**A**T the summer-assizes, in a year which it would be highly improper to mention, the facts having so recently occurred, Sir Edward Markland, as I at present chuse to denominate him, was appointed for the Northern Circuit. His character for the most acute discernment, and the most inflexible integrity, had been established by an experience of many years, and his decisions were at once the dread of guilt and the consolation of innocence.

Sir Edward was on this occasion accompanied by his son Charles-Henry, who had long been esteemed as great an ornament to the bar, as his father was to the bench: both possessed the most persuasive eloquence, and both enjoyed the most unfulfilled reputation. Never were persons better qualified to detect or punish vice, never human beings created more capable of shielding or consoling virtue.

They had gone through what is called the Long Circuit, and had now reached Lancaster, the last place of their destination, with a reputation which must have increased, if it had not long been fixed beyond the power of augmentation; and, most of the trials there being likewise ended, they began to anticipate the domestick felicity they should experience, in the relaxation they had promised themselves to enjoy, after the fatigues of business, at their family mansion in the vicinity. At this period, however, a circumstance occurred which required the

full exertion of all their great qualities, and had nearly for ever cut them off from the enjoyment of future tranquillity.

A youth had, during the assizes, been taken into custody, and a bill of indictment was instantly preferred, and found against him by the grand-jury, for the murder and robbery of a gentleman of the name of Archer, who was of an ancient and respectable family in the county, and in himself universally beloved.

The resentment of the populace against this wretched culprit was so excessive, that the officers of justice had with difficulty preserved him from their fury, and he was at last conveyed into court almost covered by the filth with which their inconsiderate zeal had loaded the miserable being.

The minds of even the most enlightened were filled with the idea of the irreparable loss which all ranks of society had sustained by the shocking murder of the deceased gentleman, and possessed therefore no room for compassion, had the loathed object been in their estimation more worthy to receive it. There was, indeed, hardly an eye that did not scowl at him with indignant abhorrence, while it traced in his dark, lank visage, some proof of innate barbarism and ferocity; hardly a tongue that did not load him with the bitterest reproaches, while it pronounced it's satisfaction at finding him about to suffer the punishment so abundantly due to such an atrocious offender. The youth had, in his whole deportment, a majestic but not haughty reserve, mixed with a noble yet humble

resignation; and he had refused to discover any thing more of the transaction, than that he had found the gentleman expiring, and that he was by no means accessory to his death. But he had been taken near Preston, riding away with the deceased's horse; whose watch, pocket-book, and cash, were likewise found upon him; there could, therefore, be little doubt of his guilt, in minds less prepossessed than those of the persons who were to decide his fate. Even the upright Sir Edward, on this occasion, assumed a severity very different from his usual character; while his celebrated son, whose prodigious talents were never less wanted, exerted himself, in favour of the prosecution, to criminate the unhappy victim; and the jury waited with impatience for the opportunity which they were about to enjoy of evincing their love of justice by giving an instantaneous verdict against him. In short, all were prepared to act in concert for his destruction; and it was from mere matter of form alone, that he was at length asked, with a stern and unbecoming austerity, what he had to say in his defence.

'I am,' cried the collected youth—in a tone of the most powerful eloquence, lifting up his languid eyes, as if to prevent the gushing tears from disgracing him by overflowing their channels—the 'forlorn child of misfortune. Every one is my enemy, and I have no friend on earth! My life, therefore, is of little importance; but my innocence I have been taught to value: it is that which has comforted me in all my distresses, and it is that which now supports me. This was the lesson which a dying mother printed on my lips; whom if I could forget, I were, indeed, no longer innocent!—O, thou dear saint!' he then most pathetically exclaimed, 'I follow thee! thy child—the child of thy misfortunes!' And thus saying, his agitated frame seemed convulsed; he was unable to proceed; his spirits were exhausted; and he fell motionless on the floor.

What a change was in a moment effected! Every eye now streamed with compassion for the unhappy youth who had a few minutes before been so universally detested; and the loss of the good Mr. Archer, so universally, so justly regretted, was for an instant forgot, while the surrounding spectators all hastened to restore the miserable existence which

they were so lately desirous of sacrificing to their rash indignation.

In their efforts to recover the young man from the state of insensibility into which he had fallen, his neckcloth being removed, a miniature portrait surrounded with brilliants appeared pendant from his neck.

The barrister, who had perhaps been less softened by the affecting scene before him, than any other person present, instantly began to expatiate on this new proof of guilt, which he insisted was not a little aggravated by the criminal's artful address to the passions; and which, in all his practice, he had never seen equalled: artful as it was, however, he observed, that it promised nothing of which the prisoner could avail himself; and, as his guilt was abundantly manifest, he begged the jury might be permitted to give a verdict about which there could not possibly be two opinions. The culprit, he allowed, might be affected by remorse—and well he might—for the commission of so horrid a crime; but it was not, at the same time, by any means unlikely, that he felt far more concern at the prospect of impending punishment, and to that was most probably owing the not uncommon distress into which his apprehensions had thrown him. However, he would not labour to aggravate the offence: it was, he truly said, quite unnecessary! Pity, he added, was a laudable passion; and it would have spared him the not very agreeable office in which he was unhappily engaged, if the prisoner had himself possessed the smallest portion of that divine quality: but, however estimable compassion might be, it was necessary that it should be directed to proper objects, and exerted on proper occasions; they were only the servants of Justice, and Justice had solemnly pronounced—that blood should be the price of blood!

During this time, the prisoner had suffered a severe fit; his whole frame was convulsed; and, beginning to revive, he gave a loud shriek, just as the barrister sat down. This accidental circumstance produced an inconceivable effect on the auditors: but the idea which had been thrown out, that his distress might be merely the result of consummate artifice, assisted by the dread of a merited but ignominious death, soon repressed the amiable sensation in almost every bosom.

Yet when he was again placed at the bar,



bar, supported between two men, on one of whose shoulders reclined his languid head, and was again asked what he had farther to say in his defence; as he forcibly uttered the half-formed words—'I wish only to die; but —' and then again relapsed into insensibility; there was not a single person present who did not feel for his unhappy situation.

What, then, was the satisfaction which glowed in every breast, and illumined every countenance, as Sir Edward Markland, rising with all his accustomed dignity, expressed himself to the following effect.

'It is my duty—and I trust I shall never long forget it—to be of council for the prisoner; who, as in the present case, may have no friend to advise him: not, as is the disgraceful and too prevailing practice of mercenary advocates, by labouring to exculpate guilt, at the expense of innocence; but, by assisting the person charged, under a possibility of his innocence, to escape the punishment designed only for undoubted guilt. The circumstances, I own, are strong against the young man; yet must it not be forgot, that they are only circumstances: cases have happened—which God forbid that we should be the instruments of increasing!—where circumstances still stronger, if possible, as to the robbery, and certainly far more so as to the murder, have pointed to an offending man, and brought on his devoted head the execution of a sentence which has afterwards appeared to be unjust. I mean not, however, to insinuate, that there are no circumstances of guilt, under which we must venture to decide; though it behoves us to be always circumspect and tender where we are reduced to that sad necessity. The unhappy youth who now lies at our mercy has asserted his innocence in a language which bears no resemblance, in my opinion, to that of guilt: and, though we must not be deceived by a manner which you are told arises from mere artifice; yet, as that is certainly mere assertion, and that not of the most liberal or humane kind, I see no good reason why his appearance of innocence should be admitted as a proof of his guilt. Could the youth have proceeded in his defence, the commencement of which is said to have so powerfully fastened on our passions, he might possibly, in the conclusion, have

'laid some hold on our judgments. I shall therefore wait with patience till the prisoner may be able to proceed; for, to condemn him without hearing every syllable he wishes to say, is in fact to condemn him unheard.'

A medical gentleman present, who had voluntarily assisted in endeavouring to recover the youth, now addressed the humane judge; and assured him, that it was not at all likely he would be able again to enter on his defence that evening, as a fever had taken place, and his intellects were evidently affected by the disease. He therefore begged permission to remove the prisoner; and hoped a convenient apartment might be assigned him in the castle, where he would with pleasure attend, and give the earliest notice of his restoration to reason.

Sir Edward accordingly gave the requisite orders; and the youth was carried back amidst the tears of the very populace who had before been so violent against him: for the vulgar are, in reality, strict lovers of justice, though they do not always discover what it is.

In the mean time, Sir Edward proceeded with the remaining trials; and the last was just ended, on the morning of the succeeding day, when word was brought that the fever had left the prisoner, and that they were about to convey him into court; but, on his missing the portrait which had been taken from his neck, he immediately began to rave that he was now totally ruined, and with the most outrageous madness fastened on every one around him, uttering some incoherent phrases, among which the word 'Mother!' with seemingly tender epithets, could alone be distinctly made out. He had, however, been soon overpowered and confined in his bed: nor did the fit last long; and, as his senses returned, the physician sat by him, and endeavoured to comfort him. He appeared gratefully sensible of the kindness shewn him; but still sighed piteously, and exclaimed, shedding a torrent of tears—'My picture! my picture! But for that, they could not have hurt me!'

These expressions, so conclusive of guilt, gave rise to what had before been unaccountably neglected—a minute examination of the portrait by the friends of the deceased: but none of them had the smallest recollection that Mr. Archer ever possessed it.

Sir Edward therefore directed that it should

should be immediately returned to the prisoner; whose conduct, on receiving it back again, he begged might be particularly noted: from which he seemed to promise himself some clue that might lead them to explore the mysterious labyrinth in which this intricate business was involved. Though the picture had been in his own hands, Sir Edward never once examined the resemblance; and when, at last, his son Charles-Henry requested it might be shewn to him for that purpose, before it was returned to the prisoner; the upright judge observed, with some severity, that he had already made more remarks on that subject than humanity warranted; and, as no one appeared to claim the property, it should not be a moment longer detained from the young man, much less give rise to any new prejudices against him.

When the picture was restored to the miserable youth, and he was informed that it had been sent back at the express desire of the judge, he fell immediately on his knees; blessing so much goodness to a friendless wretch, and praying with the utmost fervour that Sir Edward might never feel the smallest portion of that agony which his benevolence had relieved. The portrait, which he had held clasped between his hands, he kissed with apparent devotion; and, fastening it round his neck, as he knelt, again saluted it, lifting his eyes upwards, and with a deep sigh exclaiming—'O my dearest mother, I am now prepared to follow thee!' Then rising, with a firmness which astonished every one, he begged to be conducted into court. He was accordingly conveyed thither; and the judge, having previously been made acquainted with what had passed at the restoration of the picture, from which he was, however, unable to form any satisfactory conclusion, mildly recapitulated the charges against the youth, advising him to go calmly and deliberately into his defence, and to account, if possible, for the suspicious situation in which he had been apprehended.

'You have been good enough to give me my picture,' said the youth, 'and I now wish only to die. Appearances are strong enough against me to justify you to yourselves; and, when I am gone from a world in which I have experienced but little happiness—and felicity could never be increased by the remembrance of my present situation—the God

of heaven and of earth will in his own way manifest my innocence. On him shall I cheerfully rely; without venturing to mention circumstances which, however true, could gain but little credit with my stern adversary, whose eagerness to confound vice, arising from his extreme love of virtue, would not fail to obtain my respect, while it involved me in all the consequences of the most flagrant guilt!—A word more, and I have done. I feel myself exceedingly weak; and, if I may be indulged, after condemnation, with a respite of a few days, I trust I shall be enabled to breathe out my unhappy spirit, in prayers for my kind judges, without suffering the whole of that ignominy to which human justice must necessarily consign me!' He then bowed respectfully, to the judge, the jury, and the barrister: and said he had given them too much trouble; but he thanked them, and would give them no more.

It can hardly be necessary to remark that this scene was truly affecting; which was, indeed, one of the most distressing spectacles ever beheld. The manly resignation of the youth; his natural eloquence, and apparent goodness of heart; joined to a figure which, when prejudices were subsided, evidently wanted only health, felicity, and dress, to render it the most elegant and captivating that could possibly be conceived; all conspired to touch the heart of every beholder.

Even the barrister, who had seldom been so severely rebuked by his father as on this occasion, and who felt his lofty spirit indebted to a poor criminal for a delicate apology which he was conscious of not being entitled to receive from him, thought it necessary to rise, and declare that he should be as willing to consider the young man guiltless as any person present, were the circumstances of the robbery less decisive; and that, after all, if the jury could in their consciences acquit him, he would promise them that he should rejoice in the verdict.

Sir Edward then observed, that he was glad to see his son recollect himself: but that, indeed, they had all probably been at first prepossessed against the prisoner, from their natural love of the deceased, and well-founded esteem of his worthy family. 'The law, however,' added Sir Edward, addressing the jury, 'is not respecter of persons: you are neither meanly to favour—nor, on the other hand,

‘hand, haughtily or wantonly to aggravate—the crimes of the rich and powerful; and you are neither to despise at all, nor to compassionate too much—though this, I confess, seems to me the lesser evil—the offences of the poor and friendless. You are judges of the fact; to you, therefore, I must leave the decision: and may God, the only true Judge, and who alone knows with certainty the heart of man, direct you to give a just verdict!’

The jury now withdrew; and, in about half an hour, returned their verdict—‘Guilty of the robbery, but not of the murder.’ The young man bowed; and, having received sentence, was taken from the bar, universally pitied, even by the jury, who had nevertheless faithfully discharged their duty.

But though Sir Edward was fully sensible that the jury had acted with strict propriety, and had even discriminated between positive and circumstantial evidence, with a delicacy and discernment which did them infinite honour, he still felt an irresistible inclination to enquire farther into the history of the unhappy criminal than could possibly be done in open court. Accordingly, he desired that the physician might wait on him in the evening, from whom he hoped to learn more particulars than had yet transpired.

From this source, however, no other information could be drawn, than that the youth, with every appearance of an innocent, a grateful, and a manly heart, was less disposed to be communicative than any person the physician had ever met with. He, however, observed, that his patient had, from the moment of his condemnation, appeared perfectly tranquillized and resigned; and he suggested the possibility, that gratitude might induce him to disclose, at a private interview, whatever Sir Edward should require.

As this was what the humane judge had himself intended, should other means fail to succeed, he begged that the physician would take the trouble of preparing him for the occasion with all convenient expedition.

In less than an hour, he was accordingly brought; and his arrival being announced, Sir Edward directed that the fetters with which he was loaded might be struck off previous to his introduction.

As soon as the poor youth entered the room, bowing with the most affecting union of dignity, respect, and humility,

while a few big tears escaped, in spite of every effort, from his intelligent eyes, Sir Edward ordered every one to withdraw. They were no sooner alone, than the humane judge placed a chair near his own; and, in the kindest accents, bade him be seated. In the mean time, he for a moment turned away, as if to examine some papers, that the youth might have an opportunity of recollecting himself; then, filling a glass of wine, he presented it to his miserable guest, who received it with trembling and reluctance; and, the instant he had swallowed it, burst into an involuntary fit of weeping. Sir Edward now seated himself by the distressed youth; and, with the most inexpressible tenderness, requested to know if it was in his power to make him happy.

The youth dropped on his knees. He was about to speak, but Sir Edward would not hear him in that posture. ‘O Sir,’ cried the youth, as Sir Edward assisted to re-seat him, ‘why do you per- form the part of a divinity to a forlorn wretch, if you will not receive his adoration!—My lot in this life is misery, and I can have no reluctance in quitting it; but if you will endeavour to think me less a guilty than an unfortunate wretch, after I am dead; that reflection will, I believe, make me happier than any thing that remains on earth!—for my mother is gone!’ lifting up his eyes to heaven; ‘and father,’ sighed the youth, glancing downward to where the picture was deposited, ‘I never knew!’

This last motion wrought immediately on Sir Edward; who had all along felt a strong inclination to know how the youth became possessed of an article in itself so valuable, and about which he had, seemingly for a different but unknown reason, been so extremely anxious: dreading, however, that any interrogations on that head might lead to a confession of guilt which he would be sorry to discover, he prefaced his request to be informed of that circumstance, by a solemn assurance, that he desired not to hear a single syllable of any matter which could possibly operate to his prejudice; and that, if any thing of that kind should inadvertently come out—which he hoped would not, and which, indeed, he did not believe could—not the slightest advantage should be taken; while, on the contrary, he might rest fully assured that no circumstance in his former life

and

and conduct favourable to the idea of innocence should yet fail in having its due effect.

'Your goodness has overwhelmed me,' Sir,' cried the youth; 'and I cannot refuse any satisfaction which it may be in the power of so miserable a being as myself to afford his benign benefactor: not that I have the smallest wish to live; but I would, I confess, willingly avoid a death of shame. What, then, shall I say? The picture was given me by my expiring mother!—O thou ever-blessed saint!' ejaculated the duteous youth, as he mentioned the venerated name, 'could I forget the gift, could I lose the remembrance of the manner in which it was given, never should I hope to participate with thee in that unceasing bliss, which thou wast then sadly, but patiently, hastening to enjoy!'

Here he stopped, for his grief would not suffer him to proceed: and, in wiping his face, the portrait, which he had held between his hands, slipping from between them, fell suspended on the outside of his cloaths; when the resemblance immediately met the eyes of Sir Edward, who instantly recognized the features.

At this discovery, the good judge felt an increased interest; and he was about to make more particular enquiries, as he saw him replacing the picture, when his son Charles-Henry came suddenly into the room.

'I am come,' cried the barrister, as he entered, 'to make some atonement for my fault: the young man is, indeed, innocent of Mr. Archer's murder, the perpetrator of which is now generally known. That unfortunate gentleman, it seems, was attacked early in the morning, by a single highwayman, to whom he freely gave a few guineas, accompanied by an ill-timed admonition on the way of life in which the robber was engaged; when the villain, exasperated at being thus unexpectedly reprov'd, aimed a stroke at Mr. Archer's head with the end of his pistol. Roused to desperation by the unmanly assault, Mr. Archer wrested it from him; and, in his rage, fired at the dastardly assailant, whom he wounded in the neck. On this, the base wretch, who had now a second pistol ready, discharged it in Mr. Archer's breast, and then rode off across the country, to Skip-ton, in Yorkshire, where he remain-

ed concealed a few days: till, a gangrene taking place, he was compelled to call in the aid of a surgeon; when, finding there was no hope of recovery, he begged a clergyman might be sent for, to whom he confessed these particulars, and intreated that they might be made publickly known the instant he expired, which happened next day, to prevent any innocent person from suffering for his offence. The intelligence,' added the barrister, 'is just arrived; and I congratulate the young man, on a circumstance which must free him, in the most prejudiced mind, from any remaining suspicion of the murder.'

The youth bowed; and Sir Edward thanked his son for bringing the welcome information.

'And now, Charles-Henry,' said the judge, 'I have news which concerns you. Do you not remember losing, at Oxford, the portrait which I gave you on your first going to the university?'

The barrister's countenance instantly changed to a deadly pale, as he feebly pronounced—'Certainly, Sir!'

'Ask, then, the young man to shew it you,' continued Sir Edward; 'for it is that which was this day in court, and which now depends from his neck.'

As the youth drew the picture from his bosom, his eye suddenly glanced from the portrait, to the features before him. The resemblance was too striking longer to escape his notice: he dropped on one knee; and, clasping his hands—'It is, 'it is my father!' he exclaimed; 'and I shall not die without seeing him!'

'Gracious God!' cried the astonished judge, 'what new mystery is this?'

'The hand of Heaven is in it,' replied Charles-Henry, as he raised and embraced the youth; 'and conviction rushes into my mind, through a thousand avenues!'

He then acknowledged that he had, on his departure for Oxford, given the picture to Sally Johnson; an orphan girl whom his mother had tenderly brought up, and whom he soon afterwards cruelly seduced and abandoned, without giving himself the smallest concern about what might be the consequences of this horrid brutality. The remembrance of one debauchery, he added, had been soon effaced by the commission of another; nor had he, till that present moment, ever once discovered how very vile he was.

'And

'And what amends can any contrition now make,' said Sir Edward, 'to the poor victims of your ungoverned lust? Has not a single moment's guilty gratification been purchased by the misery of two innocent lives; one of which is already gone to appear against you at the bar of Divine Justice, and the other had but too nearly followed? Heaven knows, how many more may have been dismissed on the same errand! What, then, shall finally be the dreadful sentence of a wretch so truly criminal?'

The barrister could make no reply, but threw himself at the feet of his father; and the youth, who seemed to have quite forgot the nature of his own situation, followed the example.

Sir Edward was vanquished; and the tears gleamed on his cheeks. 'Rise, my children!' he exclaimed: 'both have shewn a contrition which entitles you to the forgiveness of man; and, I hope, to that of Heaven!'—'But,' continued Sir Edward, after a pause of anguish, addressing himself to his son, 'will it not be urged, that the law remains unsatisfied, if pardon should be extended to this unhappy youth, after so clear a conviction? I cannot bear the loss of my integrity; and may it not be inferred, that the criminal has escaped, only to prevent my grandson from suffering? How then shall I justify such conduct to the world; and, what is of still higher importance, to myself?'

'The offence of my unhappy son,' replied the barrister, 'is a mere venial offence, and deserves not the name of felony. Loaded with distress, and under the pressure of want, he was tempted to seize inconsiderately what the unfortunate owner could no longer enjoy: it was probably the impulse of a moment's guilt, which had never before arisen in his mind, and which would never have returned; and who is there in existence that has never known a single guilty moment? who has not, at some unguarded instant, been himself a criminal?'

'Your reasoning,' said the judge, 'is the result of feelings which do not disgrace your heart; though the partiality now prevalent in your mind, has veiled from you the ill consequences which must arise to society were the principle

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universally admitted. But we have yet never heard the youth's own account of a transaction in which he is so deeply interested; and, though he neglected to enter into particulars, at the proper opportunity, I am strangely possessed of the idea that some general assertions of innocence, which have fallen from him in the course of this wonderful affair, are better founded than our fallible judgments have been able to discover.'

'I have hitherto,' returned the youth, 'been prevented from insisting on my innocence, by apprehensions that the plain simple facts would gain me little credit: I will not, however, longer permit myself to think I shall fail of obtaining your belief, when I assert that I have never yet been reduced to low as even to meditate the appropriation of another's property to the relief of my own necessities. At the time I was suddenly surrounded by the gentlemen who first took me into custody, the terror which their accusations occasioned, and the roughness of their treatment, deprived me of the power of utterance; and their increased exultation at finding the property of the deceased in my possession, made me quite give myself over as lost. I therefore did not offer to tell them, as was actually the case, that I was only hastening to procure a surgeon for the dying man, whom I had left weltering in his blood; and that I had mounted the horse which stood quietly by him for the sake of expedition, putting up carefully together in my handkerchief all the valuables I found about him, lest some one should in my absence come by who might be less disposed to restore them undiminished.'

Sir Edward was abundantly satisfied; and the barrister again pressed the youth with transport to his breast.

They proceeded, the same evening, to Sir Edward's delightful seat; where they still live together in the most enchanting retirement: Sir Edward for that purpose quitting the bench, and his son Charles-Henry the bar, which they had long so considerably adorned.

The particulars of this interesting affair were, in a variety of forms, soon noised about through the whole country; where it is still a common phrase, among that numerous tribe, the self considered

C fugacious,

sagacious, that where the father happens to be a barrister, and the grandfather a judge, the criminal is in no danger.

If, however, the affecting history of SALLY JOHNSON should ever be published—of which there are some hopes, Sir Edward strongly recommending the necessity of such a measure to his son

Charles-Henry, as the most perfect retribution in his power—it is thought that even these rigid adherents to once-entertained opinions will suffer a sufficient relaxation of their accustomed severity, to believe, if not to confess, that the young man was in reality innocent, and that his father is the only CRIMINAL.

## THE HAPPY PAIR;

OR,

VIRTUE AND CONSTANCY REWARDED.

BY DR. SHEBBEARE.

**E**RASTUS, at the expiration of his clerkship to a merchant, saw himself in possession of a fortune, which in a few years, with success, might have increased to the height of his ambition. He made a favourable impression on the heart of the fair Eliza, his master's daughter, and married her soon after he was settled, with the consent of her father, who retired from business, and passed the remainder of his days in ease and calmness.

They had but a few years enjoyed the happiness they imparted to each other, before Erastus, by unexpected losses, and the bankruptcy of a house abroad, was robbed of all his fortune. He now for ever looked on the lovely Eliza with pain. 'Canst thou still love the man who has reduced thee to poverty?—Indeed, thou canst!' said he, pressing her hand with all imaginable tenderness. 'Heaven knows I have not brought my misfortunes on myself—we must not repine, and yet so lovely a family——' at which time he cast his eyes on his little rogues, who were playing on the carpet, and then on his Eliza. He saw the tear flow down her cheek, and wept. Whatever she could suggest to give him ease, she spoke with all the tenderness imaginable. 'We will not weep, then, my Eliza; perhaps we may yet know happier hours.' The attention of the little ones was drawn by their tears. One asked the mother why she wept; and another, with inquisitive love, why papa cried. Erastus kissed them; said he would weep no more; bade them be good, and Heaven would bless them.

Thus passed their hours till his affairs were settled, when he paid to the utmost whatever he owed to mankind. Such was his character, that many offered him mo-

ney; which he declined, as he had already found that industry could not insure success. By others he was advised to go abroad, and look into the affairs of the house by the bankruptcy of which he had so considerably suffered. This he resolved on. When he told his intention to Eliza, she wept at the thoughts of parting; she dreaded the danger he would be exposed to more than poverty itself, and would not listen to him, unless he would consent to her accompanying him on the voyage. 'Alas! thou best of women, you forget your condition; Eliza cannot think that any thing but the hopes of bettering our fortunes could prevail on me to leave her. Were I to wait till the time was past when you might accompany me without hazarding your life, the delay might be dangerous; even then thy tender limbs could but poorly endure the fatigue. I go, that Eliza, her little ones, and that infant which soon will claim its share of my affection, may never taste the bitter cup of poverty. The little remainder of our fortunes I will leave with thee; if that should be exhausted, which Heaven forbid, before I am enabled to congratulate thee on our happier circumstances, surely even then thou couldst not know the misery of absolute want! Thy Erastus still has friends: I have been unfortunate, my Eliza, but not base.'

By arguments of this kind he prevailed on her to acquiesce in his design. 'Support yourself in my absence,' said he; 'we shall not long labour under misfortunes we have not deserved. If any thing advantageous should happen to fix me abroad, will Eliza follow me?'—'Will! How can Erastus doubt it!' said the lovely wife; 'with you no cli-

mate

'mate can be displeasing; without you  
'no circumstances can make me happy.'  
—'Thou dear, dear woman!' said he,  
clasping her in his arms, 'how have I  
'deserved thy love!'

At length the time came which was to separate them from each other; no words can express the pain they felt at parting: Eraftus, who had, without knowing it, supported himself by endeavouring to support his Eliza, wept when he embraced the best of wives. The tears choked his voice, when he told his little ones to be dutiful to their mother. At the last embrace he would have spoke, but found the effort vain; he gazed on her a few moments with a look which may be much easier conceived than described, and silent left her in all the grief a human breast can know.

Eliza now retired to one of the environs, where her thoughts were generally employed upon Eraftus. Sometimes when they had wandered from their usual subject, they were recalled to it by one of the little ones asking where papa was. Upon which she could not help pointing out the distant hills, and saying that he was a thousand times more distant than they were; an idea but seldom awaked without producing tears.

Happily for her, she received a letter from him with assurances of his welfare, at a time when the most wanted consolation; and some months after came to her hands the following—

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

YOU will naturally believe I write this with the utmost joy, since I can inform you, my dearest wife, that I am now settled in such a way, as will soon make up for our late ill fortune. A more particular account I reserve till I am happy in thy conversation. I have sent a bill, though I cannot suppose you want it, that nothing may possibly detain you from my arms. Hasten to a husband, who loves you better than himself; and believe that absence has made you dearer to him than ever.

Eliza no sooner received this welcome letter, than she began to prepare for her departure; by the first vessel therefore that was ready she set sail, and took with her a female servant to assist her in the care of the children. She found no other, scarce indeed so many inconveniences as she expected; which arose from the humanity of the captain, who, unlike most

of his brethren, compassionate the inconveniences which attend those who are unaccustomed to the sea.

The wished-for shore was now in view, and Eliza's heart exulted at the thoughts of her approaching happiness. Scarce however was she landed, before her spirits sunk at the appearance of a funeral which passed by her. Her ill-boding fancy immediately suggested to her, that it might possibly be her husband; she could not avoid inquiring who it was, when she heard that it was a stranger, whose name was Eraftus. The colour left her cheek; she fainted in the arms of her maid; and, recovering, found herself in the house of a stranger, whose hospitality was awakened by the appearance of her distress. 'Was it for this,' said she, 'I passed the danger of the sea?—' 'Unhappy woman, in having escaped 'it's perils!—Alas, I promised myself 'some years of uninterrupted happiness! 'Good Heaven, my sorrows will end 'but with my life!' Thus did she exclaim in broken sentences, till again she sunk her fainting head, and found herself supported at her recovery by the husband she imagined to be no more, At first she spoke to him with an incoherent wildness which indicated the disorder of her mind; till at length grown calmer, she said—'Was it delusion all! 'and do I live once more to behold 'the man I love!'—'It was, it was, 'Eliza!' said he, pressing her to his bosom: 'thy husband lives, and we shall 'now be blessed.'

When their excess of joy began to be somewhat abated, Eliza desired an account of what had happened to him since he left her; and asked if he knew how she came to receive that melancholy information which made her the most miserable of human beings.

'As soon, my dear,' said he, 'as I came over, I found that the affairs of 'the house were not, by much, in so 'bad a way as was first imagined, and 'some time after received a larger sum 'from it than ever I expected. This, 'and an opportunity which now presented itself of my settling greatly to 'my advantage, gave me excessive spirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote 'to my Eliza, that happier hours might 'now await us.'

'It was not long after my writing that 'letter, which bade thee hasten to my 'arms, that a stranger came to this part 'of the island, in hopes of improving his

'health. Amongst others, I went to pay him my respects. Can you conceive what pleasure, mingled with surprise and pain I felt, when in this stranger I beheld a brother? This was that brother whom Eliza has heard me mention. He was banished by my father for some indiscretions of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He settled on a distant part of this island, where he made a conquest—for his person was remarkably fine—of a widow, who possessed one of the largest estates upon it.

'He was overjoyed to see me. "I cannot much longer continue here," said he; "I am going to the eternal abode appointed for human nature. Since my banishment from my father's house, Heaven has blessed me with success. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: good old man!—You are now, Erastus, the only remaining hope of our family: I little dreamed of ever seeing you again; but Heaven is kind. The terrors of dissolution are lessened at the sight of thee. It is not an unpleasing reflection, that thy friendly hand will close my eyes. Beware, Erastus, nor misemploy the wealth I shall leave thee; it was got with honour. I can scarcely advise thee to marry; it is to the loss of the best of wives, which was soon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my present disorder. We were happy. She was the best of women!" At these words Erastus fixed his eyes upon Eliza: "May Heaven continue our lives," said he; "may we never know the pang of separation till age has silvered o'er our heads, and then it must be short!"

The brother asked Erastus what accident had brought him to that part of

the world; who told him that, upon the first appearance of his illness, he had written to England, to enquire whether he was still living; and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him the entire fortune he possessed.

'It was not long after his arrival,' resumed Erastus, 'that he died, and left me an estate even beyond the ambition of my wishes. It was his funeral you met: it was Erastus they were bearing to his grave, but not Eliza's Erastus: he lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys!' At these words he pressed her to his bosom with a warmth expressive of the most perfect love. 'Upon my return from the funeral, I was told, by some one whom I met, the story of a woman's fainting, with such circumstances as made me think it was thee. I hastened to the house where the hospitable stranger had conducted thee, and found thee sunk into the arms of thy maid. Shall I tell my Eliza, that even this circumstance at present affords me a degree of pleasure? Indeed, it does; it convinces me that I still am blessed with thy tenderest love, without which, as Eliza once said to me, no circumstances could make me happy.'

Erastus was now possessed of a fortune which might enable him to pass his remaining days independent of the cares of business. He sold his estate to advantage, and returned to his native country; where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant ease. The greatest part of their time they spend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amusements of the town: wealthy without arrogance, æconomists without avarice, and liberal without profusion; universally beloved by those who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.

## ASEM, THE MAN-HATER.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

**W**HERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this

frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem, the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with



with the most ardent affection: but from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bottom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend; and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. 'How beautiful,' he often cried, 'is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in the clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in

nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man, is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Allah! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair!' Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestick being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

'Son of Adam,' cried the Genius, 'stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead. In me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise.'

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; and they descended several hundred fathoms: when Asem, just ready to give up his life, as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never tread before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

'I plainly perceive your amazement,' said the Genius; 'but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Allah, at the request, and under the inspection, of our Great Prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequences of which you were solutely rescued. The rational inhabitants

'inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.'

'A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!' cried Afem, in a rapture. 'I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed, will produce happiness, extasy, and ease. O for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable.'

'Cease thine acclamations,' replied the Genius. 'Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper; I shall be your attendant and instructor.' Afem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain it's primordial wildness.

'Here,' cried Afem, 'I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.'—'Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable,' said the Genius, smiling. 'But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons. The earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their

'multitude, sublimit in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.'

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Afem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. 'Heavens!' cried Afem, 'why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?' He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. 'This,' cried Afem to his guide, 'is truly surprizing; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.'—'Every species of animals,' replied the Genius, 'has of late grown very powerful in this country, for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.'—'But they should have been destroyed,' cried Afem; 'you see the consequence of such neglect.'—'Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?' replied the Genius, smiling: 'you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.'—'I must acknowledge my mistake,' returned Afem; 'I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another.'

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprized to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprize, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for shew. 'At least, then;

then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom.'—'Wisdom!' replied his instructor; 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.'—'All this may be right,' says Asem; 'but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.'—'That, indeed, is true,' replied the other: 'here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.'—'Well, then,' said the sceptick, 'as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.'—'And to what purpose should either do this?' says the Genius: 'flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.'

'Still, however,' said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion.' He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the

way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!'—'Be not surprized,' said the wretch who was dying; 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.'—'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem; 'and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.'—'Peace, Asem,' replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, 'nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom: the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice; and that, you see, is practised here.'—'Strange!' cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; 'what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here: thus it seems, that, to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only  
shewed

• shewed my own ignorance; he set forth  
• let me keep from vice myself, and pity  
• it in others.'

He had so received, when the Genius assumed an air of venerable complacency, called all his treasures around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Aleni, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when calling his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his night's rest had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; he instantly and

Providently shlike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water side in tranquillity; and, leaving his hoard mansion, travelled to Segestian, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years, not produced opulence; the number of his domesticks increased; his friends came to him from every part of the country; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

## BIANCA CAPELLO.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY LADY POMFRET.

**A**BOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, among many Florentine merchants, who resided in the celebrated city of Venice, was a company of bankers, called the Salviati; whose business being great, they were obliged to keep many young men in their service, for writing, negotiation, and other offices. The principal of these was one Filippo Buonaventuri, a citizen of Florence, young, handsome, and genteel, whom they employed as cashier.

Over-against this bank lived a noble Venetian, the name of whose family was Capello: he had, among other children, a daughter called Bianca, extremely beautiful, and of so winning and graceful a behaviour as enhanced the lustre of her charms. This lady, the before-mentioned Buonaventuri became desperately enamoured with; the violence of his passion, by the frequent opportunities their near neighbourhood gave them of seeing each other, in time found means to discover itself to his mistress; who, believing him the master, or at least the partner of that great bank, began to regard with some attention the attractive graces of his person and manner, till this new reciprocal love augmenting every day, became sanctified at length by a private marriage, followed by many secret meetings, with the knowledge only of an old matron, governess to the lady, who had been both confidant and mediatrix throughout the whole affair.

Thus for some time did the lovers continue their intercourse; the bride going every night to her husband's apartment, which being on the ground-floor,

she could easily pass from her father's house and return without observed, being but four paces distant from that of the Salviati. Her method was, when she came out, to leave the door unlocked; so that, returning early, she was received by her governess, before the rest of the family was stirring. But one morning, when the baker coming sooner than usual, to tell the servants it was time to make the bread, and being answered, they were about it, he perceived the lock of the door was open, and thinking it was proper to fasten it, he did so, before he went away, as the young lady found to her great surprize and grief, when, having taking leave of her husband, who accompanied her to the door of his master's house, he returned home; whereupon, not knowing from whence this accident could happen, trembling like a leaf, and half dead with fear, she went back to her lover, who endeavoured to comfort her as well as he could, and went himself into the street, making signs, whistling, and calling to the old confidant. Yet all his endeavours were to no purpose; and, unable to make himself heard without a thorough discovery, he came back to his wife; when now the day was so far advanced, that it left no hopes of concealment for these unfortunate lovers, who were sure to die by the rage of her relations, if once the affair was known. As the last remedy, they resolved on flight; he taking what little money and cloaths the shortness of time would permit him to get together, and she having only a thin taffera robe over her shift, (it being the height of summer)

mer) they hastily embarked on board a vessel, and in the most secret manner that was possible pursued their journey till they arrived at Florence, where they came to the house of Pietro's father, which stood in the place of St. Mark, not far from the church of the Annunciation. The elder Buonaventuri, though a citizen, was in so low a degree of fortune, that these two being added to his family, he could no otherwise maintain them than by turning off his only servant, in whose place the poor young lady was obliged to do all those offices that, in her former state, many had been kept to do for her: and the old man being informed by his son that she was his wife, and his own being grown in years, and very peevish, he entrusted her with the management of the household likewise; all which he performed, for many months, with great patience and alacrity.

The flight of the two lovers was no sooner discovered at Venice, than the father and relations of Bianca, furious with indignation, and great in power, caused an edict to be published, by which, whoever should kill them in any country, was entitled to a large sum of money. This cruel order coming to the ears of the fugitive pair, gave them great apprehensions; and the young lady never suffered herself to be seen, but staid always at home, employing herself in the affairs of her family.

While they remained in this miserable situation, it happened one day, that the Grand Duke Francisco, son of Cosmo the First, was passing in his coach under the window. Bianca having a curiosity to see him, lifted up the lattice, in order to have a better view; and he chancing at the same time to turn his face that way, their eyes met; which was no sooner perceived by her, than she immediately let down the lattice and retired; but the Grand Duke, unsatisfied with so momentary a view, kept his head still out of the coach, turned, though in vain, towards the window.

This hasty and unthought of encounter created in the mind of Francisco a restless desire to know who she was, and every particular concerning her; which once known, produced so tender a pity in his heart, that it made him more than an equal sharer in all her misfortunes; and increased so much his curiosity again to see her, that he either went every day to a house of his, in that quarter of the

town, called the Casino, or to hear mass, either at the Annunciation or St. Mark's, in hopes to procure another sight of her. But all this only served to make him more eager for a nearer and longer view; and, in order to attain his wish, he made it known to a Spanish gentleman named Mandragone, who in his infancy had been placed about him by his father, and who, ever attentive to the desires of his master, readily undertook the enterprize: and, that it might succeed the better, engaged his wife to form an intimacy with the old woman, mother of Bianca's husband, instructing her in what manner she should bring it about.

In observance to his orders, she placed herself next to her at church; where, according to the custom too much in use, they soon began to enter into discourse, in which the Spanish lady contrived artfully to ask if her son Pietro was married.

She answered—'Yes, Madam, but very unfortunately!' and then proceeded to give her the whole history of what had happened in Venice. When she had finished, Signora Mandragona very compassionately, and with great eagerness, desired she would come one day to her house, and bring her daughter-in-law with her; whom, she said, she was extremely desirous to be acquainted with, and should esteem it a happiness to do every thing in her power to serve her.

To this the old woman replied, that it would be very difficult to persuade her daughter, who never went abroad, to come with her: 'Because,' added she, 'our circumstances do not permit us to buy her new cloaths, and at present she has only those which she brought with her; so that she, who still retains a noble soul in all her poverty, will never bear to be exposed.'—'This,' replied the Spaniard, 'I can easily find a remedy for: I will send her a suit of mine, and in those she need not fear being known.'

'I do not know,' says the good old mother, 'whether she will consent without the leave of her husband: however, I will do all I can to obey you. But I fear I shall not be able to bring it about; for she chuses retirement, and is desirous to avoid the sight of every one: so that, though my son has often spoke to her to go with me to hear mass at St. Mark's, she never could be prevailed on to do it; inso-

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which

'which she entered our house, to this time, she has never stirred out of it.'

'Try all your power, I desire,' said the Spanish lady, 'to bring her with you; and I will lend my coach to fetch you both. Tell her, too, that my friendship will not be disagreeable to her; but, on the contrary, perhaps may do her some service.' The good old woman concluded the conversation with reiterated promises to use her utmost endeavours to make her daughter comply with the obliging request, and so they parted.

As soon as she was got home, she began to discourse with her daughter-in-law, telling her exactly what had passed between the Spaniard and herself. To which she added—'This lady, my child, is wife to the chief favourite of the Great Duke, therefore her friendship is no indifferent thing; the intercession of her husband being the most likely means to gain you the protection or safe-conduct that you here so earnestly desired, and by which you may live in Florence free from the persecution of your relations; who, as you say, endeavour by all the methods they can use, to get you into their hands.'

When the poor young creature heard her talk of the safe-conduct, though she had no inclination to go abroad any more to know than to be known by others; yet moved with the hopes of security, she yielded, provided her husband gave his consent, who that very night she consulted upon it: and he, that no less than herself stood in need of protection, judging that by this lady it would be easily obtained, being sensible how great her husband's interest was with the prince, told her she should go; which leave having informed her mother-in-law of, she immediately sent word to Signora Mandragona, that when it was convenient for her to send her coach for them, they would be ready to attend her. Accordingly it soon came, into which the two ladies entering, shut themselves up close, and in that manner arrived at the palace of the Spanish lady, where they were received with many caresses and great joy; and being conducted into a most magnificent and beautiful apartment, they discoursed together on several subjects; and upon that of the safe-conduct the Spaniard did not fail to offer all the power and interest she was mistress of with her husband to obtain it.

In the midst of their conversation, entered (as by chance) the master of the house; who, after having bowed to the ladies, seemed not to know who they were: and, turning to his wife, asked her. 'These,' said she, 'are persons who are in want of your interest with your master.' And then pretending to inform him, in few words, of the Venetian lady's story, which he knew better than herself, she concluded with an earnest desire, that he would intercede in her behalf to the Grand Duke, who from another room heard and saw every thing that passed.

All the time the Spanish lady was speaking to her husband, Bianca remained silent, with her eyes cast down, and full of tears, that pleaded more in her favour than all the eloquence of Cicero could have done: so that Mandragone, having heard his wife out, turning to the Venetian lady, said—'What you desire, Madam, is a very trifling service in respect of many greater I shall be proud to do you, and can without the least difficulty. The Grand Duke, my master, being a prince so generous and benign, that he knows not how to deny any one, provided the request be just; much more such a lady as you, being obliged, not only by his natural inclination to goodness, but also by the laws of knighthood, to succour the distressed: be assured, then, that your desires will be accomplished.' And so saying, he took his leave, and went away.

The polite behaviour and promises of Mandragone gave such agreeable hopes to Bianca, that, with quite another countenance than before, she renewed her conversation with his lady; who, a little after, taking her by the hand, said—'I have a mind to show you our palace, that you may tell me, if in any thing it resembles your great and noble buildings at Venice; and in the mean time, the old lady, your mother, as she is in years and feeble, may repose herself here till our return.'

'Aye, aye, go,' replied she, 'for I have not breath enough to mount such a stair-case!' Upon which the young women smiling, and arm in arm, ran from room to room, almost over the whole house. This palace, which stood in the street called Carnefecchi, near Santa Maria Novella, was so lately built, that it was not quite finished, though very near so; and that with such good taste, and

and so much magnificence, that the Venetian lady admired and praised every part of it: and now, through many antichambers, they arrived at last to a very large one, where there was an extreme rich bed, and near it a writing-closet, beautifully ornamented, the window of which looked down on a delightful garden. Here the Spaniard, having opened an escritoire, took out a vast quantity of jewels, which one by one he shewed her guest; to whom, while she was looking on them with great attention, she spoke in this manner—'I have a great fancy to shew you some dresses I have lately made, which they tell me are exactly as the Venetian ladies wear them; but as I must fetch the key, I beg you will divert yourself with these few jewels till I come back.'

No sooner was Mandragona gone out of the closet, but on a sudden the Grand Duke entered it: at whose unexpected presence Bianca trembled from head to foot, well imagining the meaning of his coming: but, collected in herself, and alike prudent and virtuous, she immediately threw herself at his feet, and in the most moving manner said—'Since, Sir, it has pleased God that it should be my unhappy fate to lose my parents, my fortune, and my country, and to have nothing in this world left me but my honour; permit me humbly to entreat your Royal Highness's protection for that only good, which I esteem more than all the rest.'

The Grand Duke hearing her talk in this manner, presently raised her from the ground with the greatest respect, saying—'You have no reason, Madam, to fear any thing from me, who only come here to assist and comfort you under those misfortunes I grieve to see you suffer; of the truth of which, my actions shall soon convince you: let me then beg you to be satisfied, that you have found a friend in me, both willing and able to make you happy.' And so saying, he bowed, and left her all pale and confused; which the Spaniard perceiving at her return, said—'Don't wonder, Madam, at the abrupt appearance of the Grand Duke, for he is pleased to live in that familiarity with us, that very often, and at all hours, he comes in this way, diverting himself with jesting, and frightening my maids and me: but this time I believe he is well met withal, and I don't doubt

'but that you have given him an answer that has put him out of countenance, and perhaps will make him more cautious for the future.'

'I made him no answer,' said the Venetian, 'but what the care of my honour obliged me to, and which I recommended to the mercy and protection of his Serene Highness.'

'And you may be certain he will protest it,' said Mandragone. 'But can a lady of your sense and quickness,' added she, 'not perceive, that Fortune, in compassion to your tedious sufferings, has at last turned her face? And will you not seize the golden opportunity? Believe me, Madam, these are accidents that seldom happen; to have so young, so charming, and so great a prince, devote his heart with the sincerest passion to your service.'

Many were the arguments that these two ladies used to maintain their different opinions; but at the last those of the Spaniard prevailed with Bianca Capello to hear the Grand Duke: and, having heard, she soon consented to accept his love; the charms of his conversation and person encreasing every day her inclination for him, till their passion became mutual.

Having traced poor Bianca through all those thorny paths that brought her to the flowery precipice into which she fell, we will now turn to Pietro Buonaventuri her husband, and see how his new fortune became him, still young and handsome, and still beloved by his wife; so that, upon her account, the Grand Duke not only made him master of the robes, but gave him a most magnificent palace in the street named Maggio, with such great appointments, that he enjoyed all the happiness this world could give.

His apartment was on the ground-floor, from whence he could ascend to his wife's, except when the Grand Duke was with her; and, in that case, the door to them was fastened on the other side: this happened frequently, Francisco generally dismissing his train when he came home in an evening, and only with one or two confidants going privately to sup with Signora Bianca, whom he could seldom bring himself to leave, till an hour before day obliged him to return to his palace, which he did in the same manner he left it.

Long did this course of life and round of pleasure last; and longer still it might have

have done, had not the prosperity and power of Pietro, now become very considerable all over Florence, filled his mind with so much pride and insolence, that his desires alone dictated all his actions, without the least regard to form or decency. Among the many ladies whose affections he sought to acquire, was a widow called Cassandra Bongianni, descended from one of the greatest families in the city, whose extraordinary beauty had gained her many admirers, to some of which it had proved very fatal; her relations, to revenge the dishonour done their family, having already miserably destroyed two of them; one of whom, a young man of the family of Del Caccis, after giving him several mortal wounds, they dipped in pitch, and with a straw-hat on his head; and a basket full of balls of packthread on his arm, set him on a stone near the door of his mistress; so that all the people who passed, thinking it was a countryman asleep, took no notice of him, till towards evening somebody going to wake him, discovered the truth, to the great concern of all who knew him, and more particularly his parents; who, after they had buried him, sought in vain for the authors of his death, though every body's conjecture centered on the relations of the lady.

Notwithstanding all this was well known to Buonaventuri, it did not in the least intimidate him from pursuing his enterprize; which, as he was insinuating, young and beautiful, he soon attained: and, not content with his victory, he gloried in the publication of it, jesting upon and laughing in the very faces of any of her relations whom he met; and, being one day particularly impertinent to Roberto Ricci, her nephew, he, unable to endure it, complained to his aunt, threatening her extremely if she pursued so vile a practice; which though she positively denied to him, she still continued in such a manner as made it obvious to all the city. Nor did Pietro from this grow more discreet; but as before he had only laughed at them, he began now to menace and insult them; which for some time they feared to resent, out of respect to the Grand Duke; but at last, their patience being exhausted, they went all together, and represented to his Serene Highness the injuries they suffered from Buonaventuri, begging he would command him to behave in a more reasonable way.

The Grand Duke was very much concerned to hear of the ill behaviour of Buonaventuri, and promised it should be remedied. When they were gone he immediately sent for Pietro; and, taking him into his closet, told him the complaints he had received from Ricci, and the rest of Bongianni's relations; adding these words—'You see, therefore, how great is the uneasiness such things give to families; and as this is one of the most considerable in our dominions, you ought to have some regard to it: instead of which, you are not content to possess the aunt, but must insult and ridicule the nephew; and that in the most publick places and most opprobrious manner. All this forces me to warn you, that as your actions are unjust, perhaps they may draw on bad consequences; and should these people kill you, it is not in my power to restore you to life: so that if you cannot or will not leave pursuing this amour, at least do it with more secrecy and decorum.'

The haughty Buonaventuri having heard the gracious admonitions of Francisco, which being delivered with so much reason and calmness, he ought to have esteemed them as the greatest of favours, returned this answer—'As I assure your Royal Highness, there is not one word of truth in all that these men have said; being neither so extravagant nor impertinent as they would make me appear, so I have not the least fear of them: but the true cause of their anger is their envy; they cannot bear to see me in that state to which your highness's bounty has raised me, and therefore with calumnies they endeavour to deprive me of it; envying also their own blood, whose fortune, like wolves, they would devour; and, as they know I have a friendship for that lady, and am some protection to her from their cruelty, they are resolved to ruin us both by this monstrous contrivance.'

'I know nothing of these affairs,' replied the Grand Duke, 'nor do I mean to enter into them; it is enough that I have advised you as a friend: do as you please; what happens after this will be owing to yourself alone.' And so saying, he dismissed him.

Yet little did Buonaventuri profit by the kind remonstrances of the Great Duke, growing every day more furious and



and offensive, committing so many outrages against all the relations of Cassandra, and treating Ricci especially in so despicable a manner, that he was often ready to take a full revenge, being only detained from it by the fear of losing his fortune by the Grand Duke's resentment. At last he resolved to renew his complaints to him; and, as he was much in favour with the princess Isabella his sister, he chose to do it by her means: to whom he protested, he was not able to support any longer the scorn of the world, and abominable impudence of Pietro; to deliver himself from which, if he could find no other redress, he said he should be obliged at last to abandon the consideration of his fortune, and every thing else.

The princess having heard him out, went directly to her brother, whom she made sensible of the vile carriage of Buonaventuri, and of the mischiefs that might attend it; representing the approaching ruin of that whole injured family, who were so enraged, as to have no farther restraint, either from their obedience to their sovereign, or reason itself.

The Grand Duke promised a speedy and effectual redress; and considering with himself that the only way to it was to send Pietro from Florence till this hatred should be abated, by time and absence, he determined to employ him in some of his affairs abroad; and as soon as he came to Bianca Capello that night, he told her all that had passed on the occasion, desiring her to use all sorts of arguments, both persuasive and threatening, that might induce Buonaventuri to change his proceedings, and for the future to act more wisely. 'But if you can't prevail,' added he, 'I will send him to France, where he shall stay till he is sensible of his errors.'

This was like a dagger to the heart of poor Bianca, who still loved her husband to excess, though she did not let it appear to the Grand Duke; and fearing that he would, as he said, send him away, she resolved to try all the rhetoric of prayers and tears, to turn him from his dangerous course, and keep him with herself. For that purpose she waited his coming home, which was always late; and, when she heard him below in his apartment, she descended the back stairs, and began in this manner—'Since my love to you exceeds all that is, or ever

was, of passionate and kind, let me by that conjure you to hear me out with patience; for what I have to say concerns you in the nearest manner, and is absolutely necessary to your preservation.' And then in few words she proceeded to tell him all that the Grand Duke had said to her, and the resolution he had taken, for his security, to send him out of the country.

The furious Buonaventuri would not let her go on; but, starting up, and running to her in a fury, he said—'Go hang yourself, and then howl to those that will hear you in the other world! In this, I'll follow my own way; therefore do not pretend to whine to me, but take care of yourself, who are in more danger; for do you think, strumpet, that I won't cut off that golden horn, which you have placed on my head, by stopping your windpipe with a knife, one day or other!'

In the mean time, the Grand Duke being returned to his palace, could not rest there, having observed in Bianca, in spite of all her endeavours to hide it, a great concern at his late discourse; and impatient to give some satisfaction either to her or himself, returned back; and not finding her in her apartment, softly descended the back-stairs, from the door of which he overheard every word that had passed: and Pietro thus answering his wife, in a great rage turned his back, and went out of the house. Deaf to all her calls, and despising all her care, he left her overwhelmed with grief and tears; in which she retired to her own apartment, without knowing Francisco had been there, he having taken care to mount the stair-case first, and get out of sight.

Here she gave a loose to all her sorrows, enumerating all her misfortunes, and lamenting the hour that brought her to the light of this world, where she was doomed to find them; and in a flood of tears gave vent to the passion that filled her breast. Long would these reflections have employed her time and thoughts, had not the Grand Duke interrupted them; who coming into the room, and appearing ignorant of the matter, asked the cause: saying—'To what are owing these tears, and these complaints? Dearer than my soul, tell me what misfortune has befallen you?'—'Nothing, Sir,' said she, 'occasions my concern but

'but compassion for my husband; who, as you have commanded, I have admonished: but he seems so little to regard his safety, that I fear some mischief will attend him.'

'Is it nothing but that?' replied the Grand Duke. 'Oh, let him follow his own inclination, and at last he will find the consequence: but why will you afflict and torment yourself for what you cannot prevent? A torrent must have way, or they that try to stop it may be drowned in it. Buonaventuri is headstrong, and void of understanding, which will inevitably draw on his fate, if he does not quickly change his manners.'

Yet after all this, the desperate Pietro, full of indignation and revenge, meeting Roberto Ricci next day at the column of the Santa Trinita, where he was talking with two other gentlemen, he clapt a pistol to his breast, saying—'I don't know what hinders me, despicable, infamous wretch that you are, from shooting you this minute through the heart! But stay and hear what I have to say to you, for you shall not escape me. I will go to your aunt, as often as I please, in defiance of you; and if ever I know, or but guess, that you make the least murmur or complaint to the Grand Duke, you shall not live an hour after it!'

Ricci being unarmed, and thus accosted, remained immoveable as a statue, till the other had done speaking; and then, without the least reply, went with his companions immediately to the Grand Duke, who was at the Casino, where he declared to him all that had passed just before at the Column: to which the two gentlemen witnessing, the Grand Duke, who remembered his threats to his wife, no longer doubting of his unbounded brutality, thought within himself that there was no more time to be lost in inflicting on Pietro the punishment he deserved; and, taking Ricci apart, they talked together for some time in the garden; where the Grand Duke having given him what directions he thought proper, sent him away; and the next morning betimes, mounting on horseback, rode to his villa of Pratolino, where he staid all that day and the next night. The result of their conference was, that Ricci should get together twelve companions, all men well armed, strong, and resolute; some of whom had cut-

lasses of such a temper, that with one stroke they were able to cut off the head of a bull; for he knew that Buonaventuri was ever provided with pistols, and other arms from head to foot, in which equipage he constantly went in the night to Bongianna's house, not returning home till very late: so that, in order to be sure of his prey, he divided his company, setting two or more in different places, through which Pietro might pass; and his page, who personally knew him, as centinel at the beautiful bridge of La Santa Trinita, to give notice when he should be there, for which Roberto waited with great impatience, after he had made this disposition of his forces.

And now the unlucky lover, having spent the night with his mistress, rose before break of day; and taking leave of her, went slowly towards his own house. As he was walking over the bridge, the page gave two whistles, and then cried—'Alol alol!' the accustomed noise of the Florentine ruffians in those days: at this, the fierce Pietro, though unused to fear, felt some preface of his approaching fate; and taking in his left-hand a pistol, held it ready cocked, and with his drawn sword in his right, passed the bridge, that led directly to the great gate of his palace; but, as his apartment was on the ground-floor, the door to it lay on the other side of the house; so that he was obliged, after descending the bridge, to turn down a little street, on the left-hand of which, within a stone's throw, was the entrance that he always kept the key of. Meeting in this narrow passage two armed men, he did not immediately think they had any design on him; but going a little farther, he saw four more, who stopped his way; and these having joined the two first, six others started out and encompassed him, with Ricci in the midst, crying out—'Kill, kill, the infamous traitor!' Buonaventuri knowing his voice, threw his cloak to the ground, and firing his pistol, hit one of them; but while he was taking another out of his pocket, they all fell on him at once: yet, by means of his armour, he escaped for some time, making a very brave defence, and had already wounded two of them, when the assailants renewing their attack, by the advantage of their short arms, and the closeness of the street, struck him at every blow; so that being driven to the wall, he could do little damage with his sword; but as Ricci got under

under it, thinking to end him, he exerted all his force for one blow, and cut him quite through his iron-head piece to his skull; at the sight of which a cousin of Ricci's, with a back stroke, wounded Pietro in the face, and repeating it with a second, split one side of his head, so that his brains stuck to the wall. Buonaventuri finding himself dying, said—' Oh ! ' no more for mercy, since I am dead ! ' and dropped down; after which they all fell on him, stabbing him in every part which his armour did not cover, and there left him, with no less than five and thirty mortal wounds. Ricci, as fast as he could, got to the palace of the princess Isabella; where, though his hurt was dangerous, he was by the help of a good surgeon cured in a short time.

Not far from the place where this bloody scene was acted stood an apothecary's shop, the people of which, having heard the clash of arms and noise of men, with two of their boys, as it drew near day, went to see what was the matter, and there found the unfortunate Pietro bathed in his blood upon the ground, and by some faint short sighs could just perceive he was not quite dead: upon which they ran for a light, and immediately conveyed him to the nearest church, named St. Jacopo, which stands upon the river Arno.

The fun was no sooner up than the death of Buonaventuri was spread about the whole city; and coming to the ears of the poor deluded, but still affectionate Bianca, almost distracted her. She, with the utmost violence of passion, was ready to destroy herself, in order to follow him; which perhaps in the first rage of sorrow she might have done, notwithstanding the endeavours of all her friends and acquaintance who came to comfort her, if the Great Duke had not arrived at that juncture, to restrain and pacify her, which even he found difficulty in doing.

The next night after this had happened, as soon as it was quite dark, two armed men masked got into Bongianna's house by the tiles; and, cutting her throat, left her dead on the floor. Such was the miserable end of these thoughtless lovers, and such the revenge taken by this lady's relations, for the infamy she had brought upon them.

The Grand Duke, that he might not seem to know of this execution, put on all the appearance of anger and inquisition after the actors in it; but took care

they never should be discovered; so that by degrees the affair was dropped, and Ricci unsuspected went about as before.

Time, which alleviates all affliction, had now restored Bianca to herself, whose charms and merits the Grand Duke grew every day more sensible of; and reflecting that his love alone had obscured her virtues, which in themselves were both great and many, and that her birth, though not royal, was illustrious, resolved to give the utmost proof of a sincere passion, by sharing his power and title with her who had already all his heart; and on the evening of the 22d of June 1579, publicly married her; commanding the senate of forty-eight to do her homage as Grand Dutchess; and the next day she went out as such, with the German guard, and a train of eight coaches. To compleat her glory, the senate of Venice, when they heard she was become Great Dutchess of Tuscany, not only repealed their former acts against her, but made a new one, by which she was adopted daughter of that state, which sent a solemn embassy with it to the Grand Duke, and a dowry suitable to the dignity they had given her.

When the sudden marriage of Francisco was effected, the Cardinal Ferdinando, his next brother, resided at Rome, where he received the news of it with the greatest indignation, his haughty soul not enduring any alliance below that of a crowned head; and he esteemed his blood so much disgraced by this marriage, that he set a thousand machines at work, to take away what he called the shame of his family, by the death of Bianca; whom he oftentimes attempted to poison, either by means of her servants, or presents that he sent her. His designs, by one accident or other, being discovered, made her very cautious: nor was he less suspicious of her, fearing to meet the same fate he had designed to give; so that a mutual hate reigned in both, though both disguised it, out of regard to the Grand Duke.

It happened, one time among others, that the cardinal being at Florence, and they all dining together, the Grand Dutchess had that morning taken a fancy to make a tart with her own hands, which towards the latter end of the dinner was served up with other things of the same sort; and when Ferdinando was desired to taste of it, he put it off, and began some gay discourse, that he might not appear

appear to have any thought about it. At last the Grand Duke, after having asked his brother several times to taste what Bianca had made, said—' Since none else will begin, I must,' and took a piece, and eat it: after which the Grand Dutchess did the like; and the conversation continued for some time with the same good-humour, when all of a sudden they both felt such violent and strong pains in their bowels, that they were obliged to retire to their apartment, and go to bed; where they waited in vain for remedies and physicians, the cardinal having given strict commands that none should come near them, himself and his creatures keeping guard at the doors for that purpose; while the poor unhappy pair expired in tortures, on the 28th of October 1586. He buried them by each other, with all due honours: himself renouncing the cardinal's hat, was immediately acknowledged Grand Duke of Tuscany; through all which he caused a report to be spread, that Bianca Capello intended to poison him, which he pretended he discovered by means of a ring he always wore, the stone in it being of a

nature to change colour at the approach of poison; and so he avoided tasting the tart, which the seeing her husband do, rather than outlive him, or discover her treachery, chose to eat the rest. But however this story was strengthened by authority, very few believed it; for, besides the improbability of her killing herself with that coolness, when she might have found a hundred pretences to hinder Francisco from eating the tart, without discovering herself, and would, no doubt, if she had known it to be poisoned, many circumstances concurred to make it plainly a contrivance of the cardinal's, who had bribed the servant that provided the materials for the tart to put poison among them. But as Francisco, dying without a son, left Ferdinando his heir, the nobles thought it wiser to receive with a good grace their living prince, than hazard their safeties, by a vain inquiry after the dead one; though a man beloved and esteemed, a fine gentleman and great governor, all the arts and sciences being in perfection in his time, as may be seen by their best poets and historians, who all dedicated their works to him.

## THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

**A**LCANOR was the son of a London merchant, bred up to the business of his father, to which he succeeded in his early youth; and, in a little time, distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge in trade, but also by his probity of heart, and generosity of sentiment. Nor was he deficient in personal accomplishments: his figure was remarkably agreeable; his address was engaging; and no pains had been spared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he first beheld, at a public assembly, the elegant and amiable Eudisia, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumstances were well known. He was deeply struck with her external appearance; and, having found means to insinuate himself into her acquaintance, discovered a thousand charms in her understanding and dis-

position, which at once compleated the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After sometime spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties; when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment. He communicated his distress to Eudisia's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge

charge his debts; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit. The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of assistance: on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenious mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility. He retired to his own house, bursting with grief and indignation. The generous Eudofia, being apprized of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage. He made due acknowledgment to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal that might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudofia, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever such a person existed. Immediately after this address, he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner: people, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair. Eudofia was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which intailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which settled in a fixed melancholy, that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impression on her father's heart. Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect. At length she plainly told her father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy; for she had made a solemn vow to Heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection. The merchant was thunderstruck at this declaration.

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ration; he saw himself deprived by his own cruel avarice of that happiness which he had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying in a rising generation of his own posterity: he became pensive and sullen; lost his senses; and in a few months expired.

Eudofia purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow, while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence: witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced; witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless, that are daily shed upon her tomb.

Alcanor, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz, under the name of Benson; and, as he understood the languages, as well as the management of accounts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota bound for South America. He settled at La Vera Cruz; and fortune so prospered his endeavours, that in a few years he was master of forty thousand pistoles. But neither prosperity, nor the universal esteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could soothe the anguish of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudofia, whose charms still dwelt upon his imagination. At length, impatient of living so long in ignorance of her situation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a British bottom took shipping for England. At the Race of Portland the ship was attacked by a pauly French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a shot in the neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had cheered off, he desired he might be put ashore at the nearest land, as there was no surgeon on board, and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudofia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched public-house, and dispatched an express to the next town for a surgeon; but before he arrived, the unfortunate Alcanor had lost his eye-sight, in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased. The humane Eudofia, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming that it was her beloved

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Alcanor,

Alcanor, desired a worthy clergyman, who was rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded gentleman to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated. Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon, who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this sentence without emotion; and desired that he might have the opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

The tender-hearted Eudofia, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedside, she condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own. He no sooner heard her voice than he started; and, raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in quest of some favourite object. His ear was more faithful than his memory: he remembered and was affected by the strain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed. After some pause, he exclaimed—'Excellent lady! I could wish to live, in order to express my gratitude: but it will not be—you have given shelter to a poor wearied pilgrim; and your charity must be still farther extended in seeing his body committed to the dust. I have, moreover, another favour to ask; namely, that you and this good clergyman will attest my last will, which is locked in a paper case deposited in my portmanteau.' So saying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was desired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all present. The will was written by the hand of Alcanor himself; who, in consideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudofia, which nothing but death could erase from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly substance, exclusive of some charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudofia started, grew pale, and trembled with strong emotion: yet she considered his situation, and restrained her transports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of

tears, and the chair shook under her with the violence of her agony. The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this scene. He had often heard the story of her unfortunate love, and by his sensible consolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and resignation. He no sooner perceived the name of Alcanor and Eudofia in the will, than he was seized with extreme wonder, and sympathising sorrow. His voice faltered; the tears ran down his cheeks; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he read the paper to the end. Then observing the agitation of Eudofia, he conducted her into another room; where, her grief and surprize becoming too strong for her constitution, she fainted away in the arms of her companion. When she recovered from this swoon, she gave vent to her sorrow in a loud passion of tears and exclamation: after which she became more calm, and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long-lost Eudofia. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confusion to communicate the discovery with discretion and composure.

Alcanor, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's disorder, and was not a little surprized at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an assemblage of the most interesting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the mysterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the stranger, who raising his head, and clasping his hands, exclaimed aloud—'O bountiful Heaven, it must—it must be the incomparable Eudofia!' At that instant she entered the apartment, knelt by the bedside, and taking him by the hand—'It is,' cried she, 'the unfortunate Eudofia—O my Alcanor! is it thus we meet! A long silence ensued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears. At length he spoke to this effect: 'These are not the tears of sorrow, but of joy. Eudofia then lives! She remembers, she retains her regard for her hapless Alcanor!—It was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hospitable shore. Could I once more behold those dear features, which I have so often contemplated with admiration and delight!—but I am satisfied.' The sequel of this affecting scene I cannot pretend to describe;

Alcanor's

Alcanor's wound at the next dressing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene; nevertheless, the ball, which had been lodged among the nerves and sinews of the neck, was now with ease extracted, and his eye-sight was immediately restored. Having settled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with Heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eudofia, who was the sole and last object on which his eyes were strained. She did not long survive her unfortunate lover: her grief at length exhausted her

constitution, and brought her to the grave, after she had endowed almshouses for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handsome fortune to her kinswoman, a considerable present to the clergyman, and a large sum to the poor of the parish. At her own desire she was buried in the same grave with her lover, and over them is raised a plain unembellished tomb of black marble, with this modest inscription—'Dedicated to the memory of 'Alcanor and Eudofia.'

## JACK EASY AND POLLY GAY.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

**J**ACK Easy, a gay, good-natured, careless, complaisant fellow, of considerable dependances, but no immediate fortune, danced with the charming Polly Gay one morning at Putney Bowling-green. They had not met before; they were mutually pleased with one another; and as approbation makes long strides towards love, they were both in a very soft and sighing condition by the next evening.

The company my friend Jack was in would have declared him a gentleman, had not the unaffected ease of his deportment sufficiently evinced it; and the lady's air and manner, the ease with which she received the common civilities, and her reserve, that checked any thing that seemed but to lean towards familiarity, sufficiently bespoke her worth the following, and not to be had without some trouble.

Difficulties to a man of spirit are the life and soul of an amour. Jack would have despised an angel that should have sunk into his arms, as soon as he opened them to receive her: but he no sooner heard of father, aunt, and rivals, of swords, locks, and blunderbusses, and all the train of caution and revenge, than he set it up as the great point of the present period of his life to surmount them.

He wrote to her, but the father opened the letter; he serenaded her, but the aunt's face appeared at the window; he toasted her a pint deep in Burgundy, and a well-dressed fellow asked him if he had any pretensions to that lady?

These and ten thousand such obstacles only gave him new ardour in the pursuit,

If letters could not be received, he put paragraphs, intelligible only to her, into the newspapers; if the play and opera were forbidden, if Ranelagh and Vaux-hall were deserted, the church was open, and he knew how to repair there for the solemn business he intended in it.

The lover found means to keep up a correspondence with his mistress, even in her enchanted castle: gold opened the doors to his messengers, and even himself was sometimes admitted to a conversation from a window. This success was too obvious to be concealed from the Argus eyes of the father, who reduced the matter to a short alternative with the lady. He told her—'Madam, you must either quit this gentleman or me.' She answered—'Then, Sir, your humble servant!' and at midnight dropped from the accustomed window into the arms of her lover; who immediately called up a Fleet parson to speak the prologue to his approaching tragedy.

It was a month after they were married before it entered into Jack's head to enquire about the lady's fortune; nor would so unmannerly a thought have presumed to visit that seat of revelry then, but that the last guinea he was possessed of was sent to be changed. He found the lady's situation was just such as his own; that her relations had much ability, but very little inclination to do any thing for her; and in two days received an answer to a letter he had written to his own father, informing him, that he should never look upon him again; and another from her's, assuring him, that it would be a singular pleasure to him to

ee so insinuating a rascal, and so disobe-  
dient a baggage, starve together.

There is a very coarse proverb in our language, that seems a sort of paraphrase on the politer expression of the Romans, '*Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.*' But to do our new-married people justice, poverty increased instead of abating their passion for one another. That they submitted to every thing, is not the proper character of their conduct; there was no disagreeable, no mean office, either could do for the other, that was not snatched at with the utmost eagerness, as a proof of love and gratitude, and that did not inspire the other's heart with an increased fondness, while it filled the eyes with tears.

My gay friend and his blooming wife had passed three years in this uncomfortable situation, when his father died, and left him in possession of a pretty fortune. I had kept up my acquaintance with them in all their distress, and promised myself infinite satisfaction in the continuance of it now they were in happy circumstances. But, alas! distresses, I find, are immediately necessary to some people's happiness. Jack, who could before live upon almost nothing, now finds it difficult to keep within the bounds of six times his income; and the agreeable Polly, who was all affability, all good-nature, in her former circumstances, is grown insufferably peevish, insolent, and exceptionous, in her present situation. The appearance of a woman better dressed than herself in a publick place, gives her an unsupportable anguish: it is pain to her to see a woman of quality take

place of her in publick; and but a hint that seems to lean towards the remembrance of her having been once in less affluent circumstances, sets her in a flame that nothing but the tears that burst out upon it can allay. Her friends grow tired of her; her acquaintance are ashamed to be seen with her; and the unlucky husband finds ten thousand reasons a-day to wish to be unmarried, or else to be a beggar again. He has told me of her throwing the cards at his head, because he had forgot whether an eleventh, at whist, was an eight or a ten; and I was present yesterday at her sweeping the whole table at one jerk of the cloth, on his presuming to fancy that a pheasant, which she called raw, might be done as some people liked it.

I think I owe the lady, who could affront me so far as to make me a witness of this, no respect that should prevent my doing the world some service at her expence, as an example; and I beg every married reader of mine to ask their own hearts, if ever they should be tempted under the same circumstances, whether if the one of these people had asked a parent's consent, and the other obeyed the commands of one, both might not have made themselves much happier in so important an article as marriage, than they have done by following mere inclination, even now that they are under the most advantageous situation in point of fortune? Obedience to a parent is one of the most natural of the social duties: it is the only one to which a blessing is promised in this life, and the promise very seldom fails to be accomplished.

## THE VISION OF THEODORE,

THE HERMIT OF TENERIFFE.

( SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN HIS CELL.)

BY DR. JOHNSON.

**S**ON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whole curiosity has led thee hither, read, and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore the Hermit of Teneriffe, who in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth to-

gether; I loved and was favoured; I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits, and herbs, and water, and here deter-

mined



ruined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander further than the necessity of procuring sustenance required: but, as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and, when I was on it's top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next; till, by degrees, I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself; I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach; and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution, that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burdened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand slid from beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain, almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest awhile, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprized me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep: when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more

than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity—'Theodore, whither art thou going?'—'I am climbing,' answered I, 'to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature.'—'Attend first,' said he, 'to the prospect which this place affords; and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look round therefore without fear: observe, contemplate, and be instructed.'

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked, and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach; when I had tired myself with gazing upon it's height, I turned my eyes towards it's foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracts inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out—'Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again; the Mountain of Existence is before thee, survey it, and be wise.'

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be of gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but as they every moment approached nearer, I found

found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over-solicitous to confine them to any settled pace, or certain track; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so was she called, would smile at the mistake. 'Happy,' said I, 'are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe!' But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them caution to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that those whom a Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of Pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smoothe the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so

minute, as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her caution so necessary as her frequent inculcation seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits under the eye of Education went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly on the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantic, and their strength was such, that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companies, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fattened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily

easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates or governing nations, and yet watching the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her reward to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

'Theodore,' said my protector, 'be fearless, and be wise; approach those powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the Mountain of Existence.' I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. 'Bright Power,' said I, 'by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?'—'It will be granted,' said she, 'only to obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings, the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion.' Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by

her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to inflist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. 'My power,' said Reason, 'is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you will perceive a mist before you, settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain, a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those who climb the precipices by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but when she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew me, below the mist, the bowers of Content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded to travel towards them were enchanted by Habits, and engulfed by Despair; a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the right side and on the left, from whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid.'

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many

many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they intirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

The seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchant them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turn-

ed at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of Habit: saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in fordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a Habit opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive: nor did any escape her but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant; but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this, Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happiness, where reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage

courage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Passions which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit; and that they, whose Habits were strong, advanced towards the mist with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which, they were seen only by the eye of Religion; and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

Now, Theodore, said my protector, withdraw thy view from the regions  
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of obscurity, and see the fate of those who, when they were dismissed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be wise.

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion, whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted Opposition: she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally over-wearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains, without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung

hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect Reason than to disobey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolved to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They

wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are riveted for ever; and Melancholy having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me—  
‘Remember, Theodore, and be wise,  
‘and let not Habit prevail against thee.’ I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Tenessee; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

#### THE HISTORY OF

### WENTWORTH AIRCASTLE.

BY MR. SCAWEN.

**W**ENTWORTH Aircastle was scarcely eighteen years of age; when, by the death of his father, he found himself possessed of an estate in value about three hundred pounds a year.

Mr. Mark Aircastle, his father, had been an indolent, speculative man. The representative of an ancient and honourable family, he had felt continually the narrowness of that income which circumscribed the tendency of his mind towards liberality, and even magnificence, without making any effort to enlarge it. He had married a lady whose birth and accomplishments were her only portion, and had sat down contented to expe-

rience through life all the miseries which attend the want of employment in a mind naturally active, and a heart feelingly alive.

The principal point which parents seem to regard in the education of their children, is to place them in such a situation as shall effectually secure them against those inconveniences which the parents themselves have most particularly experienced.

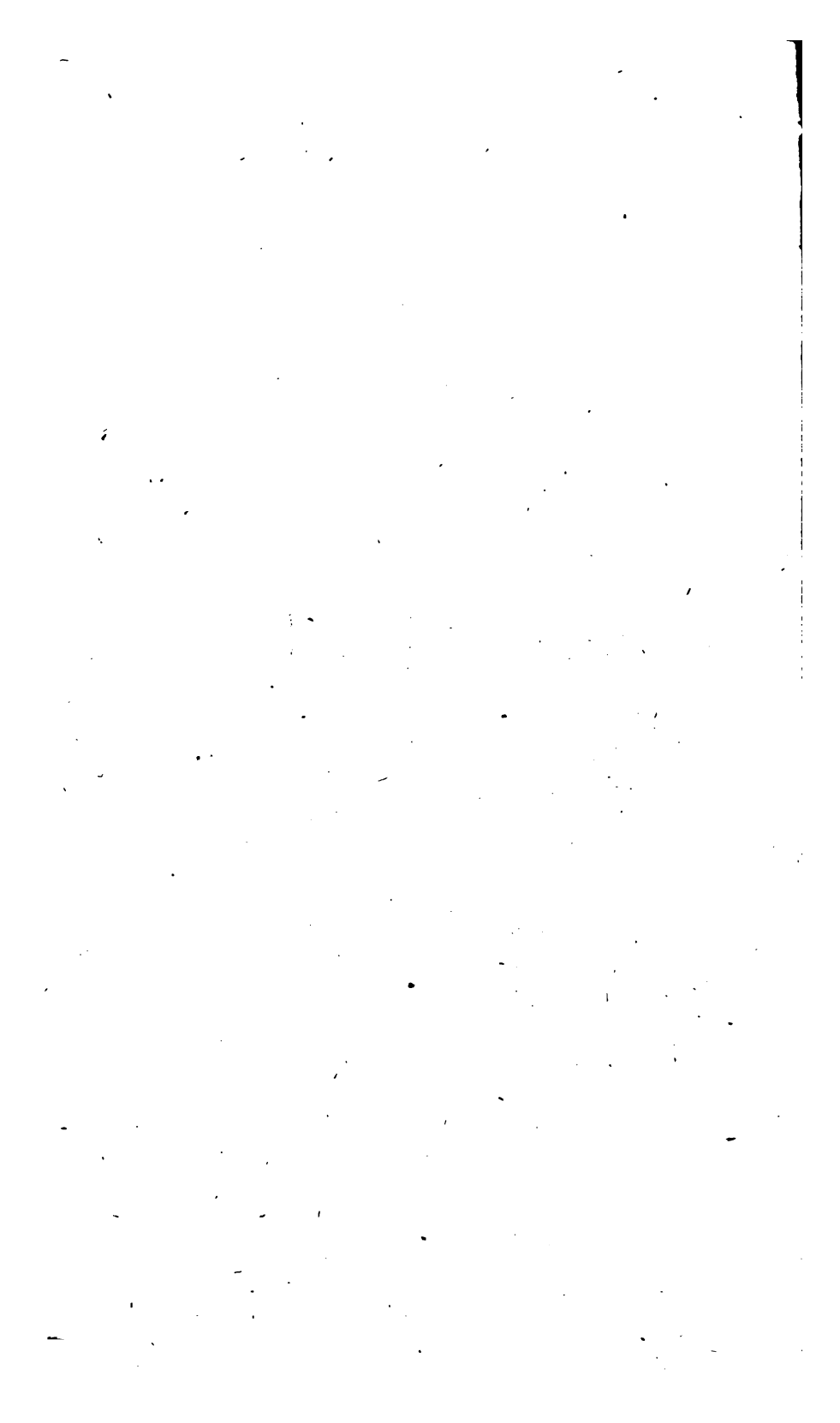
Mr. Mark Aircastle, who watched with fondness and pride the rising genius of young Wentworth, had begun very early in life to form his mind to ambition, that the youth might not, through an hereditary



**WENTWORTH AIRCASTLE.**

Act II.

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hereditary indolence, lose the absolute government of this country as premier; to which, he argued, it was so much in the power of genius and application to attain. 'Every man of common abilities,' would Mr. Aircastle say to his son, 'can do what he will do: you, my dear Wentworth, have more than common abilities; you have also a name, and some fortune. Heaven grant that the latter may not prove a clog on your industry!'

Wentworth Aircastle, with great talents, possessed what too generally accompanies them, a warm imagination. It had not therefore required much argument to convince him of the truth of this doctrine; and he had from his infancy regarded his paternal estate as a pittance, to limit his views to which would be the highest degree of blameable inactivity.

Superior in abilities to most men, and possessing all those external accomplishments which more immediately qualify for the attainment of pre-eminence in society, Wentworth Aircastle had to combat the emotions of a heart which felt always strongly, though perhaps not always justly.

The man who depends for his rise in life on his determination to rise, has probably no enemy to encounter more powerful than his own heart; for, unless he gains a complete conquest over that, he will find full employment for his talents, should heaven possess perseverance enough for the attempt, in repairing the errors into which it must inevitably lead him. Such a man will never gain ground; and not to gain ground, in the path of ambition, is to lose it.

Ambition, at an early period of his life, had concurred with inclination, in pointing out to Wentworth, as the object of his attention, a young lady whose name was Morton.

Eliza Morton was the only child of a man who, from a very obscure situation, which he left in this country to try his fortune in the East Indies, had amassed little less than 100,000*l*. Morton, who had that respect for birth and education, which it is not uncommon for those who want both to feel in a higher degree than the real possessors of them, having purchased an estate near Oakley, the seat of Mr. Aircastle, had cultivated the friendship of that gentleman with wonderful assiduity; and that assiduity, more

than any striking qualities in Morton, produced a return of, at least, particular attention.

Eliza Morton, who was nearly of the same age with Wentworth, was very handsome; it is not therefore to be wondered at that he, whose ambition was equalled by his enthusiastic attachment to beauty, had felt himself most romantically in love; at a time of life when other youths think of little more than their studies or their sports.

Wentworth had but just reached his eighteenth year; and was finishing his studies at Oxford, when he received intelligence of the death of his father, who had been carried off by an apoplexy, imputed by his physicians to an habitual indolence of body, which had gradually increased as he grew older.

Wentworth, whose mother died when he was an infant, had always experienced the most affectionate tenderness in the conduct of his father towards him; which he had ever repaid with the warmest duty and love. When, therefore, he returned to Oakley, to see the last melancholy rites performed, he felt a grief so poignant at those ideas which were revived by every object around him, that he determined to avoid the sight of what so much afflicted him by a journey on the Continent, till time should have blunted the edge of his sorrow.

The thoughts of quitting Miss Morton for some time opposed themselves to this resolution; but his feelings would not permit him to press his affairs with her at a time like this, and he hoped to return from his excursion so improved by travel that he should stand little chance of a repulse in soliciting her hand.

During his residence at Oxford, Wentworth Aircastle had formed the most brilliant connections. His respectable name; the freedom and pleasantry of his manners; the lively sallies of his wit, chastened by an universal acquaintance with, and a visible taste for, classical learning, had soon made him an indispensable *one* in all the first parties: nor did his skill in the exercises, particularly in horsemanship, contribute a little to this; for, strange as it may appear, to excel as fox-hunters is the first aim of many young men of the highest rank in both universities: academies not, indeed, exactly instituted to bestow excellence in so material a branch of education!

Among the several persons of rank  
F 2 whom

whom he numbered as his friends, he perceived no one whose attachment, from its apparent sincerity and the respectable talents of the man, flattered him equally with that of Lord Aston; who, with that ease and affability which implied a total desertion of the superiority derived from his rank, possessed great openness of manners, and the dictates of an enlightened mind were always conveyed with peculiar strength of expression. But their coincidence of sentiment on one point, more than any other circumstance, had attached Wentworth Aircastle to his lordship. Wentworth, vain of superior talents and accomplishments, wholly adopting the maxim of his father, would have despised the fortune, how illustrious soever, which was ready made to his hand. Lord Aston did, or affected to do, the same; and frequently lamented that ill fate which had bestowed on him 20,000*l.* a year, without the credit of acquiring it; adding, that no person could enjoy an estate who had not obtained it by his own exertions, which a man of abilities might certainly do, were he dropped penniless into the centre of the metropolis.

The attentions of a person of superior rank have a most fascinating power over youth and vanity. Wentworth Aircastle was the strongest example of this; he entertained a grateful and unbounded friendship towards Lord Aston, from whom he kept no emotion of his heart concealed.

It happened that Lord Aston, within a few weeks after Mr. Aircastle's decease, went to take possession of an estate which had fallen to him, at no great distance from Oakley; when he took the opportunity of calling on his afflicted friend. The pleasure which Wentworth received from this unexpected visit was not a little increased by the inclination which his lordship shewed to accompany him on his intended excursion; nor was the vanity of young Aircastle slightly gratified by this opportunity of introducing his noble friend to Miss Morton.

In a few weeks, Wentworth, having settled his affairs at Oakley, and taken leave of Miss Morton, with whose behaviour on the occasion his vanity whistled him he had every reason to be perfectly satisfied, departed for Dover; where Lord Aston, on his quitting the country, had promised to give him the meeting.

Amid the combination of new and pleasing images which every where engaged his attention in the land of gaiety, he soon conquered the strongest assaults of grief for the death of his father; and, to complete his triumph over the remainder, every species of pleasure, from which a grain of knowledge could be collected, was called to his assistance; for a love of dissipation, which was inherent in his nature, still kept sight of his ambitious views, in its moments of highest gratification.

In a town of Normandy, the name of which is not very material, an English lady, named Pearson, had for some time fixed her residence, in order to superintend the education of her only daughter. Barbara Pearson, for so was this daughter called, can be no better described than by this effect of her person and mind. Every man, at the first glance, called her a pretty girl; every man who had enjoyed her conversation for an hour, called her a lovely girl. The amiable, indeed, was her great characteristic. Elegant in person, animated in countenance, lively in conversation, good-humoured in manners, and tender in heart, she was now nearly compleat in all those accomplishments which the care of a mother, at once liberal, fond, and sensible, could bestow. The test of her abilities was a way of thinking uncommonly right and correct; but it is not always in our power to act up to our ideas of propriety.

Mrs. Pearson was the widow of a gentleman who, after having remained for fifteen years almost unknown in his profession as a barrister, by being engaged in a cause of importance, (for it is in a great line only that great abilities can be shewn) was transported at once from the painful exercise of a narrow oeconomy to ease and affluence. But this translation from a frugal board to a luxurious table, and from bodily exercise to mental labour, proved fatal to his constitution. He left Mrs. Pearson a widow at a period in which, though he had already been talked of as the successor of a judge laden with infirmities, he had amassed little more than was necessary to discharge those debts which he had unavoidably contracted before. On the little that remained had Mrs. Pearson retired to France, induced by the comparative cheapness of the necessaries of life, and the slender salaries required by the best masters

masters for the superintendence of her daughter's education, leaving a son behind her in England under the protection of an uncle to whom he was heir. By the most rigid economy, Mrs. Pearson was enabled to maintain a decent appearance, and to lay by for her daughter what she trusted might render her independent after her death, if she should remain till then unmarried; which, however, from the strength of her own constitution, and her daughter's person and accomplishments, she had reason to hope would not be the case: nor was this hope a little encouraged by the attentions of an English gentleman then resident in the same town, whose fortune was considerable, and whose behaviour towards Miss Pearson was such as might have induced a less sanguine parent to felicitate herself on the prospect of a speedy settlement for her child, though he had yet never formally declared himself. While affairs were in this situation, Wentworth and Lord Aston arrived at this town from Turin, where they had spent some months. Wentworth and his friend soon recognized an old acquaintance in Wharton, the admirer of Miss Pearson. They had been of the same university, though no great intimacy had subsisted between them: indeed, it was not very probable that it should; as Wharton was heavy, both in talents and disposition, and our young friends were remarkable for the contrary qualities.

Natives of the same country generally associate with each other when they meet in a foreign nation; and, as this was particularly the case at the place of which we are speaking, Wentworth had frequent opportunities of conversing with Miss Pearson; and so little inclination did he shew to forego her society, that when Lord Aston claimed from him a promise to return to England for a few weeks, he evaded it under the pretence of indisposition, and told him that he would wait his return in the place where he then resided.

It was scarcely possible that two young people of such singular attractions as Wentworth and Miss Pearson should live so much together without feeling a mutual partiality; for the heart of the latter had remained untouched by all the assiduities of Wharton. This Mrs. Pearson plainly perceived, and had already begun to watch her daughter's conduct with unusual attention, when an event

happened which it must now be our painful task to relate.

From the narrow state of Mrs. Pearson's finances, the failure of any stated remittance became of the most serious consequence; particularly as she resided at the house of a person, with whom she had not for some time lived on the best terms, in consequence of having given a peremptory refusal to his frequent solicitations for the honour of introducing to Miss Pearson a relation of his own, an officer in a French regiment of infantry, the profligacy of whose morals was an insurmountable objection to her admitting his society. From the tottering state of an house in London, through which her income was conveyed, her usual supply had for some time failed: this, together with the insolence of her landlord, on becoming acquainted with it, she carefully concealed from her daughter; and actually assisted in dressing her for the Ridout, at which she was to dance with Wentworth, after a most unpleasant interview with her creditor, who had abruptly concluded it with declaring that he would wait no longer for his money. In the society of Miss Pearson, Wentworth perpetually forgot ambition and Miss Morton, but they never failed to resume their sway on his quitting her. He constantly, on these occasions, resolved to renounce her society, and he as constantly flew to enjoy it on the slightest opportunity.

On this evening in particular, he arrived early at the apartments of Mrs. Pearson to conduct her daughter to the ball, and the good old lady delivered her to him, more lovely than even fancy can paint her.

Human life perhaps affords no situation more replete with bliss, than that of two persons who, with a fond and mutual attachment, become partners in the exhilarating pleasures of the dance. They are surrounded by beauty, grace, and mirth; yet they look on each other, and feel superior to every thing around them. Our lovers strongly exemplified this observation, and they were intoxicated with bliss.

From the Ridout, Wentworth attended his fair partner to the house of a lady who had accompanied her to the ball, where they were engaged to sup in a large party. The company was selected with judgment: each gentleman attended with a true Gallie assiduity on the lady who

who had been his companion in the dance; nor was Wentworth far behind the most accomplished Frenchman in his attentions to his lovely charge. The table was spread with delicacies, and the Champagne, which was excellent, went round briskly.

It was late when Wentworth attended Miss Pearson home. The morning was uncommonly mild and beautiful; and that it was so, was an observation frequently repeated by Miss Pearson as they rode along. This, in fact, appeared her only resource, as an answer to the frequent sighs of Wentworth, and the many pressures with which he tormented her hand; that hand which, I am afraid, notwithstanding all this, she suffered quietly to remain in his.

When they arrived at Mrs. Pearson's lodgings, the maid-servant came to the door drowned in tears: but why should I dwell on a circumstance, the relation of which must give pain to every reader of common humanity. The miscreant of a landlord had actually put his threats in execution; and Mrs. Pearson was, at the time of her daughter's arrival, absolutely confined in the common prison. The anguish of this poor girl, as the extracted the dreadful story from the affrighted servant, is not to be described: nor was the slightly indebted to the consoling friendship of Wentworth for the small degree of serenity which she at last enjoyed. When the first transports of her sorrow were somewhat abated, Wentworth left her with an assurance that he would not rest till every thing was done that possibly could be done in her affairs, and an earnest request that she would take that repose of which she stood so much in need.

As soon as Mr. Aircastle left her, Miss Pearson entered her apartment, and soon dismissed her maid with an intent to retire to bed; but the mild beauty of the morning, and the carols of the birds who were but just awakened, led her to a window which opened upon an Esplanade, much frequented as a public walk on account of its commanding situation over the adjacent country.

It was on this walk that she had passed great part of the evening preceding the last, in company with Wentworth. I know not whether the remembrance of that circumstance might force itself on her mind; but certain it is, that his image obtruded itself nearly as often as that of

her mother, during a fit of contemplation in which she sat for a considerable time involved at this very window. Tired at length with thinking, she inclined to the counsel of Wentworth; and, reflecting that she should be more capable of serving her mother after the refreshment of rest, undressed herself and went to bed. She had not quite fallen into her first slumber, when she was alarmed by some little noise; and, turning her eyes toward that part of the room from whence it proceeded, she perceived a man in a military uniform standing near the bedside. She started up in bed, and saw the French officer whom the master of the house had so frequently attempted to obtrude on her mother. She recollected that she had locked her door, and was certain that he must have been concealed in the chamber, which she desired him, in a peremptory tone, to quit. He answered only by clasping her in his arms. At this instant a knock was heard at her door. She sprung from the confinement of the Frenchman's embraces; and, opening it, flew terrified into the arms of the first person she met, who proved to be Wentworth himself. 'Good God!' exclaimed he, 'what is the matter, Miss Pearson?'—'O!' cried she, 'I have been villainously, barbarously used!'—'Surely,' resumed he, 'no scoundrel has dared——' He clapped his hand to his sword, and threw his eyes around the room; but he saw nobody, for the author of the mischief had taken the opportunity of his entrance, to slip behind him, and effect his escape. 'For Heaven's sake,' resumed Wentworth, 'what is the matter? All seems confusion here.' 'I left the door open when I went out, and I found it in the same situation when I returned; or I should not have been able to re-enter, for the inhabitants of the house seem literally buried in sleep.' Wentworth then acquainted Miss Pearson, in the most delicate manner, that he had vainly attempted to procure Mrs. Pearson's discharge at that hour; but that he would lodge the sum for which she had been arrested in the hands of the magistrate early in the morning, and that she should see her mother at breakfast. That he had been afraid lest her needless anxiety should detain her from that repose which was so abundantly necessary, and that therefore he could not forbear calling to give her all the immediate comfort in his power.

Miss

Miss Pearson now for the first time recollected her own situation; she broke from Wentworth's arms, and slipped on her robe de chambre: but her just fears of the landlord's villainy induced her to detain her protector in her room; where the solitude of the scene, the presence of the object beloved, the effects of the past evening's entertainment, the flutter of her spirits, in short, the uncommon circumstances of her very dangerous situation, united with her gratitude to Wentworth for favours which he was about most vilely to cancel, rendered easy to that inconsiderate man the commission of a crime which long dashed his cup of life with the bitter infusion of unavailing remorse.

I will not attempt to describe the horrors which rushed on the mind of Wentworth when the first delirium of intoxication was over; for he was no calm, deliberate villain. They equalled, and they could not exceed, those of the unfortunate Barbara. She hung for all her hopes of comfort on him who had not that comfort to bestow, till it was time that Wentworth should attend the magistrate for the purpose of liberating her mother. He then took his leave, the most miserable of mankind; and, having procured Mrs. Pearson's discharge, accompanied her to breakfast. There, guilty and dejected, he sat to be cut to the heart by those grateful caresses of this good injured woman, which, had he not poisoned the seat of their reception, must have filled him with the rich satisfaction enjoyed by benevolence. She could not but observe the miserable smile which ill attempted to disguise the wretchedness at his heart, and kindly observed, that he suffered her misfortunes to oppress him too deeply. 'But,' added she, 'I will give you comfort. You know the circumstances of Mr. Wharton: he has asked my permission to pay his addresses to Bab, on his return to town, whence you know he has been for some days absent. I told him exactly the state of our affairs, at the situation of which he was so far from expressing any dissatisfaction, that he has promised to do every thing in his power for the establishment of our felicity.' Poor Miss Pearson complained of an excruciating pain in her side, and retired; it was, indeed, the most excruciating of pains that the peculiar sensibility of the female bosom is ever destined to

feel! O that the breast of innocence might never be again so wounded with the poisonous barb of deceit, lanced by the hand of more than friendship, and with the violence of more than hate!

The pangs of remorse which rent the bosom of this imprudent man, on the fatal occasion, are not to be described; yet such was the power of a habit of thinking, to which he had been long inured, that he never for a moment cherished the idea of shaking off his load of guilt and woe, by offering to the unhappy fair the only reparation in his power. And the pride of the wretched Barbara forbade her to hint at that which it was his duty to propose in any of their few succeeding miserable interviews.

But though love, as well as justice, urged this step to Mr. Aircastle, he could not forego the prospect which he had, through life, looked up to, in an alliance with Miss Morton; and, after a severe struggle with his own heart, he wrote a letter to Miss Pearson; which, in spite of all his efforts to make it otherwise, was at once indelicate and unfeeling, advising her to accept the offers of Wharton, and think no more of him. He then wrote to Lord Alton, to prevent his returning into France; and, leaning at the cause, which, as it occupied his whole heart, could not be entirely concealed from that friend who shared his every thought, mentioned his hopes of speedily seeing him in London. A few days after this, he took an opportunity of pretending sudden business to Mrs. Pearson, and departed for England.

The reader may more easily conceive, than I can possibly describe, the situation of Miss Pearson, when she received a letter containing such advice from a man she had so fatally loved. Her painful struggles to conceal her sorrow from her mother threw her into a slow fever, which the excellence of her constitution alone enabled her to surmount, and upon her recovery from which, her resentment assisted to support her in a resolution she had formed of sacrificing her own happiness to that of the most affectionate of parents, by giving her hand to Wharton, who was accordingly received in form as a lover.

As soon as possible after his arrival in England, Wentworth hastened to throw himself at the feet of Miss Morton. Whether his enlarged experience since he had last seen this lady, or the image of

of the lovely Miss Pearson, which was constantly before his eyes, had wrought a change in his mind, may be well doubted, but it is certain that he no longer saw those charms in Miss Morton which had originally captivated him. Her person, indeed, he still owned to be uncommonly beautiful; but, in her mind, he thought he could now discover much pride, ignorance, and affectation. He had not been long in the house when, to his infinite surprise, he saw Lord Aston enter. Miss Morton flew to him with triumph in her looks, and the ruin of all Wentworth's high-built hopes plainly stared him in the face.

His pride, after a severe contest with his resentment, a contest which shook his very frame, dictated to him an affectation of ease and indifference; and many severely ironical congratulations to his light mistress and treacherous friend, on their prospect of happiness, were the result of his determination. The ruin of his ambitious views was what, after his first emotions were over, most severely affected Mr. Aircastle on this occasion, and a most chimerical project now offered itself to his imagination. He thought it still possible, such was his consummate vanity, to retain the friendship of Lord Aston, and at the same time preserve the share he formerly held in the heart of the lady; and he actually began to cultivate them both with singular assiduity: never once reflecting on this most indisputable truth, 'that we have no enemy so inveterate as the man who has injured us.' But had a scheme like this been practicable, it could only have proved so to a man possessed of more coolness than Mr. Aircastle. His former open confidence in Lord Aston, to whom he had minutely related every circumstance of his attachment to Miss Morton, in the painting of which his vanity suffered no symptom of the lady's partiality to lie in the shade, had rendered them both his enemies. His lordship, and consequently the lady, were in possession of the whole affair relative to Miss Pearson; nor were either of them at all inclined to forget his first congratulatory sarcasms, which had been uttered with all the strength of a glowing imagination, and all the bitterness of wounded pride. Unwilling, however, to forego his hopes, unsubstantial as they certainly were, long after Lord Aston and Miss Morton were united, did Wentworth Aircastle con-

tinue to hang about them, while they laughed at his ridiculous efforts to take a full share in their expensive amusements; till the ruin of his fortune, which could ill enable him to maintain such connections, compelled him to relinquish their society.

Lord Aston had been always infinitely too polite to enquire into the state of Aircastle's finances; nor did Wentworth's pride suffer him to obtrude what he saw his lordship so careful to avoid. When, however, his circumstances became at length exceedingly straitened, he prevailed on a friend to mention his situation, and to solicit for him the representation of one of his lordship's boroughs, which then happened to be vacant. 'I confide,' said he, 'more particularly in a mode of thinking in Lord Aston, which was the first ground of my attachment to him, and which will certainly induce him to stretch out an assisting hand to a man who is struggling with the world.'

He was however deceived in his lordship; who, more subtle than wife, had from his own ideas of things formed one conclusion, which he found wonderfully convenient as the ground of his practice; namely, that it was so much in every man's power to raise himself, that he who wanted assistance did not deserve it. When, therefore, Wentworth's friend opened his situation to his lordship, he received the following answer. 'I really thought he had some kind of talents; once, but he has suffered himself to slip down strangely. I believe he was extravagant; and where there is extravagance, there is want of principle. His views, I apprehend, from your representation of his circumstances, should be much humbler than to expect such an elevation as that of an independent British senator: but, indeed, his pride was always intolerable, and that circumstance alone must have precluded him, on the present occasion, had I not long since promised the first vacancy to a gentleman of a very different description; and who, indeed, possesses every requisite qualification. However, you may tell poor Wentworth that I am much concerned for him; and if I should ever think of joining administration, which is not quite impossible, something may be done for him. At present, I have nothing to do with them, and I cannot condescend

‘to ask favours. I was once, I confess, much pleased with my old fellow-collegian, and many mad pranks have we formerly played together; but if a man will suffer himself to fall from our sphere of action, what can we do?’

I shall pass over some years of this young man’s life, during which he saw, with the bitterest anguish, the gradual declension of all his high-built hopes; from the golden prospects of profit and honour, he sunk to those of affluence, from affluence to ease, from ease to competence, from competence to what is absolutely necessary. He had declined the professions, as incompatible with his views: the Church excluded him from his first object, the house of Commons; the Law was a slow and tedious path; Physic threw him out of the line of politics; and the Army banished him from the kingdom, by his residence in which he could alone hope to rise.

By his intimates, who were in general young men of the first rank in the kingdom, he was, indeed, still caressed; and, probably, had they been of sufficient age to have obtained employment themselves, they might have thought of an appointment for him: as it was, his fortune was nearly consumed when his name was mentioned to the minister, who immediately asked if he was a man of business. ‘I cannot say that: but he has a powerful and cultivated genius; he will support you in the house.’—‘Is he a speaker, then?’—‘He has never been tried; but I judge from his talents.’—‘I am sorry I cannot think of any thing just now. But let him hope: at present there are two or three men of business who are ready to come over to us, and whom we must let in.’

Mr. Aircastle was frequently urged by his friends to marry; and his person and accomplishments were particularly calculated to render him successful with the sex. But he was so unwilling to part with every idea of bliss in the marriage state, that all the good things passed by him: a widow of fifty, with a title and enormous jointure; a crooked old maid; and the daughter of a London alderman, a perfect idiot.

Thus did this unfortunate man behold all his hopes in life withering by degrees; and, after a painful and ineffectual struggle, he gave up the fight, and sat down in a state little short of despondency. He seemed callous to the dun-

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ning of his landlord; and removed, with the utmost tranquillity, from the first floor to the second, from the second to the garret, and from the garret to the street. In this state of insensibility to the miseries of his situation, the thoughts of Miss Pearson, and the injury he had done her, were alone capable of affecting his mind. He would dwell on them with an attention which nearly endangered his intellects. ‘Yet surely,’ would he cry, after ruminating long on the subject, ‘yillain as I have been, were she to behold my present miseries, she is too much an angel not to pity them.’

The cloaths which he had not been compelled to part with now grew more than shabby; and the erect mien which his pride had long supported against the dejecting influence of poverty, entirely forsook him. He seemed an outcast from society, and might be seen wandering in the hazy noon of a November day amidst the new though ruined buildings in the fields skirting the metropolis; the very picturesque resort of want and woe. He was at length ejected from a miserable garret, in a miserable tenement, with the last fixpence he could call his own in his pocket; and he wandered about the streets with a bitter smile on his countenance, betraying that callousness to misery which is little short of insanity. Though the shades of night came on, wet, comfortless, and dreary, he ceased not his walk, but continued wandering till that time when the streets are wholly deserted, except by the ruffian of the night, and the most naked and miserable of the miserable outcasts from female society. Fatigue at length made him pause at the corner of a street; and leaning over a post which stood in that place, he remained immovable for a considerable time. The patrol, who had once already passed him, finding him at his return fixed on the same spot, began to suspect that he was watching one of the houses opposite to him with no good intent: he therefore laid hold on him; and his answers to the questions of this officer being strangely incoherent, confirmed those suspicions which his ragged garb was by no means calculated to dispel. The man thought it his duty, which it undoubtedly was, to convey a person thus circumstanced to the watch-house; and Wentworth accompanied him thither, neither seeming to know or care whither he was going.

When he arrived at his place of destination,

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tiation,

tuation, he was searched; and a sixpence, which proved a bad one, was all that the most diligent examination could discover in his possession. This circumstance, however, did not weigh much with the constable of the night against those suspicious ones under which he was taken; and it was thought right to detain him.

As neither the dress of Wentworth, nor the state of his finances, which had been so abruptly discovered, qualified him for the company of this magistrate, he was carried down into a place they called the cell, and aptly indeed was it named, where they left him to his repose. That repose, I scarcely need say, he was a stranger to; not that he was sufficiently collected to enter into all the wretchedness of his situation, but his mind wandered through a loose disjointed train of ideas, and enjoyed not even a shadow of rest.

The clock of a church, near the place where he was confined, struck two. In the dead stillness of the night, the solemnity of the sound caught his attention; he started from a miserable bench formed by a board placed on two large loose stones, and walked to the grate of his cell, where the little light it had afforded was suddenly eclipsed by an object which covered the front. This proved to be a woman, who sat herself down by it. 'Is any one in this miserable hole?' cried she, in that peculiarly hoarse voice which is the result of night-walking. 'Who asks the question?' cried Wentworth, in a faint tone. 'A wretched harlot,' resumed the woman. 'Ah, child! beware the miseries of prostitution; I know the dreary cell, and have frequently been an inmate there.' — 'I am a man,' cried Wentworth. 'A man! a man!' cried she; 'then tremble at the crime of seduction.' Wentworth started: that word, like a severe application to a body apparently senseless, instantaneously recalled him to himself. 'Surely,' sighed he, 'all seduction has not miserable consequences!' 'A woman may marry, and avoid prostitution.' — 'O the baseness of your cruel sex!' exclaimed she; 'this is ever the language of the insolent seducer. The artful conduct of a villain triumphed over my virgin innocence; and by the advice of that vile miscreant, I accepted the hand of an honest man, and carried pollution to his unsuspecting bosom:

'nor did my guilt stop there; I had imbibed the poison of variety; I had no conscious innocence to guard me against a repetition of the pernicious banquet, and I fell again immersed still deeper in sin. Repeated were the attempts to save me, but they were vain. I took at last to drinking. Alas! my poor good husband! Oh, Wharton! Wharton!'

The watchman now approached, crying the hour. Her tone in a moment changed; she bestowed a vulgar execration on the unwelcome intruder; and huddling her cloaths round her, walked, or rather slid, along the pavement, muttering till she was heard no more.

The horrors of Wentworth's mind now began to impair his understanding. He clung to the grate through which he had heard the voice, and long continued to listen with the most eager attention.

Towards the morning a person entered the cell. The moment Wentworth saw him, he asked with great earnestness, towards what place that grate opened. When he was told, towards the Church-yard, (which was the case, though a street intervened) the idea seemed wholly to take possession of his mind. He repeated 'The Church-yard!' several times, and began to be persuaded that the voice he had heard was more or less than human. His distressed situation interested the gentleman who entered the cell to an uncommon degree; and he procured him his liberty, provided him a new lodging, and furnished him with necessaries. Nor will the reader, perhaps, greatly wonder at these extraordinary marks of attention, when he is informed, that the war was now carrying on with the utmost vigour, that new regiments were daily raising, and that this gentleman was no other than a recruiting serjeant, whom the constable for the night had agreed to furnish with a certain quota of men.

Though the gaining a recruit was the first motive of the serjeant's kindness towards Wentworth, his humanity, of which the fellow actually possessed a considerably larger share than is often to be expected from that respectable fraternity, interested himself much in the fate of his unfortunate prize. In short, he attended him with such assiduity, that when the regiment was ordered to march to a town in Hampshire, to mount guard over the prisoners of war, there was no appearance



pearance of Wentworth's former wretchedness, but a sable melancholy which frequently overshadowed his countenance.

In the course of the serjeant's attendance on him, when Wentworth was somewhat recovered, he had mentioned the circumstance of the woman's addressing him through the grate of the cell, imagining, as the place seemed familiar to her, that he might gain some intelligence, if indeed she was really a human existence. The serjeant told him, that he knew her perfectly well; that she was called Mad Bess; that she had once or twice been confined there; and that, frequently since, she had been accustomed to sit by the grate for hours together; that he believed there was no harm in her, though she was a little out of her mind; and that she had good relations who either could not, or would not, do any thing more for her. This account, however, but little assisted to dispel the sorrows of the miserable despondent.

Having thus seen the aspiring hopes of Mr. Aircastle, so chimerically formed, and so weakly supported, entirely abandon their unhappy votary, after conducting him into one of the very lowest situations of human subordination, the reader will probably wish to turn his attention towards the fair victim of that unfortunate man's ill-governed passions, and ill-directed ambition.

Miss Pearson had for some time listened with aching heart to the overtures of Mr. Wharton; and had nearly exhausted every species of excuse for the procrastination of those nuptials which she was on reflection fully determined never to celebrate, when she received the following letter written in a female hand.

MADAM,

**U**NDERSTANDING that you are soon to be united to the most persecuted of men, I think proper to acquaint you that Mr. Wharton is contracted to me by the most sacred ties. I send you this, I hope, timely notice; lest the most perfidious of his sex should add one more to the many women whom he has already rendered miserable.

This, Madam, comes from no hidden incendiary. If you require farther information on this hated subject, you have my address, and I shall readily give more particular satisfaction, on

your directing any enquiries to, Madam, your very humble and obedient servant,

ELIZABETH HARRIS.

BROWNLOW STREET,  
HOLBORN.

Miss Pearson, the next time she saw Mr. Wharton, put this letter into his hand: he appeared much confounded when he read it, and declared it to be a most villainous trick, calculated to deprive him of every glimpse of happiness. He concluded with a determination to depart for London immediately, in order to unravel the mystery; and accordingly set off in a few days.

His departure gave Miss Pearson full time to recollect herself; and the more she reflected on her situation, the more she saw the impropriety of her conduct in ever listening to his proposals. She felt herself on the verge of practising the most unjustifiable deceit; and, before his return from England, had resolutely determined to break with him entirely.

Mr. Wharton returned in a very short time, and produced a letter written in the same hand with that which Miss Pearson had received, denying all that was said in the former letter, and imputing it to the malicious instigation of a third person. Miss Pearson, however, continued firm to her resolution, and broke abruptly with Mr. Wharton; who, after some fruitless attempts at a reconciliation, finally departed for England.

About this period, Miss Pearson was called to England, by the death of her brother, to take possession of that estate which he had just lived long enough to inherit from his uncle. Mrs. Pearson accompanied her; but the state of her health, which had been for some time declining, and was considerably impaired by the shock it received on this occasion, forbade her long to enjoy her daughter's acquisition of wealth; and she died in about two years after her return to England.

Miss Pearson, after her mother's decease, lived almost entirely on her estate; the house belonging to which was situated in a genteel town at no great distance from the coast, in the delightful county of Hants. She had spent some years in retirement, when a letter came by the post, written in the same hand with those she had received in Normandy; the contents

tents of which made her a thousand times return thanks to Heaven for the resolution which had led her to avoid a marriage with Wharton. This letter was to implore her charity towards the person who had formerly written to her: it stated, that the writer had been seduced and abandoned by Wharton; who, on his return to England, in consequence of the first letter Miss Pearson received in France, had cajoled her into a recantation of what she had originally and truly advanced; that he had then given her a sum of money, and patched up a match between her and his butler; that her husband was dead, and that she was herself reduced to extreme poverty.

Miss Pearson made immediate enquiries after this unfortunate woman, through a friend in London; and found, indeed, that she was in extreme distress, but that some disagreeable circumstances rendered it impossible to afford her a certain and permanent relief. Nor will this appear at all extraordinary, when it is known that this was the identical unhappy wretch who had addressed Mr. Aircastle through the grate of his cell. Miss Pearson, however, commissioned her friend in town to afford her occasional assistance, which was faithfully continued long after it was plainly perceived to be entirely thrown away on that miserable being.

Nor was this the only opportunity which Miss Pearson enjoyed of displaying the extraordinary benevolence of her disposition. She was one day informed, that a person wished particularly to speak with her; and a man was introduced, who bore about his person all the marks of poverty ill-disguised. He told her, he was a French officer, and a prisoner on parole; that she was the last person to whom he ought to apply for relief, but that pressing necessity had driven him even to her, the only person, indeed, whom he knew in this country.

Miss Pearson looked in his face, and immediately recollected that he was the French officer who had so grossly insulted her in Normandy; but that face, which betrayed evident signs of extreme want, and bore some apparent marks of contrition, forbade her to dwell on the retrospects; and she dismissed him with a genteel present.

The interview with this original assailant of her honour brought more strongly

to her mind the remembrance of that false protector, whom she had for years vainly endeavoured to banish from that seat of purity, and she retired to her chamber to add one more sad tribute of tears to the many thousands already ineffectually paid.

The cruel cause of these unavailing regrets was, as the reader has seen, in the mean time reduced from the society of some of the first persons in the kingdom, to that of the private soldiers in a regiment of foot. The unavoidable coarseness and indelicacy of this life must be a perpetual source of disgust to a man educated like Mr. Aircastle; and though in the mirth and good-humour of these fellows, he sometimes found a temporary relief from his sorrows, it is not to be supposed that he chose to pass many hours in their company when he could conveniently avoid it. He, however, submitted to his fate with a sort of sullen acquiescence; neither making the smallest efforts to procure his discharge, nor attempting to distinguish himself, as a person of his abilities might easily have done, so as to attract the attention of the commanding officer, and procure some situation out of the ranks.

The prison of the town where the regiment was on duty, consisted of the remaining bastion of a very ancient fortification; and many an hour did poor Wentworth tread with solemn step the ruins of these once formidable works, enjoying the delights of melancholy, which still occasionally blesses even the most wretched. He had, one moon-light evening, been just relieved from his post, and was walking at a small distance from a little temporary guard-room, when he perceived two females pass him in their way towards the town: for the remaining ramparts of this place, which commanded a beautiful view of the adjacent country, were much frequented as a promenade, by the genteler inhabitants, on a summer's evening. Wentworth had avoided them as they passed, for his dejected spirit shunned all intercourse with the society he had formerly enjoyed. A comrade who met him, however, accidentally observed, that he believed those young women had something on their minds, as he had frequently observed them to walk apart from the rest of the company, and always to remain late on the ramparts. This observation induced Wentworth to follow them with his

his eyes, as they descended by a winding path from the ramparts, and entered a little grove which led to the town. They had scarcely reached this spot, when he heard them shriek violently. As he had not yet laid by his arms, he sprang over a low wall, which rose in his front, and flew to the spot whence the sound proceeded; where he perceived the two ladies struggling with three men, two of whom fled on his first approach, but the third drew a hanger from under his coat, and advanced fiercely towards him. In the mean time, Wentworth, whose bayonet was unfixed, levelled a blow at the ruffian with the butt of his piece, and brought him instantly to the ground. He then approached the principal lady, who was supported by her companion, a very elegant female, and begged he might be permitted to attend her into the town.

The voice of the lady, as she answered him, struck Wentworth to the soul; and the moon, which had been for some time obscured by a cloud, at this moment breaking out in all its splendour, confirmed the intelligence of his ear, by discovering to him the face of Miss Pearson. 'Great God!' exclaimed he, 'Miss Pearson.' She looked at him; she recollected him: uttered inarticulately an exclamation of surprise; and, turning round, sunk with her face on the bosom of her attendant. Wentworth fell at her feet, and a scene ensued which I

might in vain attempt to describe. When they resumed sufficient recollection to look for the person who was the author of the outrage on Miss Pearson, they found that he had escaped.

Wentworth then asked if she knew his face. To which she replied, 'Too well!' and informed him, that it was the same miscreant, from whose insults he had rescued her in France; and that he was accompanied by two strange men, one of whom appeared to be a postilion.

Wentworth conducted his mistress home that night, and easily excused himself to his friend the serjeant, who happened to be his commanding officer on duty. The next day he again saw Miss Pearson, and learned all those circumstances from her own mouth, with which the reader has been previously acquainted: and, in concluding her narrative, she assured him, that she had firmly resolved to live single for the remainder of her days. A resolution which the reader will probably not be surprised to find she was soon prevailed on to break, in favour of Mr. Aircastle.

They are now settled in the town where their happy meeting took place, and in the house belonging to the Pearson estate, which Mrs. Aircastle occupied before marriage. The wholesome though bitter draught of adversity has cured him of ambition; and he finds, in the arms of a lovely and sensible woman, as much bliss as can be the lot of mortals.

## THE FAIR BEDLAMITE;

OR, HISTORY OF HANNAH HEARTBROKE.

TAKEN FROM HER OWN MOUTH.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

**M**Y father rented a farm of about sixty pounds a year, of a lady to whom he was many years a servant, and who out of regard to his faithful services became my godmother. While young I was sent to school as a half-boarder by her ladyship; but when I was turned of fourteen, and capable of assisting my mother, she took me from school to do the household work in the family. This life pleased me much; for, though laborious, it was healthy, and the rural diversions we frequently had in our country made it very agreeable. When I

grew to woman's estate, I was addressed by a young man who had often been my partner at country dances. He was not very handsome, but of a sweet disposition; and his vivacity, sincerity, and good nature, rendered him more agreeable to me than all other men. As he was the son of a substantial farmer, who had always supported a good character, my father had no objection to the match; and my godmother, who had been consulted about it, was so well pleased, that she entertained us two evenings at her house, talked to us freely on that

that head, and gave me, in his hearing, some assurances of her assistance to begin the world with. Soon after this, there was a meeting of our parents, and the day of marriage appointed. In this fatal interval, my poor godmother died, and by her will, to the surprize of every body, left me four thousand pounds, which brought me many lovers; and among the rest an officer, who was often with my godmother's nephew, that succeeded her in the estate. I was deaf to all his persuasions, and as much as possible avoided his company, for my hopes were all centred in my Philemon. Application was also made to my father, without any effect, for he was an honest man, and unwilling to break his word. At last, the officer prevailed upon my young master to influence me; who, finding that impracticable, sent to my father, begged him to use his authority over me, and plainly told me if I did not marry that gentleman, I should never have the legacy left me, till he had carried it through all the courts in Westminster Hall, and saddled me with a suit that should sink one half of the money. But this did not affect me; I was determined to be faithful to my lover, and was persuaded he would gladly have taken me without a farthing, till I received three letters from him, all importing, that he thought my fortune was precarious, my affections too wavering, and my person not so pure as he should wish for in a wife. He threw out some hints respecting my entertaining the officer, which stung me to the quick, and induced me more out of pride and revenge than any thing else to marry him. As soon as we were married, the legacy left me by my godmother was immediately paid into his hands, all but one thousand pounds, which I afterwards found was abated, and given up to the executor by previous contract, for his aid in the affair. Believe what I am going to say, Sir, [Here she took hold of my hand, and stared me full in the face] the greatest part of the men are rogues, and with them the ruining of a poor innocent girl is a mere matter of diversion, and serves only for a laughing story at a Bacchanalian feast. 'This I know from experience, and experience makes us wise.

For, oh! he's gone, he's gone,  
And laid in the cold grave!

[Here she rambled a little, repeated two or three stanzas of a song, and then returned to her story.]

The villain, my husband, (said she, with an emphasis) not satisfied with this booty, wanted also to make a prey of my poor father, whom he assured that he had a large estate in the North of England; and that he had nothing to do but to quit his farming business, and to retire thither with him and live like a gentleman. My good father, incapable of doing ill himself, suspected none; but immediately told all his effects, and put the money into my husband's hands, who was to manage it for him to great advantage in the stocks. As soon as we came to London, the inhuman creature plundered me of all my best apparel, which he sold, and then made off to Ireland with the money, leaving us in a strange place without a penny to subsist on. My father made some enquiries after him, in order to recover his money, and was informed that he was one of those infamous creatures who dealt in that way; and that, besides me, he had a wife in Ireland, one in Scotland, and another in the West Indies, whom he had treated in the very same manner. His leaving me I did not regard, for I had no affection for him; and as, by the assistance of an accidental friend, I got into business, which would maintain my father and me, I was pretty easy on that score. What gave me this terrible disorder, and will for ever hang on my mind, was some letters I received from my Philemon, who had all this while languished for me. The disappointment, which he was unable to bear, threw him into a consumption, of which he died.

These letters, Sir, were written in a hand, as much like mine as you can conceive any thing to be. They were addressed to him as if coming from me; and contained such sentiments as never entered into my head: the purport of them was, to forbid him ever calling on me, or writing to me again; and to inform him, that I was then contracted to the captain, and to be married in a few days. When I saw my name thus prostituted to my own undoing, and to the ruin of a man I so dearly loved, you may judge of my behaviour, and of my trouble and anxiety; for this convinced me, that the letters directed to me, as if from him, were also counterfeits, which he was no way privy to; and that the whole was an imposition, projected and carried on by the basest of villains, my undoer. The gentleman who brought me these letters, assured me that he received them from

from my dear Philemon on his death-bed, with a strict charge to deliver them into my own hand, and to assure me that in his dying moments he forgave me, and prayed for my happiness. Such matchless innocence! such worth! such truth! But—

He's gone! he's gone! Philemon's gone!

[Here she sung some verses, the tears at the same time trickling down her cheeks, and then returned to her story.]

This gentleman further informed me, that one of my most intimate acquaintance, whom my Philemon had employed in the character of a go-between, had fomented this difference betwixt us, (bribed I suppose by my basest of brutes) and written and carried him these letters

in my name: and this secret the dread of a just judgment hereafter had extorted from her on her death bed; for she did not live long to enjoy the fruits of her wicked labour. But she was only the serpent, the devil was concealed, and did not discover himself till after he had wrought our entire overthrow.

But to Philemon's grave I'll go,  
And lay me on the stone,  
Which with my tears I'll daily dew,  
And melt it with my moan.

Here she wept bitterly, and then attempted to give some account of her father; but was interrupted by one of the keepers, who perceiving her greatly agitated with passion, ordered her to her apartment.

## B A B O U C;

OR, THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

BY MR. COLLYER.

### C H A P. I.

**I**THURIEL held one of the first ranks amongst the Genii who preside over the empires of the earth, and his jurisdiction extended over the upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, a Scythian, who lived on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him—  
'Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our anger. Yesterday there was held an assembly of the Genii of the upper Asia, to consult whether we should chastise or destroy Persepolis. Go to that city; examine every thing; return, and give me a faithful account of what thou shalt have seen and heard; and on thy report, the inhabitants of that city shall be punished or exterminated.'—  
'But, lord,' said Babouc, with great humility, 'I have never been in Persia; neither do I know any one there.'—  
'For that reason,' said the angel, 'thou wilt not be partial. Thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, which is a blessing of great value; and I will add the gift of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear, observe, and fear nothing; thou shalt be every where well received.'

Babouc mounted upon his camel, and departed with his servants. At the end of some days he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, going to engage against the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a soldier whom he found alone. He spoke to him, and demanded what was the occasion of the war. 'By all the gods,' said the soldier, 'I know nothing of it. That is not my business; my profession is to kill and be killed, in order to get a livelihood. It matters not whom I serve; I may probably to-morrow go to the Indian camp; for it is said, that they give near half a copper drachma a day to their soldiers, more than we have in this accursed service of Persia. If thou wouldst know why we fight, speak to my captain.'

Babouc having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp, where he soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the subject of the war. 'How canst thou imagine that I should know it?' said the captain; 'is it of any importance to me? I dwell two hundred leagues from Persepolis; I hear that a war is declared; I immediately leave my family, and as I have nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to seek my fortune, or meet

• meet with death.'—'But are not thy comrades,' said Babouc, 'a little better informed of it than thee?'—'No,' said the officer, 'there are none but our principal satrapes who perfectly know why we are engaged in cutting throats.'

Babouc, filled with astonishment, introduced himself to the generals, and entered into their familiarity. One of them at last said—'The cause of this war, which for twenty years past has laid Asia desolate, sprang originally from a quarrel between an eunuch belonging to one of the concubines of the great King of Persia, and the clerk of a factory belonging to the great King of India, occasioned by a claim which amounted to nearly the thirtieth part of a daric. The first minister of India and ours nobly maintained the rights of their masters; the dispute grew warm; both sides sent into the field an army of a million of soldiers, which they were obliged every year to recruit, with more than four hundred thousand men. Murders, burning of houses, ruin, and devastation, are multiplied; the universe suffers; and their obstinacy continues. Our first minister, and that of the Indies, frequently protest that they are wholly employed in promoting the happiness of the human race, and at every protestation some cities are always destroyed, and some provinces laid waste.'

The next day, on a rumour being spread, that a peace was going to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals made haste to come to an engagement. The battle was bloody. Babouc beheld every fault, and every abomination; he was witness to the stratagems of the principal satrapes, who strove as much as possible to put an end to the life of their chief. He saw officers killed by their own troops, soldiers who stabbed their expiring comrades, that they might strip them of a few ragged garments stained with blood. He entered the hospitals to which the wounded were conveyed, the greatest part of whom died by the inhuman negligence of even those to whom the King of Persia paid dearly to purchase their assistance. 'Are these men,' cried Babouc, 'or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persopolis will be destroyed.'

Taken up with this thought, he passed into the Indian camp; when, according

to what had been predicted, he was as well received as in that of the Persians; but he saw there all the excesses that had before filled him with horror. 'Oh!' said he to himself, 'if the angel Ithuriel must exterminate the Persians, the angel of India must also destroy the Indians.' But being at last informed more distinctly of all that had passed in both armies, he heard of acts of generosity, of greatness of soul, and of humanity, at which he was ravished and filled with astonishment. 'What inexplicable mysteries are there in human nature!' cried he; 'how is it possible to unite such baseness and grandeur, such virtues and crimes?'

In the mean time the peace was proclaimed, and the chiefs of the two armies, who had each obtained victories, but who for their own interest alone had caused the blood of so many men like themselves to be spilt, went to solicit their courts for rewards. Peace was now celebrated in public writings, which proclaimed the return of virtue and happiness to the earth. 'God be praised,' said Babouc, 'spotless Innocence will take up her abode in Persopolis; it will not be destroyed, and the cruel Genii will lose their revenge. Let us haste without delay to this capital of Asia.'

## CHAP. II.

HE went into that immense city by the ancient entrance that was entirely barbarous, and where a disagreeable rusticity offended the eye. All that part of the city bore the marks of the time in which it was built; for in spite of the obtinacy of men in praising the antique at the expence of the modern, it must be confessed, that in every art the first essays are always rude and unfinished.

Babouc mingled in a crowd of people composed of all that was most nasty and most deformed of the two sexes. This crowd thronged with a heavy and stupid air into a vast and dark enclosure. By the continual hum, by the actions to which he was witness, by the money which some persons gave to others to obtain a right to sit down, he was led to imagine, that he was in a market, in which chairs were sold; but soon observing that many women threw themselves on their knees, and pretended to look before them with fixed attention, while they leered at the men by their sides, he

from

from thence perceived he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarse, savage, and discordant voices soon made the vault resound with sounds indistinctly uttered, that had the same effect as the voices of the wild asses, when in the plains of Pictavia they answer to the cornet that calls them together. He stopped his ears; but he was ready also to shut his eyes and hold his nose, when he beheld several labourers enter the temple with crows and spades, who removed a large stone, and threw to the right and left the earth, from whence exhaled pestilential vapours; at last some other people approached, who deposited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the stone over it. 'How strange!' cried Babouc; 'do these people inter their dead in the same place in which they adore the Deity! Do they pave their temples with carcases! I am no longer astonished at the pestilential diseases, that frequently depopulate Persopolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the noxious vapours of such numbers of the living, assembled and confined in the same place, are sufficient to poison the whole terrestrial globe. Oh, what an abominable city is Persopolis! I shall go and advise Ithuriel to destroy it.'

## C H A P. III.

IN the mean time the sun approached his utmost height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, to whom her husband, who was an officer in the army, had entrusted him with letters: but he first took several turns in Persopolis; when he saw other temples better built, and richly adorned, filled with a polite people, and resounding with harmonious music; he beheld public fountains, which, though ill placed, struck the eye with their beauty; squares in which the best kings who had governed Persia, seemed to breathe in bronze; and others where he heard the people cry out—'When shall we see here our beloved master?' He admired the magnificent bridges extending over the river; the beautiful and commodious quays; palaces built on both sides the streets; an immense house, where thousands of old soldiers, who were both wounded and conquerors, rendered every day their praises to the Lord of Hosts; at last, he entered the house of the lady, who had invited to dinner a number of

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persons of distinction. The house was neat and beautiful; the repast delicious; the lady was young, lovely, engaging; and a wit; the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment said within himself, that the angel Ithuriel had no regard for the world, since he was willing to destroy so charming a city.

## C H A P. IV.

MEAN while he perceived that the lady, who had begun with tenderly asking news of her husband, spoke more tenderly still to a young magi. He saw a magistrate, who in the presence of his wife, with great vivacity paid his court to a widow, and that indulgent widow looked with tender languishment on the magistrate, whilst she held by the hand a young citizen, who was extremely handsome and extremely modest; the wife of the magistrate arose, first from table, to converse in an adjoining closet with her director, who came late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, who was a man of eloquence, spoke in this closet with such vehemence and holy zeal, that on the lady's return, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her step diffident, and her voice trembling.

Babouc then began to fear that the Genius Ithuriel was in the right. The talent he possessed of attracting confidence made him the same day acquainted with the secrets of the lady: she confessed to him her inclination for the young magi, and assured him, that in all the houses in Persopolis, he would find an equivalent to what he had seen in hers. Babouc concluded, that such a society could not long subsist; that jealousy, discord, and revenge, would render every house desolate; that tears and blood must be daily shed; that husbands must slay the gallants of their wives, or he slay themselves; and, in fine, that Ithuriel would do well suddenly to destroy a city abandoned to continual disasters.

## C H A P. V.

HE was plunged in these fatal ideas, when there appeared at the gate, a grave man in a black gown, who humbly desired to speak to the young magistrate: when this last, without rising, or even condescending to look at him, gave

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him,

him, with a haughty air of indifference, some papers, and dismissed him. Babouc desired to know who this man was, when the mistress of the house said in a low voice—'He is one of the best pleaders in the city; he has these fifty years been engaged in the study of the laws: while the other, who is no more than twenty-five years of age, and who has been a satrape of the law only two days, has given him orders to make an extract of the proceedings, which he is to determine, but he has not yet examined them.'—'This giddy youth acts wisely,' said Babouc, 'in asking advice of an old man; but why is not this old man himself the judge?'—'Thou art surely in jest,' said they; 'never are those who are grown old in laborious and inferior employments, raised to dignities and honours. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich, and here the right of distributing justice is purchased like a farm.'—'O manners! O unhappy city!' cried Babouc; 'what disorders must this produce! there is no doubt but that those who have thus purchased the right of judging, sell their judgments: I see nothing here but an abyss of iniquity.'

As he thus expressed his grief and surprise, a young warrior, who had even that day returned from the army, said—'Why wouldst thou not have them purchase seats in the courts of justice? I have bought the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men under my command; it has this year cost me forty thousand darics of gold to lie thirty nights together on the earth dressed in red, and afterwards to receive two wounds, of which I have now scarcely lost the smart. If I ruin myself in order to serve the Emperor of Persia, whom I have never seen, the satrape of the law may surely be allowed to pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to pleaders.' Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help in his heart condemning a country, in which the honourable employments, both of peace and war, were set to sale; he therefore precipitately concluded, that the inhabitants of such a place must be absolutely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that, though Ithuriel should not exterminate these people, they

would be destroyed by their detestable administration.

His ill opinion still increased at the arrival of a fat man, who having very familiarly saluted all the company, approached the young officer, and said—'I can only lend thee fifty thousand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in only three hundred thousand.' Babouc asked who this man was, who complained that he had gained so little; and was informed, that in Persopolis there were threescore and twelve plebeian kings, who held by lease the empire of Persia, and paid tribute to the monarch.

#### C H A P. VI.

AFTER dinner he went into one of the most superb temples in the city, and seated himself in the midst of a throng of men and women who were come thither to pass away the time. Soon after he had entered, a magi appeared in a machine elevated above the heads of the people, who talked a long time of virtue and vice. In this discourse the magi divided into many parts what was under no necessity of being divided; he proved methodically what was sufficiently clear; he taught what every body knew; he with great deliberation threw himself into a passion, and went away sweating and out of breath. All the assembly then awoke, and believed that they had been present at his discourse. Babouc said—'Here is a man who has done his best in tiring two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good, and there is nothing in this that ought to cause the destruction of Persopolis.'

At his leaving this assembly, he was led to a public entertainment, that was exhibited every day in the year. This was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The most beautiful women in Persopolis, and the most distinguished satrapes, were ranged in order, and formed so agreeable a sight, that Babouc at first believed, that this was all the entertainment he had to expect; but at last two or three persons, who looked like kings and queens, made their appearance; their language was very different from that of the common people; it was measured, harmonious, and



and sublime: nobody here slept; for all listened in a profound silence, that was only interrupted by testimonies of the sensibility and admiration of the public. Here the duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers that attend the indulgence of the passions, were expressed in such lively and moving strokes, that Babouc shed tears. He did not doubt but that those heroes and heroines, those kings and queens, whom he had just heard, were the preachers of the empire; he even proposed to engage Ithuriel to come and lend them his attention; and was very certain, that what he would see and hear, would for ever reconcile him to the city.

As soon as the entertainment was finished, he resolved to pay a visit to the principal queen, who had expressed such pure and noble morals; and on his expressing his desire of waiting on her majesty, he was led up a narrow staircase into an ill-furnished apartment in the second story, where he found a woman meanly dressed, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air: 'This employment does not afford me a sufficient maintenance. I am with child by one of the princes you have seen; I must soon be brought to bed; yet I want money, and without it there is no such thing as lying in.' Babouc gave her a hundred daries of gold, saying, that if there had been only this evil in the city, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so offended.

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles, to which he was led by a man of understanding, with whom he had made an acquaintance; there he bought whatever pleased him, and the toymen with great politeness, and an air of cordiality and friendship, sold him every thing at a much higher price than it was worth. His friend, at his return, let him see how much he had been imposed upon, and Babouc set down in his tablets the name of the tradesman, that he might not be forgot by Ithuriel in the day when the city should be punished. As he was writing, a person was heard to knock at his door; this was the toymen himself, who came to bring Babouc a purse which he had inadvertently left on his counter. 'How canst thou be so upright and generous,' cried Babouc, 'when thou hast not been ashamed

to sell me trifles, at four times their value?'

'There is not a tradesman who is ever so little known in this city,' replied the merchant, 'who would not have brought thee thy purse; but they have deceived thee, when thou wast told that what thou hadst of me was four times dearer than it was worth; I have sold to thee at ten times above the value; and this is so true, that if thou shouldst sell it within the space of one month, thou wouldst not have even this tenth part. But nothing is more just; it is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles; it is this fancy that gives subsistence to a hundred workmen employed by me; it is this that gives me a fine house, a commodious chariot and horses; it is this that excites industry; that gives room for taste, circulation; and abundance.'

'Believe me, when I say, that I sell the same trifles to the neighbouring nations dearer than I have done to thee, and by this means I am of service to the empire.'

Babouc, after a moment's thought, erased him from his tablets; 'For, in short,' said he, 'the arts of luxury are never very numerous in any empire; but when all the necessary arts are exercised, the nation is populous and opulent. Ithuriel appears to me a little severe.'

## CHAP. VII.

BABOUĆ, very uncertain in relation to what he ought to think of Persepolis, resolved to see the magi, and the men of letters; for the one studied wisdom, and the other religion; and he flattered himself that these would obtain mercy for the rest of the people. He therefore went early the next day into a college of the magi. The archi-mandrite confessed to him, that he had a hundred thousand crowns a year for having taken the vow of poverty, and that he enjoyed an empire sufficiently extensive, in virtue of his vow of humility; after which he left Babouc with an inferior brother, who was to do him the honours of the place.

While the brother shewed him the magnificence of this house of penitents

a rumour was spread abroad, that he was come to reform all these houses. Immediately he received memoirs from each, the substance of which was: 'Pre-serve us, and destroy all the others.' On hearing their apologies, these societies appeared to be entirely necessary; on hearing their reciprocal accusations, they all deserved to be abolished. He admired that he could find none amongst these societies, but those who, from the ardour of their zeal for edifying the universe, desired and wished to have it all under their dominion. There then appeared before him a demi-magi, who whispered in his ear—'I plainly see that the work is going to be accomplished; for Zardust is returned to the earth, and the little girls prophecy, pinching themselves before and whipping themselves behind. It is evident that the world is drawing to a period; but canst not thou, before that remarkable day, protect us from the great Lama?'—'What an absurdity!' said Babouc; 'from the great Lama? from the royal pontiff that resides at Tibet?'—'Yes,' said the little magi with a conceited air, 'from him himself.'—'You have then made war against him; you have armies!' said Babouc. 'No,' said the other; 'but we have wrote against him three or four thousand great books which nobody reads, and as many pamphlets that we oblige the women to peruse. He has scarcely heard us mentioned, and has only caused us to be condemned, in the same manner as a man gives orders to have the trees in his garden cleared from caterpillars.' Babouc was provoked at the folly of these men who had made the profession of wisdom; at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world; at the ambition and avaricious pride of those who taught humility and disinterested virtue; and concluded, that Ithuriel had good reason for destroying the whole breed.

#### CHAP. VIII.

HAVING retired home, he sent for new books to soften his chagrin; and, in order to exhilarate his spirits, invited some learned men to dine with him: when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he had sent for. These parasites were eager to eat and to speak. They praised

two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves, and never their contemporaries, except the master of the house. If any of them made use of a smart repartee, the others cast down their eyes and bit their lips, from the vexation that each felt at his not having the happiness to say it. They had less dissimulation than the magi, because they had not such grand objects of ambition. Each behaved at the same time with the meanness of a valet, and the dignity of a man of great reputation; and said insulting things to each other's face, which they imagined strokes of wit and proofs of the vivacity and sprightliness of their imaginations. The repast being ended, each separately left the room: for there was not one in this crowd of men who could endure, or even speak to the others, except at the houses of the rich who invited them to their tables. Babouc judged that it would be no great matter, if these vermin should perish in the general destruction.

#### CHAP. IX.

AS soon as he had got rid of this disagreeable company, he opened some new books, and there found the spirit by which his guests were actuated. He saw with a particular indignation those slanderous gazettes, those archives of bad taste, that were dictated by envy, baseness, and hunger; those ungenerous satires in which the vulture is treated with respect, and the dove torn in pieces; those romances in which there are no proofs of a vigorous imagination, and where real characters are represented, and portraits drawn, of persons never known to the author.

He threw into the fire all these detestable writings, and went to pass the evening in walking. In this excursion he found an old man possessed of great learning, who had not waited upon him to increase the number of his parasites. This man of letters always fled from crowds; he knew men; made use of them; and opened his mind to them with discretion. Babouc spoke to him with grief, of what he had read and seen.

'Thou hast read very despicable performances,' said he; 'but in all times, in all countries, and in every branch of literature, the bad swarm, and the good are scarce. Thou hast received into thine house the dregs of pedantry; for

for in all professions, he that is least worthy of appearing, always presents himself with most impudence; the truly wise live amongst themselves, they are retired and tranquil, and there are still amongst us both men and books worthy thine attention.' While he was yet speaking, he was joined by another man of learning; when their discourse became so agreeable and instructive, so elevated above vulgar prejudices, and so conformable to virtue; that Babouc confessed, that he had never before heard the like. 'These are men,' said he softly, 'whom the angel Ithuriel dares not hurt; if he should, he would be very unmerciful.'

Though reconciled to the men of letters, he was still exasperated against the rest of the nation. 'Thou art a stranger,' said the judicious person who was talking to him; 'abuses present themselves to our eyes in crowds, while what is good is concealed, and even the benefit that sometimes results from these abuses escapes thee.' Then they led him to the principal magi, whom they called the overseer. Babouc found this magi worthy of being placed at the head of the just, and perceived that there were many who resembled him. He even understood that these great bodies, that seemed by their clashing to prepare the way for their common ruin, were, at bottom, salutary institutions; that each society of magi was a check upon its rivals; that though the competitors differed with respect to some opinions, they all taught the same morals; they instructed the people, and lived in subjection to their laws, like the preceptors who watch over the sons of a great man, while he himself watches over them. He conversed with many, and found those who had celestial souls; he learned that even amongst the fools, who pretended to make war on the great Lama, there had been some very great men. He then conjectured that there might be morals in Persopolis, as well as edifices; though the one had appeared worthy of pity, and the other had filled him with admiration.

#### CHAP. X.

BABOUĆ said to the man of letters—  
'I plainly see that these magi, whom  
'I have believed so dangerous, are, in

reality, extremely useful; especially when a wise government prevents their rendering themselves too necessary; but thou wilt surely confess, that the young magistrates who purchase the office of a judge, as soon as they are able to mount a horse, must display, when seated on their tribunals, the most ridiculous impertinence, and the most iniquitous perverseness; it would doubtless be better to give these places gratuitously to those old civilians who have spent their lives in examining difficult points.'

The man of letters replied—'Thou hast seen our army before thine arrival at Persopolis; thou knowest that our young officers fight with great bravery, notwithstanding they have bought their posts; and perhaps thou wilt find that our young judges do not make bad decisions, though they have purchased the privilege of sitting in the seat of justice.'

He led him the next day to the grand tribunal, at which an important affair was to be decided. The cause was known to every body. All the old counsellors that spoke were unsettled in their opinions; they quoted an hundred laws, none of which were truly applicable to the question; they examined the affair on a hundred different sides, and in none of these views it was placed in the true light: the judges were quicker in their decisions, than the advocates in raising doubts; they were almost unanimous; these judged righteously, because they followed the light of reason, and the others were misled in their opinions, because they had only consulted their books.

Babouc then concluded, that what was in itself very good, frequently arose from abuses. He the same day saw, that the riches of the receivers of the revenue, which had given such offence, might produce an excellent effect: for the emperor having a great occasion for money, he by their means obtained in one hour what he could not have had, by the ordinary methods, in six months: he saw that those great clouds swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in rain what they received from it. Besides, the children of these new gentlemen, as they were frequently better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes more worthy and useful members of the state; for when they

they had had a father who was a good accountant, nothing prevented their being good judges, brave warriors, or able statesmen.

### CHAP. XI.

**B**ABOUCE insensibly conceived a favourable opinion of the avidity of the collectors of the revenues; who were not in reality more avaricious than other men, and who were besides extremely necessary. He excused those who were guilty of the folly of ruining themselves to obtain a place in the seat of justice, or to command armies, a folly that produced great magistrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of the men of letters, among whom he found persons who enlightened the earth. He grew reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magistrates, who were possessed of more singular virtues than little vices; but he was still displeased at many grievances, and especially at the gallantries of the ladies, and the desolation that he imagined would follow from them, filled him with iniquitude and terror.

As he was resolved to penetrate into every station of life, he went to the house of a minister of state; but trembled all the way, for fear lest some wife should be assassinated by her husband in his presence. Being arrived at the statesman's, he remained two hours in the anti-chamber before his name was sent in, and two hours more after this was done. In this interval, he firmly resolved to recommend to the vengeance of the angel Ithuriel, both the minister and his insolent guards. The anti-chamber was filled by women of all ranks, with magi of all colours, with judges, merchants, officers, pedants, and all complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said—'There is no doubt but that this man ruins the provinces by his extortions.' The capricious reproached him with unsteadiness; the voluptuous said—'He thinks only of his pleasures.' The statesman, fond of intrigue, flattered himself that he should soon see him ruined by a cabal; and the women hoped that they should soon have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their discourse, and could not help saying—'Here is a man com-  
-pletely happy; he has his enemies in his anti-chamber; he crushes with his

'power those that look upon him with  
'envy; he sees at his feet those that de-  
'test him.' At last he appeared, when Babouc saw a little old man bending under the weight of years and business; but still lively and full of spirit.

He was pleased with Babouc, and to Babouc he seemed a man worthy of esteem. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he had the reputation of being rich, while he was poor; that he was believed to be all powerful, while he was constantly contradicted; that he had seldom obliged any besides the ungrateful; and that in a continual fatigue of forty years duration, he scarcely had a moment's consolation. Babouc was moved, and thought that if this man had committed faults, and the angel Ithuriel was resolved to punish him, he ought not to cut him off, but only to leave him in the possession of his place.

### CHAP. XII.

**W**HILE he was talking to the minister, the beautiful lady with whom Babouc had dined, entered hastily: in her eyes, and on her brow, were seen the symptoms of grief and anger: she burst into reproaches against the statesman; she shed tears; she complained with bitterness, that her husband had been refused a place to which his birth allowed him to aspire, and of which his services and his wounds rendered him deserving: she expressed herself with such force, she rendered her complaints so graceful, she overthrew all objections with such address, she urged her reasons with such eloquence, that she did not leave the chamber before she had made the fortune of her husband.

Babouc gave her his hand: 'Is it possible,' said he, 'for a woman to give herself such trouble for a man she does not love, and of whom she has the greatest reason to be afraid?'—'A man whom I do not love!' cried she. 'Know that my husband is the best friend I have in the world; that there is nothing I would not sacrifice for him, except my lover, and that he would do any thing for me, except leaving his mistress. Become acquainted with her; she is a charming woman, full of wit, and of the best disposition in the world: we shall sup  
together

‘together this very night with my husband and my little magi; come and share our joy.’

The lady led Babouc to her own house, and the husband, who was at last arrived with a mind plunged in grief, saw his wife again with transports of joy and gratitude: he embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little magi, and Babouc. Unanimity, wit, gaiety, and whatever was graceful, embellished this repast. ‘Learn,’ said the beautiful lady, with whom he supped, ‘that those who are sometimes called dishonest women, have almost always the merit of very honest men; and to convince thee of this, I invite thee to dine with me at the beautiful Theona’s. There are some old vestals who revile her; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not be guilty of the slightest piece of injustice, to procure the greatest advantage; she gives her lover none but the most generous advice; she consults only his glory: he would blush before her, if he had suffered any opportunity of doing good to escape him; for nothing is a greater incitement to virtuous actions, than the having for a witness and judge of our conduct, a person whose esteem we wish to deserve.’

Babouc did not fail to attend the appointment: when he saw a house in which

every pleasure had set up her throne; but Theona reigned supreme, and had them all under her command. Her natural wit gave ease and freedom to all about her; she pleased almost without desiring it; she was as amiable as beneficent, and her beauty heightened the value of her good qualities.

Babouc, notwithstanding his being a Scythian, and his being sent by one of the Genii, perceived that if he should stay any longer at Persepolis, he should neglect Ithuriel for Theona: he conceived an affection for a city in which the people were polite, friendly, and beneficent, though inconsiderate, slanderous, and filled with vanity. He feared lest Persepolis should be condemned; he even feared the account he was going to give of it.

This was the method in which he made known his sentiments: he caused a small statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth and stones, the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by the best founder in the city; and carried it to Ithuriel. ‘Wilt thou break,’ said he, ‘this pretty statue, because all is not gold and diamonds?’ Ithuriel instantly understood his meaning; he resolved that he would not even think of punishing Persepolis, but leave the World as it Goes: for he said—‘If all is not well, all is passable.’

## IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY DAVID HUME, ESQ.

I Am of opinion that the common complaints against Providence are ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and these too pretty numerous; but few, in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity: nor indeed could it be otherwise from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprise and un-

dertaking, besides the satisfaction which immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily, attached to Virtue and Merit; and adversity, in like manner, to Vice and Folly.

I must, however, confess, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality; and that Modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man’s talents, as Impudence displays them to the utmost; and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind.

kind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for; and admit his overbearing airs, as proofs of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish Impudence from it: as, on the other hand, diffidence, being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon Modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

As Impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortune as if it were a virtue; so we may observe that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that Modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter: but it is observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive Modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural Impudence: it's counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits, and is sensible of, he is so much the nearer his end: but when he endeavours at Impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him: after which every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to Impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and supply it's place, in a great measure, when it is absent. It is wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations, or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to ex-

amine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make Wisdom agree with Confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile Vice and Modesty.

These are the reflections which have occurred upon this subject of Impudence and Modesty; and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory.

Jupiter, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and, thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and said that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissention arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whether it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations the usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable: but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he

openly

openly beat away this controul of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village; and, without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and, entering the cottage, found

Wisdom and Virtue; who, being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion on her; and Wisdom found, from her temper, that she would easily improve: so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and, becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now known by the name of Modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and know nothing of these mutual desertions, are thereby led into strange mistakes; and wherever they see Impudence, make account of finding Virtue and Wisdom; and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

## THE LADY'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. HAYWOOD.

**A**MONG the number of those gay gallants who pride themselves on being distinguished at all public places, none had more reason to boast of the modish accomplishments than Ziphraanes: he sung, danced, dressed well; had the knack of setting off, to the best advantage, his family, his fortune, and his person; knew how to trace his ancestors long before the Conquest; to discover some particular perfection in every acre of his land, and to give all his limbs and features such gestures as his glass informed him would be most becoming: in fine, he was what we women call a Very Pretty Fellow; for as the poet too justly says of us—

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form  
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.

As he either found, or thought himself admired by all the ladies he conversed with, he in return seemed to admire them all: many friendships were broken, and great animosities have arisen on the score of this Almanzor in love, who triumphed wherever he came, without giving any of the fair contenders for his heart leave to think she had the power of

entirely subduing it. If one seemed to have the advantage over him to-day, she was sure of yielding it to-morrow to some other beauty, who lost it again in her turn: nay, sometimes in the same hour he would press one lady by the hand, whisper a soft thing in the ear of another, look dying on a third, and present a love-sonnet of his own composing to a fourth.

In this manner did he divide his favours, till he became acquainted with Barfina, a lady of a good fortune, and very agreeable person: she lived mostly in the country; and when she was in town kept but little company, and seldom appeared in any public place. She was, indeed, more reserved than any other I ever knew in her age and circumstances; and though she had an infinity of wit, chose rather to be thought to have none, than to expose it by speaking more than she thought consistent with that modesty, which she set the higher value upon, as she saw others value it so little.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this character of reserve, as to any other perfection in her, though few women can boast greater, that made the conquest of her heart more flattering to the vanity of Ziphraanes than any he had yet gain-

ed: but be that as it may, he approached her with a different kind of homage to what he had ever paid to any other woman; and not only gave her that proof of his serious attachment, but also a much greater, which was this; he entirely gave over his gallantries to every former object of them, and confined his addresses to her alone, to the astonishment of all his acquaintance, who spoke of it as a prodigy, and cried—'Who would have believed it! Ziphraes is grown constant!'

This change in his behaviour, joined with a secret liking of his person, and the sanction of a near relation's persuasion, who had introduced him to her, and thought they would be a proper match for each other, engaged her to receive him in quality of a lover; though it was long before he could prevail on her to acknowledge she did so, through any other motive, than merely in compliance with the request of a person so nearly allied to her.

To make trial of his perseverance, she pretended business called her into the country: he begged leave to accompany her; but that not being permitted, he followed to her retirement, took lodgings as near as he could, and visited her every day, renewing the declarations he had made in town; nor would he return till she had fixed the day for coming also.

As she came in the stage-coach, she could not prevent him from doing so too, if she had been affected enough to attempt it: yet could not all his assiduity, his vows, his protestations, meet any farther reward than the bare acceptance of them.

By degrees, however, he gained further on her, and got the better of that cruel caution which had given him so much trouble; and she at last confessed, that she thought him worthy of every thing a woman of Honour could bestow.

With what rapture he expressed himself at hearing these long wished-for words, any one may judge by the pains he had taken to induce her to speak them. He had now nothing to do but to press for the confirmation of his happiness, and in the most tender terms beseeched her to settle a day for that purpose; to which the blushing, answered, he must depend for that on the gentleman who first brought them acquainted, and had always been so much his friend.

This he seemed very well satisfied with, as she doubted not but he would, and as he knew the person she mentioned had greatly promoted the interest of his love; and she now began to set herself to think seriously on marriage, as a state she should soon enter into. Some days, however, passed over without her hearing any thing more of the matter, than that Ziphraes told her he had been to wait on her cousin, but had not the good fortune to meet with him at home.

Prepossessed as she was in favour of this lover, it seemed a little strange to her, that the vehemence of the passion he professed should not influence him to watch night and day for the sight of a person to whom he referred the grant of what he had seemed so ardently to desire: besides, she very well knew there could have been no difficulty in finding him, had the other attempted it in good earnest; and this, with the imagination that she observed somewhat of a less tenderness than usual in his looks and behaviour to her, filled her with very perplexing agitations.

A week was hardly elapsed, since she made him that soft concession above recited, when he sent to acquaint her, he was extremely indisposed with a cold, and could not have the pleasure of waiting on her.

This message, and the manner in which it was delivered, heightened her suspicions, that she had deceived herself in an opinion either of his love or honour: 'I am betrayed!' cried she, in a good deal of agony of spirit; 'it is owing to the coldness of his own heart, not any the inclemency of the season has inflicted on him, that he absents himself.'

She kept her vexation concealed, however; and though her relation had visited her several times since she had seen Ziphraes, she never once mentioned any thing concerning him, till that gentleman one day, in a gay humour, said to her—'Well, cousin, how thrive my friend's hopes? When are we to see you a bride?' On which, before she was aware, she cried—'I am not the proper person to be asked that question! What does Ziphraes say?'

'I cannot expect that confidence from him, which you, so near a relation, deny,' answered he: 'but, indeed, I wanted to talk a little seriously to you



on that head; I am afraid there is some bruléé between you, for I have met him two or three times, and he rather seems to shun than court my company.

To hear he was abroad at the time he had pretended sickness, and that he had seen the very person to whom she had consigned the disposing of herself, without speaking any thing to him of the affair, was sufficient to have opened the eyes of a woman of much less penetration and judgment than she was: she was at once convinced of his falshood and ingratitude; and the indignation of having been so basely imposed upon was about to shew itself, by telling the whole story to her cousin, when some ladies that instant coming to visit her prevented it.

No opportunity offering that night to disburden the inward agony she was inflamed with, by reason her cousin went away before the rest of the company took leave, she passed the hours till morning in a situation more easy to be conceived than described.

She would have given the world, had she been mistress of it, to have been able to have assigned some reason for so sudden a change in a person whose love and constancy she had as many testimonies of as were in the power of man to give: the more she reflected on his past and present behaviour, the more she was confounded; and how far soever he had insinuated himself into her heart, she suffered yet more from her astonishment than she did from her abused affection.

The greatness of her spirits, as well as her natural modesty and reserve, would not permit her either to write or send to know the meaning of his absence; and her cousin not happening to come again, she had none on whose discretion she could enough rely to make a confidant on in an affair which she looked upon as so shameful to herself; and endured for three days longer a suspense more painful than the certainty which the fourth produced had the power of inflicting.

As soon as she rang her bell in the morning, her maid brought a letter which she told her was left for her very early, by a servant belonging to Ziphraanes. 'Ziphraanes!' cried Barsina, with a hurry of spirits which that moment she had not command enough over herself to be able either to repel or to conceal—'What is it he can say?'

## TO BARSINA.

SINCE I had lost the honour of waiting on you, a proposal of marriage was made to me, which I found was very much to my convenience to accept; and I did so the rather, as I knew there was too little love on your side to render it any disappointment: I thought myself obliged to acquaint you with it before you heard it from any other hand; and wish you as happy with some more deserving man as I hope this morning will make me. I shall always continue to think of you with the greatest respect; and am, Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

ZIPHRAANES.

What she felt on reading this letter any woman who, without love, has the least pride or sense of resentment, may judge; but as Barsina had certainly once a very great share of regard for this perfidious prophaner of the most ardent vows and protestations, her affliction must have been violent indeed at the first news of his inconstancy.

But whatever it was, with her usual prudence, she confined it to her own breast; and though that day, and several succeeding ones, she heard of nothing but Ziphraanes's marriage, and the wonder every one expressed at the suddenness of it, as well as that it was to any other than herself; yet did she so well stifle all the emotions of her soul, that none could perceive she was the least disturbed at it.

His ungenerous behaviour had doubtless turned her heart entirely against him: she soon grew to despise him much more than ever she had loved; but then the thought how much she had been deceived in him, and that he had it in his power to boast that he had made an impression on her, gave her the most poignant anguish.

In fine, all the passion she now had for him was revenge, and by what method she should inflict a punishment, in some measure proportionable to his crime, took up her whole thoughts; and at last, having hit on one to her mind, was not long before she accomplished it.

She knew he was accustomed to walk every day in the Park; and being informed that since his marriage he continued to do so, she made it her business to throw herself in his way; and, meeting him

him according to her wish, accompanied only by an old gentleman, who did not seem to be a person of any very great consequence, she went directly up to him, and told him she desired to speak with him; on which the other immediately took leave.

Ziphranes was so confounded at the sight of her, that he was scarce able to return the salutation she gave him with the complaisance of a gentleman; which she perceiving, to add to his mortification, told him she did so: but added, with a great deal of seeming gaiety, that he had no reason to be under any manner of concern; for though his quitting her for another was extremely cruel, he had it in his power to atone, and it was for that end she came to seek him.

All this, which he could not but look on as raillery, was very surprizing to him from a woman of her serious and reserved temper: and his confusion both at that, and meeting her, was still so great, that he could not answer it in kind as he would have done, had he been more master of himself; and it was but with a stammering voice he at last drawled out, that he should rejoice to oblige her in any thing he could.

What a force has conscious guilt! How mean, how cowardly, does a base action render one! He who found it easy to commit the crime, trembled at the reproaches it deserved. Barfina felt a gloomy satisfaction in her mind at the pain he was in, but that was little to what her repentment demanded; and it was necessary to ease his present disquiets, in order to have it in her power to inflict on him others of a more terrible nature.

She therefore assumed as much softness in her eyes and voice, as a person not accustomed to dissimulation could possibly put on; and with a half sigh—'Well, Ziphranes, I accuse you not!' said she: 'love, I know, is an involuntary passion; and, besides, I have heard say there is a fate in marriage which is not to be withstood. I only think the long acquaintance we had together ought not to have been so abruptly broken off: I might have expected you would have taken one tender leave of me at least!'

He was beginning to make some pitiful excuse or other for his behaviour in this point, but she would not suffer him to go on. 'Say nothing of it,' inter-

rupted she; 'what is done is past recall; but if you would have me think you ever meant me fair, or that all the vows you made were but to ensnare and triumph over my artless innocence, you must comply with the request I now make you; which is to let me see you once more at my lodgings. You may depend on hearing no upbraidings: I desire no more than to take a last farewell; and if you gratify me in this, which I know you will think, and I confess, is but a whim, I give you a solemn promise never more to trouble you.'

Such an invitation, and delivered in this manner from a mouth which he had reason to believe would have been filled with expressions of a vastly different spirit, might very well amaze him: he thought her behaviour, as indeed it was, a little out of nature, and quite the reverse of that reserve and perfect modesty she had formerly treated him with; but to whatever source this change in her was owing, he could not be so unpolite as to refuse what she desired of him, and it was agreed between them that he should breakfast with her the next morning.

Accordingly he came; she received him with great civility, but somewhat more serious, and more like herself, than the day before. Chocolate was served up; and the maid attending while they breakfasted, Barfina entertained him only with discourses on ordinary affairs. When they had done, she ordered a bottle of Cyprus wine to be set on the table, and made a sign to her servant to leave the room.

Now being alone together, she filled out two glasses, and presented one to Ziphranes; but he desired to be excused, telling her he never drank any sort of wine in a morning. 'You must break through that custom for once,' said she, smiling; 'and to engage you to do so, as well as to shew I have not the least animosity to the lady who has supplaned me in your affections, the toast shall be—"Health and happiness to your bride!" This, sure, you will not offer to refuse.'

With these words she put the glass a second time into his hand; 'Well, Madam,' answered he, 'it would not become me to disobey you, since you so much insist upon it: I will do myself the honour to pledge you.'

She

She then drank the above-mentioned health; and he having drained his glass to the same—'Now I am satisfied,' cried she: 'though my cruel stars denied me the pleasure of living with you, we shall die together, at least! I drank my happy rival's health sincerely; and may she enjoy long life, and many prosperous days, if she can be so without Ziphraanes! But for a little, a very little longer, shall she triumph with him over the forsaken Barsina!'

'What is it you mean, Madam!' said he, hastily. 'That you have drank your bane!' answered she: 'the wine I gave you, and partook of myself, was mixed with the most deadly poison; nor is it in the power of art to save the life of either of us.'

'You would not do so, sure!' cried he. 'What could I do but die,' replied she, 'when your inconstancy had made life a burden not to be borne? And to have died without you would have been mean and poor; unworthy of my love or my revenge! Now both are gratified.'

It is a question whether these last words reached his ears; for, before she had quite given over speaking, he started up, and ran out of the room like a man distracted, uttering a volley of curses on her, and on himself, as he went down the stairs.

What effect the draught had on Barsina, and what kind of reflections entered her head, when left to think seriously on what she had done, the reader shall hereafter be informed at full; but we must now follow Ziphraanes, who had not the least inclination to die, and see how he behaved in a situation so terrible to him.

The moment he got within his own doors he sent for a physician,\* told him he had swallowed poison, and that he had reason to fear it was of the most mortal kind; though by whom administered, and for what cause, he kept a secret, not to alarm his wife. Oil was the first thing judged necessary, great quantities of which he took; but nothing appearing but what any stomach thus agitated might disgorge, more powerful emetics were prescribed; but even these had no other effect than to throw him into fainting fits: yet, low and weak as he was, he continually cried out—'Have I yet evaded the poison?' and being answered in the negative, told the doctor and apo-

thecary that they were ignorant fellows, and he would have others sent for.

It was in vain the one assured him that there was not in the whole *Materia Medica* a more efficacious medicine than what he had prescribed, or that the other alledged, his shop afforded the very best drugs in town; he still called out for better advice, and accordingly two others of the same faculty were sent for.

These said that it was possible the poison might be lodged in some of the secretory passages, and therefore the former prescription, which could reach no farther than the *Prima Via*, wanted its due effect: that there was a necessity for the whole viscera to be cleansed; that every gland must be deterged; all the meanders of the mesentery penetrated; not a fibre, or membrane, even to the capillary vessels, but must suffer an evacuation; and the whole mass of nervous fluid also rarified; and that, after all this was over, he must go through a course of alteratives, which should pass with the chile into the subclavian vein, in order to purify the blood and abrade the points of any sharp or viscous particles which the poison might have thrown into it, and were not to be eradicated by any other methods.

This, and a great deal more learned cant, which it was impossible for any one not practised in physic either to understand or remember, our patient listened to with the utmost attention; and looking on the second doctor as an *Esculapius*, told him, he relied upon the great judgment he found he was master of, and put himself wholly under his direction.

Glysters, cathartics, and diaphoretics, in abundance, were now prescribed; all which Ziphraanes readily submitted to, and went through their different operations with a consummate resignation, till, to avoid death, he was brought even to the gates of it; and when reduced to such a condition as not to be able to move a finger, or speak articulately, it was thought proper, in order not to lose so good a patient, that some intermission of his tortures should be permitted, and in their room balsamic cordials, and all manner of restoratives, administered.

As youth, and a good constitution, helped him to sustain the asperity of the first medicines, so it also greatly added to the efficacy of these latter ones, and he was in a few days able to sit up in bed, and

and take nourishing food pretty frequently, though in small quantities.

The fears of his own death dissipated, he began to have a curiosity to know what was become of Barfina; and accordingly sent privately to enquire after her in the neighbourhood where she lived.

The person charged with the trust, brought him word that she was dead, and had been buried in a very private manner about three weeks past; and that some of those he had questioned concerning her, spoke as if it was whispered she had been guilty of her own death: but as to that they could not be positive, though they were so as to her decease; and that they saw her coffin put into a hearse and fix at five o'clock the very next morning after they heard of her death, attended by one mourning coach, with only her maid in it, and that it was supposed they carried her out of town.

This intelligence made him hug himself for the precautions he had taken, to which alone he thought he owed the preservation of his own life; but then, at the same time, he shuddered at the reflection of the danger he had escaped.

He did not, however, enjoy any calm of mind but for a short while; a friend of his, who came to visit him, unluckily happened to mention Doctor Mead's treatise on poisons, which maintaining that there was a possibility for the venom to lurk in some parts of the body, for many years after it was thought to be entirely expelled, and then break out with a fierceness which no art could subdue, the poor unhappy Ziphraanes presently imagined that might be his case, and could not be at rest till he had again consulted his physician.

Few people chuse to argue against their own interest; Ziphraanes had been too liberal of his fees for the doctor to offer any thing in opposition to this tenet; but, on the contrary, favoured it obliquely, by asking him if he did not sometimes feel little twitches in his head, his back, or about his heart; which he answered with great concern, that he did, (as indeed it was impossible he should not, after the violent operations he had undergone.) 'Alas! alas!' cried the empyric, shaking his head, 'these are bad symptoms! You must have more physic; I am afraid, indeed, the venom is not quite expunged!' And then run on a long discourse on the nature and subtilty of

some poisons, till he had terrified his patient almost out of his senses.

Whether the same medicines as were before prescribed, or others of a different kind, were now administered, I will not pretend to say; but, whatever they were, they brought him into such a condition that his life was despaired of; and the doctor was obliged, indeed, to have recourse to all his art to save him.

But not to be too tedious in so disagreeable a part of my story, I shall only say, that Fate had not yet decreed to call him hence: he once more recovered, and seemed to want only change of air to re-establish his former health.

As he was thought too weak to travel so far as his own country-seat, which was near a hundred miles from London, lodgings were hired for him at a little village called Catehaughton; the air of which was judged extremely proper for his condition by his doctor, as being neither too thick nor too pure for one so much weakened as he had been.

He soon experienced the good effect of it, or of having entirely left off even the most palatable compositions of the apothecary's shop; and in a few days was able to walk about the gardens, every morning bringing him an increase of strength, appetite, and spirits.

In fine, he grew in a very small time so perfectly well, that he was beginning to think of returning home, when an odd and surprizing accident happened to throw both his mind and body into fresh disorders, equal at least, I may say, to any he had before experienced.

He was indulging the pleasing meditations of his recovery, one evening, in a fine lane at a little distance from the village; when, as he was walking on, he saw a lady dressed all in white, leaning over a gate that opened into some fields belonging to a gentleman in that part of the country: he thought nothing of this adventure, but passed forward; when, being advanced within twenty or thirty paces of the gate, he imagined he beheld the figure of Barfina, her shape, her stature, her face, the very she in every part. He started back and stopped, all horror and amazement; but, unwilling to be deceived by similitude, summoned up all his courage, and still looked attentively, till the object of his terror turned full upon him, which before it had not, and crying out 'Ziphraanes!' immediately

immediately vanished from his sight; or, rather, his sight forsook his optics, for he fell into a swoon the instant he heard his name pronounced, and by a voice so exactly the same with that of Barsina, that he was certain it could proceed from no other than her ghost.

Unluckily for him, he had gone out this evening entirely alone, which since his illness he had never done before; and had not the diligence of one of his servants, who fearing, as the night was drawing on, the air might be prejudicial to him, made him come in search of him, he had probably lain in that condition till some worse accident had befallen him.

The fellow, seeing him prostrate and motionless, at first thought him dead; but rubbing his temples, and partly raising him, perceived his mistake, and with much ado brought him to himself. The first words he spoke seemed strangely incoherent, for he talked of nothing but ghosts and death, and said it was not his fault that she killed herself: recollecting his senses, however, by degrees, he ceased these exclamations, but asked his man if he had seen nothing; to which he answering that he had not. 'No!' cried Ziphraanes, wildly again; 'it is only myself that, both alive and dead, must be persecuted by her!'

He was at last persuaded to go to his lodgings, where he immediately went to bed, but made his servant sit in the room near his bed-side, who was amazed to find that, instead of sleeping, he talked all night to himself in so odd a manner, that the other believed him delirious, as indeed he was; the fright he had sustained had thrown him into a high fever, and the next morning the physician was sent for once more.

In his ravings he discovered to every body that came near him all that had passed between Barsina and himself; and now, not content with attempting to poison, her spirit had appeared and called to him: nay, so strongly did the remembrance of what he had seen work on his distempered mind, that he frequently imagined he heard her voice crying out to him—'Ziphraanes!'

In this unhappy situation let us leave him for a while, and return to the authors of it; the injured, but well-revenged Barsina.

After she found herself forsaken for another, at a time when she thought her-

self most secure of her lover's affections, she bewailed not the loss with tears, but bent her whole thoughts on gratifying her resentment for the affront. To this end she affected to appear so passive, neither upbraiding his infidelity, nor discovering any surprize at it, till she prevailed with him, as I have already related, to come to her lodgings, when she indeed frightened him to some purpose. The wine she gave him was just as it came from the merchant, unmixed with any poisonous drugs; but as she judged, it happened: conscious he deserved all the vengeance she could inflict on him, he easily believed she had in reality done as she said; and the terrors he was in, which he in vain strove to conceal under a shew of rage, as he went from her, gave her the highest satisfaction.

She made her kinsman and her maid privy to the plot she had laid; and between them they found means to get intelligence how he behaved, and the cruel operations he submitted to in order to get rid of the supposed poison; all which gave her a diversion beyond what can be expressed.

Not thinking him yet sufficiently punished, she ordered it to be given out she was dead; and, to strengthen the report, caused a coffin to be carried from the house she lived in, attended by her maid. The reader knows already the effect this stratagem produced, therefore it would be impertinent to make a repetition.

To prevent all possibility of his being undeceived, she retired to a place where she was not at all known, and happened to be near that very village where Ziphraanes went for the recovery of his health.

Chance, in the very choice of her situation, assisted her revenge, when she was beginning to grow weary of prosecuting it any farther. As she admitted no company but her cousin, who had provided that recess for her, and sometimes came down to visit her, she frequently walked about the fields belonging to his house without any body with her; and, as if every thing concurred to favour the undesigned deception, she happened to have a white loose robe de chambre on, when in one of those little excursions she saw and was seen by her perfidious lover. As she had not heard he was so near a neighbour, the unexpected sight of him made her shriek out, 'Ziphraanes!' without any design of renewing his terrors;

nor

nor did she immediately know the effect it had upon him, for she flew back into the house with all the speed she could, not caring to run the hazard of what treatment she might receive from him in a solitary place, by way of retort for the plagues she had given him.

The next day, however, afforded her sufficient matter to have gratified her spleen, had any remained in her against a man, now too much her contempt to be any longer the object of her hate: every one's mouth was full of the news, that a gentleman had seen a spirit over the gate by the lane, and that he was run mad upon it.

Impossible was it for her to refrain being merry at the first part of this intelligence; but, mean and base as he was, she could not avoid affording him some share of pity as to the last: she resolved, however, not to give herself any farther trouble concerning him; and having gratified the just resentment she had against him, even more than she had expected to do, returned to town, and appeared with all her former serenity and good-humour.

Though, as I have already observed, she never kept a great deal of company, she was yet seen by enough to have it known every where that she was alive.

The whole transaction afterwards got wind, till it was in the mouths of all her acquaintance: those who loved Barsina highly approved of the method she took to punish his inconstancy; and even the friends of Ziphraanes could not condemn it.

It was some time before he could be

brought to believe what he was told from every quarter; and even when his fever left him, and he grew perfectly restored, as to his bodily health, yet still his mind continued in a very disturbed situation; and, after being with great difficulty convinced of the truth, the raillery he found himself treated with wherever he came, on the subject of poisoning, and having seen a spirit, so much soured his temper, that from being that gay, polite, entertaining companion, I at first described him, he is now one of the most morose, ill-natured men, in the world.

Disregarded by his wife, ridiculed by his acquaintance, and uneasy in himself, he leaves an example of that vengeance which Heaven seldom fails to take on perjury and ingratitude: and even Barsina, though the instrument of inflicting it, almost pities his condition, and confesses the consequences of her stratagem are more severe than she either wished or intended.

I heartily wish, however, that all women who have been abandoned and betrayed by men, either through a determined baseness, or caprice of nature, would assume the spirit she did; and rather contrive some means to render the ungrateful lover the object of contempt than themselves, by giving way to a fruitless grief, which few will commiserate, and which greatly adds to the triumph of the more happy rival, if she can be called happy whose felicity consists in the possession of a heart that has once been false, and consequently can never be depended upon.

## RURAL PROBITY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

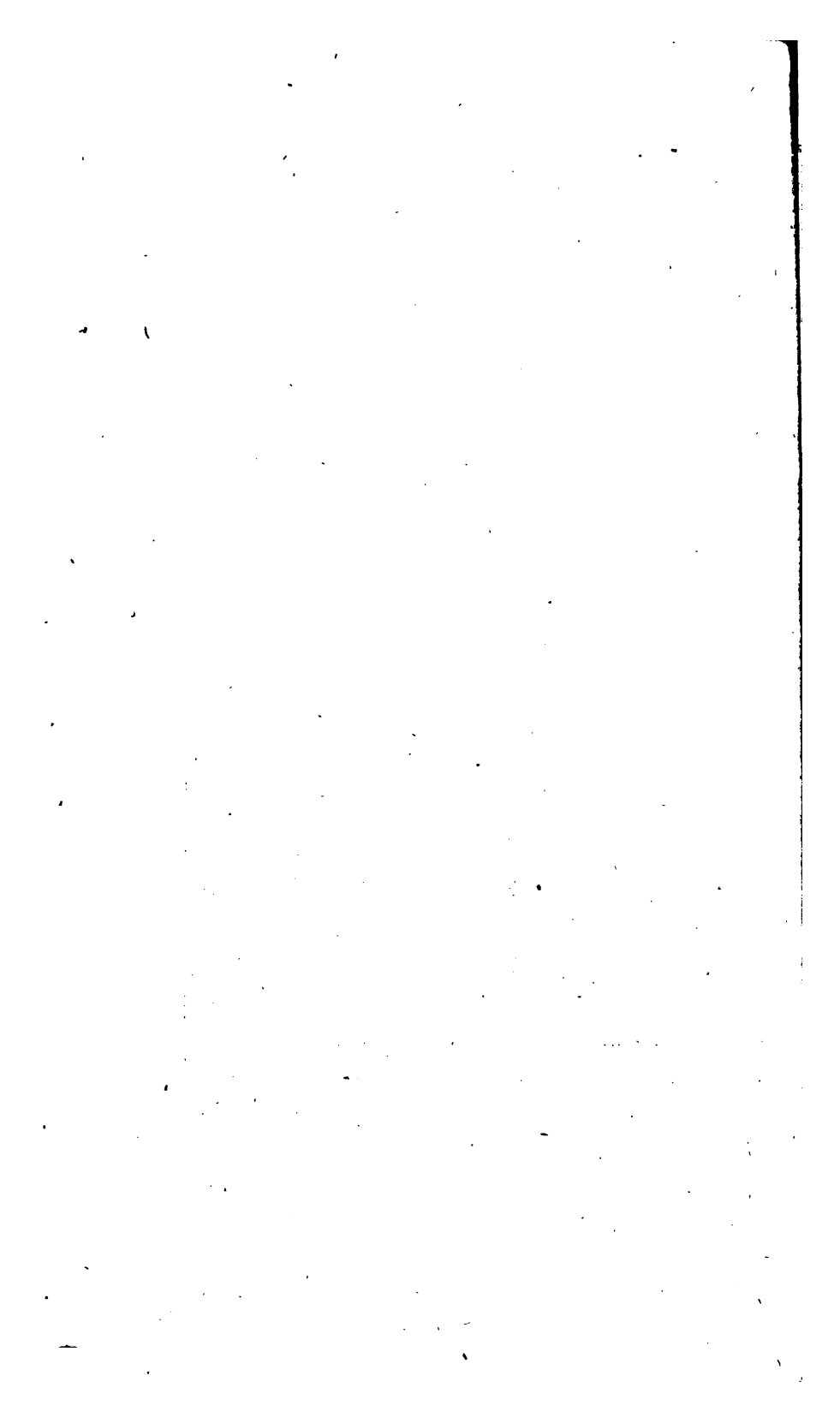
BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.

A Small village, near Vitré, in Brittany, gave birth to Perrin. Poverty, on his entrance into life, pressed him in her cold embraces. He lost both his father and his mother before he could pronounce either of their names. He owed even his subsistence to public charity; and his learning, which was confined to mere reading and writing, he derived from the same source. At the age of fifteen he went into the service of a farmer, who gave him the charge of a

flock. Lucetta, a young girl of the neighbourhood, at this time tended her father's sheep; and frequently led them to pastures where she met Perrin, who rendered her all the little services and assiduities which might be expected at his age, and in his situation. The circumstance of their being so much together, joined to the tranquil nature of their occupations, their native innocence and goodness of heart, and their officious attentions to each other, soon produced



## RURAL PROBITY.





duced a mutual attachment. They were fond of being together; and waited for the hour when they were to meet in the meadow, with an impatience which could only be equalled by the regret they felt at their temporary separation on quitting it. Their tender hearts possessed great susceptibility; and they already felt the passion of love, ignorant as they yet were of its nature and tendency. Five years glided away in innocent amusements.

Their sentiments now grew more animated and ardent; and they never met without the warmest emotions, heightened indeed by the artless expressions of their love. Lucetta frequently checked the violence of Perrin's passion, not without regretting the constraint to which she was subjected by her conscious and ingenuous modesty. Perrin sighed, and endeavoured to imitate her cautious behaviour: they both wished to be united by wedlock, and acknowledged to each other their mutual desire. Marriage is the final object of rural love: seduction is happily unknown in the innocent village; the coquette and the man of intrigue are characters not there to be met with.

Perrin meant to ask Lucetta of her father; and he communicated his design to his mistress, who blushed at the proposal, yet frankly owned that it gave her a very sensible pleasure. She did not, however, chuse to be present at the interview betwixt him and her father; and therefore told her lover that she was going to the neighbouring town next day, and desired him to avail himself of her absence, and to acquaint her in the evening with his success.

The young man, at the appointed time, flew to Lucetta's father, and opened his mind to him without reserve. Studied persuasion and art are not the talents of rural orators. He frankly told him that he loved Lucetta. 'You love my daughter!' answered the old man abruptly: 'you would marry Lucetta! Are you in earnest, Perrin?—How do you propose to live? Have you cloaths to give her? Have you a roof to cover her? Have you food to support her? You are a servant, and have nothing. Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are in no condition to keep a wife and family.'—'I have hands,' replied Perrin; 'I have health, and strength. A man who loves his wife never wants employment;

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and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta! Hitherto I have earned five crowns every year; I have saved twenty, and they will defray the expences of the wedding. I will labour more diligently, my savings will augment, and I shall be able to take a little farm. The richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life, why may not I succeed as well as they?'—'Very true,' Perrin. You are young; you may wait yet for some time. When I find you a rich man, my daughter is yours; but, till then, make me no more absurd and romantic proposals.'

This was the only answer Perrin could obtain: he therefore hastened to meet Lucetta, whom he soon found. He was so deeply affected with his disappointment, that the read in his face the unwelcome tidings. 'My father, then, has refused you!' exclaimed she, with a sigh. 'Ah! Lucetta, how unhappy am I to have been born poor! But I have not lost all hope; my situation may change. Your husband would have spared no pains to procure you a comfortable subsistence; will not your lover do as much to have the happiness of one day possessing you? We shall yet be united; I will not abandon the delightful prospect. I conjure you to keep your heart for me; remember you have faithfully pledged it. Should your father propose a match for you—Lucetta, that is the only misfortune I can fear—your compliance would terminate my life!'—'And could I, Perrin, marry any one but you! No; if I am not yours, I will not be the wife of any other man on earth.'

They held this conversation on the road to Vitre. Night advancing, obliged them to quicken their pace: the evening was dark; Perrin's foot hits against something in the road, and he falls. He searches for what occasioned his fall, and he finds it. It is a heavy bag. He takes it up; and, curious to know what it contains, goes with Lucetta into an adjacent field, where a fire which the peasants had lighted in the day-time was yet burning. By the light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds it filled with gold. 'What do I see!' cried Lucetta. 'Ah! Perrin, you are become rich!'—'Is it possible,' replied Perrin, 'that it is now in my power to possess you! Can Heaven have been so

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'propitious to our love, as to bestow on me what will procure your father's consent to our marriage, and make us happy!' This idea infuses joy into their souls. They view the gold with eagerness, almost distrustful of their eyes; then they quit the shining object, and look on each other with tenderness and transport. Their first surprise abated, they count the sum, and find it amounts to twelve thousand livres. They are enchanted with their immense treasure. 'Ah, Lucetta!' cries Perrin, 'your father can no longer oppose my happiness!' Lucetta cannot find words to answer him; but her eyes are animated and eloquent, and she presses her lover's hand with rapture. Perrin is now certain that his bliss will soon be ratified. He embraces his mistress with ardour and ecstasy; he is absorbed in the idea of his approaching felicity. 'Amiable Lucetta!' cries he, 'how dear is this fortune to me! for I shall share it with you.'

They now tied up their treasure, and proceeded towards Lucetta's father's; determined to shew it immediately to the old man. They had arrived near his house, when Perrin suddenly stopped—'By this gold,' cries he, 'we expect to be happy; but is it really ours? It undoubtedly belongs to some traveller. The fair of Vitré is just over; some merchant, on his return home, has probably lost it: at this very moment, while we are giving ourselves up to joy, he is, perhaps, abandoning himself to despair.'—'Your reflection is dreadful!' answered Lucetta: 'the unhappy gentleman is doubtless in the utmost distress; and can we enjoy what belongs to him? The idea makes me tremble!'—'We were carrying this money to your father,' replied Perrin; 'through the influence of which he would unquestionably have consented to make us happy: but could we have been happy in usurping the property of another? Let us go to the rector of our parish, who has always shewn me great kindness. He recommended me to my master, and I should take no material step without consulting him.'

The rector was at home. Perrin produced the bag which he had found, and owned that he had at first considered it as a gift from Heaven. He acquainted him with his love for Lucetta; nor did he conceal the obstacle which his poverty had proved to their union. The good

priest was all attention to the story. He regarded them with paternal affection, and their behaviour awakened the sensibility of his soul. He perceived the ardour of a mutual passion glitten in their eyes; and he greatly admired their passion, but still more their Probity. 'Perrin,' said he, 'cherish these sentiments during the remainder of your life. The consciousness of possessing them will make you happy; and they will draw down from Providence a blessing on your endeavours. We shall discover the owner of this money; and he will recompense your integrity: to his reward I will add a portion of what I have saved, and Lucetta shall be yours. I will engage to obtain her father's consent, for you are worthy of each other. If the money deposited with me is not reclaimed, it belongs to the poor: you are poor; and in restoring it to you, I shall think that I act in obedience to that Providence which, by directing you to find it and lodge it with me, has already marked you out as objects of special favour.'

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened by the hope of being happily united. The bag was cried throughout the rector's parish; and advertisements were posted up at Vitré, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and selfish persons; but none of them could give an accurate account of the sum, the specie, and the bag in which it was contained.

In the mean time the rector forgot not his promise to promote Perrin's interest. He accordingly took a little farm for him; purchased cattle and implements of husbandry; and, two months afterwards, married him to Lucetta. The hearts of the fortunate couple, who had now arrived at the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to Heaven, and to the rector. Perrin was industrious, and Lucetta attentive to domestic affairs: they paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality, lived moderately on their profits, and were happy.

Two years expired, and the money was yet unclaimed by the owner. The rector now thought it superfluous to wait longer; and carried it to the virtuous pair whom he had united. 'My children,' said he, 'enjoy the bounty of Providence. These twelve thou-

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‘ sand livres are with me idle; employ them to your honest advantage. If the lawful owner of them is ever discovered, you ought undoubtedly to restore them to him: dispose of them in such a way, therefore, that, though you change their substance, you may still retain their value.’

Perrin pursued this friendly advice, and determined to purchase the farm which he rented. It was then to be sold, and was estimated at more than twelve thousand livres; but, for ready-money, Perrin hoped to purchase it at that sum. The gold which he had found he only considered as a deposit; which could not, he supposed, be better secured: and the owner, if he should ever meet with him, would be no loser.

The rector approved this plan, and the purchase was soon made. Perrin had always bestowed great pains on the cultivation of his fields; and as they yielded a large produce, he lived in all that ease and abundance which he had been ambitious to obtain for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union; and they rejoiced to see themselves renewed in those tender pledges of their love. Perrin returning from the field, was usually met by his wife, who presented his children to him; he would then embrace them with transport, and clasp Lucetta in his arms. The little innocents were eagerly officious about their father: one wiped the sweat from his face; the other endeavoured to ease him of his spade. He smiled at their feeble efforts; again caressed them, and thanked Heaven for having given him an affectionate wife, and children who resembled their parents.

In a few years the old rector died. Perrin and Lucetta sincerely lamented his death. Their minds dwelt afresh on what they owed to his benevolence, and the reflection made them contemplate their own mortality. ‘ We, too, shall die,’ said they; ‘ and we shall leave our farm to our children. Alas! it is not our property; and if he to whom it belongs should return, he would be deprived of it for ever, and we should take the right of another to the grave.’ This idea they were unable to support; delicate in their integrity, they could not be happy while their consciences accused them of the smallest appearance of fraud. They immediately procured an instrument to be drawn, and signed by the

principal inhabitants of the village, stating the tenure by which they held their farm, and lodged the deed in the hands of the new rector. This precaution, which they deemed necessary to enforce a restitution that justice might exact of their children, set their minds at ease.

Perrin had now been settled in his farm about ten years; when one day, after a forenoon’s hard labour, as he was going home to dinner, he saw two gentlemen overturned in a chaise, on the high road, at a small distance from his house. He ran to their assistance; offered them horses to convey their baggage; and intreated them to go with him, and accept such refreshment as his humble roof afforded. The travellers were not hurt by their fall, but the horses were both lamed. ‘ This is a very unlucky place to me,’ said one of the travellers; ‘ I cannot pass it without experiencing some accident. A great misfortune befel me here about twelve years ago: I was returning from the fair of Vittré; and, near this spot, lost twelve thousand livres in gold.’—‘ But did you neglect,’ said Perrin, who heard him with attention, ‘ to make proper inquiries for your money?’—‘ It was not in my power,’ replied the stranger, ‘ to take the usual method of recovering it. I was about to make a voyage to the East Indies; the vessel in which I was to sail would not have waited for me; all the expedients I could have fallen upon to regain my money would probably have been fruitless, and the delay which they must certainly have occasioned would have been still more injurious than the loss.’

This information made Perrin’s heart leap for joy: he repeated his invitation with more earnestness; and intreated the gentlemen to accept of the asylum which he offered them, with assurances that his house was the nearest and the most commodious habitation in the place. They complied with his request; and he went on first to shew them the way. He soon met his wife; who, according to custom, came to meet him. He begged her to hasten home, and prepare a dinner for his guests. On their arrival, he brought them some immediate refreshment, and renewed the conversation on the loss of the twelve thousand livres. By the sequel of the traveller’s discourse, he was convinced that he was the very person to whom he owed a restitution. He went,

therefore, to the new rector, informed him of what he had learned, and begged the favour of his company to dinner. The rector accepted the invitation, and accompanied him; admiring, as he went, the joy of the peasant, on a discovery which must prove his ruin.

Dinner is served up. The travellers are charmed with the hospitality of Perrin: they admire his domestic economy, the benevolence of his heart, the frankness of his behaviour; the ingenuous and engaging manners of Lucetta, her assiduities, and her kindness; and they care for the children. After dinner, Perrin shews them his house, his garden, and his cattle. He informs them of the situation, the fertility, and the produce of his fields. 'All these,' added he, to the traveller on whose account he was so particular, 'belong to you. The money which you lost fell into my hands. When I found that it was not likely to be reclaimed, I bought this farm, which I always intended to give up to the person who should convince me he had a right to it; and I now resign it to you. If I had died without finding you, the rector has a deed which confirms your property.'

The stranger was for some moments lost in amazement. He read the writing which the rector put into his hand; and he looked earnestly on Perrin, on Lucetta, and their children. 'Where am I,' at length exclaimed he, 'and what have I heard!—What an uncommon manner of proceeding! What virtue, what nobleness of soul! and in what a station of life do I find them!—Have you nothing to depend on but this farm?' added he. 'No, Sir,' replied Perrin; 'but, if you do not sell it, you will have occasion for a farmer, and I hope you will give me the preference.'—'Your probity deserves a better recompence. It is now twelve years since I lost the farm which you found: during that

time God has continually blessed my trade; it has been greatly extended, and it has prospered. It is long since I ceased to feel the effects of my loss, and your restitution would not now make me richer. You deserve this little fortune; Providence has given it into your hands, and I could not take it from you without offending my Creator. Keep it, then; it belongs to you: or, if I must have a right, I give it you. You might safely have kept it; I should never have attempted to reclaim it: what man would have acted like you!'

He then tore the deed which the rector had given him. 'The world,' said he, 'should be acquainted with this your probity. A deed to ratify my resignation in your favour, your right to the farm, and that of your children, is unnecessary: however, it shall be executed, to perpetuate the remembrance of your disinterestedness and honour.'

Perrin and Lucetta fell at the feet of the traveller, who raised and embraced them. A notary was sent for; and he engrossed the deed: never had he drawn one of such noble contents. Perrin shed tears of gratitude and joy. 'My children,' said he, 'kiss the hand of your benefactor!—Lucetta, by the generosity of this gentleman, the farm is now become our own! Henceforth we may enjoy it without anxiety, and without remorse.'

Perrin and Lucetta, in their vacant hours, often paid encomiums to the memory of the old rector, the guardian of their innocence, and the first promoter of their happiness. While they dwelt on the mournfully pleasing subject, they felt the best emotions of human nature; tears of gratitude and affection, of joy and of sorrow, rolled from their eyes. His precepts had made an indelible impression on their minds; and, by their constant observance of them, they hoped to rejoice in a better world.

## THE CONTEMPT OF FAME.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

**I**N the chronicles of the sultans of the East, it is recorded, that when Othman held the rank of visier under a prince of the Saffarian race, and by his faithful

councils added security, lustre, and dignity to the throne, his son Mustapha displayed in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the best of fathers,

fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. Achmet, the Hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat, in order to attend the cultivation of his tender mind, had taken care to season him with religion, and to enflame his young imagination with the desire of a fair and honest fame. The sage well knew that this propensity would be a strong secondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, would warm and cherish his native goodness, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly Mustapha soon drew the eyes of all men upon him; his conduct was a constant emanation of benevolence; and in his bosom glowed that intense heroic ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the field of glorious danger. In a short time he arrived to the highest degree of popularity: the sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profusion of liberality, had not his merit daily deserved it from him. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the sultan; and from the confines of Persia to the Indian ocean, he soon reduced every thing under subjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his presence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe: he loved the prince, who raised him to this state of elevation; and by the gentleness of his manners he softened that envy, which might otherwise arise against the lustre of his glory.

While Mustapha was constantly reaping fresh laurels, and gratifying his insatiable love of fame by daily acquisitions of glory, his father at home met with a reverse of fortune. Othman possessed all those qualities, which shone forth in his son, with a more striking lustre; and he vainly imagined, that in a corrupt degenerate court he could be great and good with impunity. But the storm now gathered heavily in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempests of jealousy, ambition, hatred, and revenge, environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of sand in the deserts of Arabia. The grand apartments in his house, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his honours; his trust was taken away from him; and, after a series of years spent in the service of his prince, he was stripped of every thing but his paternal estate; whither he

withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, Othman, what were your thoughts, what were your sensations? The sun ushered in a day void of occupation, and the night a train of restless dreams. At length his constitution received such severe strokes from a constant succession of corrosive cares, that he languished under the pressure, and his soul sickened to desperation. A gloomy visionary light obscured his eyes with dim suffusion, and he beheld with joy the approaching sunset of his days. As he lay languishing on the bed of sickness, he gave orders that his son might be informed of his situation. Mustapha immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's languid arms, and in a gush of tears embraced his agonizing body. Othman, with what little strength he had left, raised his head, and fixing his faded eye-balls on him—'My son,' said he, 'hear my words: You have beheld your father in the sunshine of prosperity; you now behold him in the last extreme of misery. I am fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-designing men; the Angel of Death now hovers over his victim. Then listen to my last directions: avoid public honours; fly from courts, as from the monsters of the desert; be not misled by a vain love of fame and an unavailing popularity. Virtue is its own reward; then let your happiness be fixed in your own mind, independent of external objects; despise the opinions of mankind, which are always fluctuating and uncertain as the Caspian, when formed with tempests. For the remainder of your days have a Contempt for Fame; it will only lead you into a series of toils for an ungrateful world. Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which leaves no trace behind it; let your moderation shade you from envy, and look down upon the giddy.'

He could no more; his lot for eternity was cast, and he expired. Mustapha wept in bitterness of anguish over the best of fathers; he treasured up his precepts in the inmost recesses of his soul, and instantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he resigned forthwith, and in the fullness of his soul he locked himself from the world. His house no longer resounded with singers and with minstrels;

minstrels; no longer did amber and aloes administer their rich perfumes; the vases of agate, which in his father's time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the East, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of Charity, which was before stretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen up. Echo no longer repeated his praises, and Scandal began to accumulate disgrace upon him. This he heard, and he despised the rumour; the many lessons given him by his tutor were now totally forgot; the seeds of virtue lay dormant in his breast, and his love of Fame was now entirely extinguished; nay, the very thoughts of it were loathsome to him; inasmuch that, to leave no room for a suspicion that he had any the least regard for popularity remaining, he would often say to himself—'That the world may see how much I am above any notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good action.' By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind settled into a fixed insensibility to all dignity of character, and on the Contempt of Fame was grafted a contempt of virtue. 'Mustapha! Mustapha! you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! Relaxed and enfeebled, you groan in anguish; reluctant to every finer impulse of the soul, and callous to all the stimulating incentives to virtue!'

While Mustapha thus dozed away his hours ingloriously inactive, the tidings of his situation were wafted abroad by every breeze, and at length reached the ears of Achmet in his hermitage. The venerable old man heard the story with the severest compunction; his heart was appalled within him, as if the hand of Death had smote him: he sat down in his haram; but there no angel whispered to his meditation; no inspiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime Source of being: Mustapha's shame depressed the swellings of enthusiasm, and quite extinguished the pious fervor of his soul. He was tormented with the reflection, that so noble a youth should stop short in the middle of his career, and check such excellent propensities as he knew were lodged in his breast. At length he arose; and, taking his staff in his hand, he extinguished the light which burned before him, and set out on a journey over the deserts of Arabia, and in a short time arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained ad-

mission; but the gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went straight to his young pupil's apartment. Mustapha was reclined upon a sofa, his looks sullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardening into insensibility. Achmet eagerly presented himself before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing, though the quickness of their lustre was somewhat diminished by the galling effusion of tears which this unexpected shock had cost him. The winter of age had shed its snows upon his head and beard; and the lively expression of passions, which throbbed in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. A conscious blush diffused itself over his face at sight of the hoary sage; and both their sensations being too big for utterance, their tongues were suspended; and their eyes overflowing, discoursed for a while in the most eloquent pathetic silence. At length Achmet faintly uttered—'Mustapha!' and a gush of tears choked up the rest. Mustapha at this was covered with confusion, and attempted to break from him; but the palsied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of strength from the glowing purpose of his soul; and, laying fast hold of his pupil, he exclaimed—'You shall not put me from you; in me your Genius now alarms you; by me it means to rouse you from your lethargy, and awaken the dying embers of that amiable fire which formerly kindled all your spirits, in those happier days when my instructions were refreshing to your ears, as the morning dews to the verdure which clothes the fields of Damascus. But now, how art thou fallen! each finer principle of virtue is suppressed, and you are even deaf to the voice of Fame, that sweetest musick to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at once from the dreams of folly and over-weening pride, in which thy soul is now sluggishly immersed, read there that mystic truth, which a Genius put into my hand, in an hour of inspiration, when my thoughts were swelled with sublime ideas of the dispensations of him who is in the heaven of heavens, and whose wonder-working hand launched forth the planets into the illimitable void, and still continueth to produce the harmony of the physical and moral world by various secret and indirect causes.'

The heart of Mustapha was alarmed, and he read as follows. 'When Vir-  
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tue was sent down from the third heaven to restrain the irregular passions of mankind, the dignity of her mien and beauty of her aspect were sufficiently attractive to make her admired of all beholders. But such is the depravity of human nature, that these allurements soon began to lose their influence; and Virtue shortly finding herself neglected and forlorn, returned to her celestial mansion, in order to prefer her complaint against the sons of men. There she remonstrated, that blind mankind was not only insensible to her personal charms, but also deaf to the promise of rewards, which were to be dispensed to her votaries in a future state of existence. Though this was a sufficient provocation of wrath, yet such was the Supreme benevolence, that Virtue was again sent down upon her mission; and the better to strengthen her interests, Fame was ordered to attend her, with an high commission to dispense temporary retributions even on this side of the grave. As soon as they reached the verge of human nature, Fame blew aloft her silver trumpet, and an instantaneous glow was kindled in all hearts. Wherever Virtue was cherished, Fame pursued her footsteps; and if court was any where made to her alone, she was sure to withhold her favours, until the candidates found means, by the recommendation of Virtue, to insinuate themselves into her good graces. By this amiable union mankind were restrained within just restrictions, and were excited to a series of meritorious actions, either by an attachment to the allurements of Virtue, or from a desire of obtaining the applause of Fame. But short is the duration of all sublunary things. Fame, in her turn, began to share the same fate that Virtue had met before her; the appetites of men were now well-nigh sated, and the musick of applause no longer sounded grateful to the ear. It was observable, that wherever she met with a repulse, Virtue was soon known to follow her; and it very rarely happened that she remained with above one or two in an age without her attendant Fame. In process of time

matters were carried to that extremity, that this celestial pair were tired of their pilgrimage; and wearied out, at length, they resolved to offer up a joint petition to be recalled. They therefore flew to the throne of him who is in the heaven of heavens, and humbly urged, that it was in vain for them to sojourn any longer upon earth, as excluded mankind was now entirely seduced by the spurious ornaments of the monster Vice, which had issued out of the regions of darkness, and set up in opposition to all that Virtue and fair Fame could inspire. In this instance again the tender care of Heaven was eminently displayed; and these two radiant beings were a second time commanded to return to earth, with directions that, however depraved the appetites of men might be, they should persist in an unremitted course of endeavours for their service. But, the more effectually to strengthen their cause, a fiend called Infamy was ordered to issue forth from the unhallowed cell of Vice, and to adhere close to her, whatsoever way she should bend her course. It was likewise ordained, that whoever should betray a disregard for Virtue and honest Fame, should be branded by Infamy; and that these two should thus continue to wander among mankind, until the Angel of Death should walk forth by the command of the Almighty, and sweep the whole race from the face of the earth, to receive that retribution of rewards and punishments which may be due to their virtue or vice.

Mustapha now perceived the mists of error clearing away from before his understanding; he embraced Achmet, and poured out the effusions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the task of virtue, whose strength consists in activity. He acknowledged that the transition is easy from a contempt of Fame to an equal disregard for the virtues that deserve it. The name of Mustapha, during the remainder of the chronicles of this reign, makes a distinguished figure; and it is said that he closed a life of virtue with honour and renown.

## THE HISTORY OF KING ALFARUTE.

## A FAIRY TALE.

**T**HERE was a King, whose name was Alfarute; feared by all his neighbours, and loved by all his subjects. He was wise, good, just, valiant; and deficient in no quality requisite in a great prince. A Fairy came to him one day, and told him, that he would soon find himself plunged into great difficulties, if he did not make use of the ring which she then put on his finger. When he turned the stone of the ring to the inside of his hand, he became invisible; and when he turned the diamond outward, he became visible again.

He was mightily pleased with this present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable value of it. When he suspected any one of his subjects, he went into that man's house and closet, with his diamond turned inward; and heard and saw all the secrets of the family, without being perceived. When he mistrusted the designs of any neighbouring potentate, he would take a long journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private councils, and learn every thing, without the fear of being discovered. By this means, he easily prevented every intention to his prejudice; he frustrated several conspiracies formed against his person; and disconcerted all the measures of his enemies for his overthrow.

Nevertheless, he was not thoroughly satisfied with his ring: and he requested of the Fairy the power of conveying himself, in an instant, from one country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready use of the enchanted ring. The Fairy replied—'You ask too much: let me conjure you not to covet a power, which I foresee will, one day, be the cause of your misery; though the particular manner thereof be concealed from me.' The King would not listen to her intreaties, but still urged his request. 'Since then you will have it so,' said she, 'I must necessarily grant you a favour; of which you will dearly repent.' Hereupon he chafed his shoulders with a fragrant liquor, when immediately he perceived little wings shooting at his back. These little wings were not dis-

cernible under his habit; and, when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the air swifter than an eagle. When he had no farther occasion for his wings, with a touch they shrunk again to so small a size, as to lie concealed under his garment.

By this magick, Alfarute was able to translate himself, in a few moments, wherever he pleased. He knew every thing; and no man could conceive how he came by his intelligence; for he would often retire into his closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole day, with strict orders not to be disturbed; then, making himself invisible with his ring, he would enlarge his wings with a touch, and traverse vast countries. By this power he entered into very extraordinary wars, and never failed to triumph. But, as he continually saw into the secrets of men, he discovered so much wickedness and dissimulation, that he could no longer place a confidence in any man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found, that even they to whom he had been most bountiful, had no gratitude or affection toward him.

In this disconsolate condition, he resolved to search through the wide world, till he found a woman compleat in beauty and all good qualities, willing to be his wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain: and as he saw all without being seen, he discovered the most hidden wiles and failings of the sex. He visited all the courts; where he found the ladies insincere, fond of admirers, and so enamoured with their own persons, that their hearts were not capable of entertaining any true love for a husband. He went likewise into all the private families: he found one was of an inconstant, volatile disposition; another was cunning and artful; a third, haughty; a fourth, capricious; almost all faithless, vain, and full of idolatry to their own charms.

Under these disappointments, he resolved



solved to carry his enquiry through the lowest conditions of life. Whereupon at last he found the daughter of a poor labourer, fair as the brightest morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her beauty, which she disregarded, and which, in reality, was the least of her perfections; for she had an understanding and a virtue which outshone all the graces of her person. All the youth of the neighbourhood were impatient to see her; and more impatient, after they had seen her, to obtain her in marriage; none doubting of being completely happy with such a wife.

King Alfarute beheld her, and he loved her. He demanded her of the father, who was transported with the thoughts of his daughter becoming a great queen: Clarinda (so was she called) went from her father's hut into a magnificent palace, where she was received by a numerous court. She was not dazzled, nor disconcerted, at the sudden change; she preserved her simplicity, her modesty, her virtue; and forget not the place of her birth when she was in the height of her glory. The King's affections for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect happiness: neither was he already far from it; so much did he begin to confide in the goodness of his Queen. He often rendered himself invisible to observe her, and to surprise her; but he never discovered any thing in her that was not worthy of his admiration: so that now there was but a very small remainder of jealousy and distrust blended with his love.

The Fairy, who had foretold the fatal consequences of his last request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her importunity troublesome; therefore he gave orders that she should no longer be admitted into the palace, and enjoined the Queen not to receive her visits for the future. The Queen promised to obey his commands, but not without much unwillingness, because she loved this good Fairy.

It happened one day, when the King was upon a progress, that the Fairy, desirous to instruct the Queen in futurity, entered her apartment in the appearance of a young officer, and immediately declared, in a whisper, who she was; whereupon the Queen embraced her with tenderness. The King, who was then invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fired with jealousy. He drew his sword, and pierced the Queen, who fell expiring into his arms. In that moment the Fairy resumed her true shape; whereupon the King knew her, and was convinced of the Queen's innocence. Then would he have killed himself; but the Fairy withheld his hand, and strove to comfort him: when the Queen breathing out her last words, said—'Though I die by your hand, I die wholly yours!'

Too late, now, Alfarute cursed his folly, that put him upon wresting a boon from the Fairy, which proved his misery. He returned the ring, and desired his wings might be taken from him. The remaining days of his life he passed in bitterness and grief, knowing no other consolation but to weep perpetually over Clarinda's tomb.

## THE

## HISTORY OF A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE.

**I**N my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast-off pair of black plush-breeches, which John, our parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim, who is our sexton and dog-whipper. To this you write me word, that

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you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behaviour of the said master Trim—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.

Now, though you do not say expressly, I you

you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as to the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not take it's rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken it's rise from it.—— To understand which you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble was not between John the parish-clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the parson of the parish and the said master Trim, about an old *watch-coat* that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home in order to have it converted into a *warm under-petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himself against winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right; the parson was within an ace of being an honourable example of this very crime—for no sooner did the distinct words—*petticoat—poor wife—warm—winter*, strike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition, (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul. ‘But, Trim,’ says he, ‘as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether it is fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth know not whether it is mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.’

It is necessary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him, but likewise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way. For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamour in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart—he knew very well that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter—but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house—plagued the whole family to death—prett his suit morning, noon, and night—and, to shorten my story, teased the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of master Trim, produced it's natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behaviour throughout—he was just saying to himself—‘*It must be so*’—when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list—and he had come with a groat in his hand to search the parish-register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register—‘*Who knows,*’ says he, ‘but

\* *but I may find something here about this self-same watch-coat?* He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page, pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereto was a memorandum about the very thing in question in these express words—*Memorandum.* ‘The great watch-coat was purchased and given, above two hundred years ago, by the lord of the manor to this parish church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sexton thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights in ringing *campelines, passing bells, &c.* which the said lord of the manor had done in piety to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good of his own soul, for which they were directed to pray, &c.’

‘*Just Heaven!*’ said the parson to himself, looking upwards, *‘what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to Trim’s wife! I would not have consented to such a defecration to be primate of all England—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithe.’*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up; and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good families subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim’s impudence impressed upon the parson’s looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment—except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table—to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely. Against this hour, like a wife man, the parson had sent to desire John the parish-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about

eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one of whom it might be said, that he rather did honour to his office than that his office did honour to him—him he sends for with the churchwardens, and one of the squiremen; a grave, knowing old man, to be present—for, as Trim had with-held the whole truth from the parson touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Though this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared—because the parson’s character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in the estimation of a man of honour and integrity. Trim’s character on the contrary was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettyfogging, ambidextrous fellow—who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless—but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance among his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished—so that out of regard to his flock, more than the necessary care due to himself—he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or squallor lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed, from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I have told you, in the hearing of John the parish-clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife in the affair to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased.

To this the parson’s reply was short, but strong—That nothing was in his power to do but what he could do *honestly*—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he should do a manifest wrong to the next sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted

manner; to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness—but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down—which, by the bye, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches seven-fold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit-cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the church-wardens, &c. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but John had got a surfeit of him—so, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great say in it) to William Doe, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn—in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the possessor of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years—and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the public town-way before a hundred people—tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn renunciation—twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet-cushion—as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding, very insolently, that he knew not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair—and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going

to take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold—the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.—

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's.—

'Trim,' says one, 'are you not ashamed of yourself to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbours together by the ears, about an old—worn—out—pair of cast—breeches, not worth half-a-crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are.—'

'In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four-pence; then you have six shillings and eightpence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter—the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a year, you have got that too—you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.—'

'Besides all this, you have six pounds a year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish.'—'Aye,' says the luckless wight above-mentioned (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) 'you are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch stray conies too in the dark, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-sessions.'—'I maintain it, I have a licence,' says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet, 'I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night.'—'You catch conies!' says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humour, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am, Sir, your, &c. &c.

POST.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I Have broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me—I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the town's folks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since Trim sallied forth again, and, having borrowed a sow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again—alleged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog.—‘Not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not,’ quoth Trim, ‘have valued him a rush single hands—but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in buckram set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword’s point for three hours together.

‘Besides,’ quoth Trim, ‘there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John’s own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together—a plague,’ says Trim, ‘of all cowards.’

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow cracked-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this Trim dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a fresh dispute about the reading-desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the late parson and John some years ago.—This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story by the bye, for the main affair was the battle of the breeches and the great coat.

However, Trim being at last driven out of these two citadels—he has seized

hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk; with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough, and, had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you see he did not run away; no—he retreated behind the breeches; and, when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson’s boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parson’s horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him: but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *closet*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice he should be left, beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where it is certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent upon purging himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation.—Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: ‘Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my lord mayor, that John and his nineteen men in buckram have abused me worse than a dog; for they told you that I played fast and go loose with the late parson and him in that old dispute of theirs about the reading-desk, and that I made matters worse between them and not better.’

Of this charge Trim declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn—that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him.—‘Aye, Trim,’ says the wight in the plush breeches, ‘but that was, Trim, the day before

' before John found thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's-pounder, thou knowest well that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard corn-cloze, which if thou hadst not done, (as thou toldst me) I should have lost my whole crop; whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, who are both here to testify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very man who set the gate open—and after all, it was not thee, Trim, 'twas the black-finish's poor lad who turned them out—

' so that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.'

Trim could not sustain this unexpected stroke—so Trim marched off the field without colours flying, or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of honour whatever. Whether after this Trim intends to rally a second time—or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory—none but Trim himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that, in three several pitched battles, Trim has been so *trimmed* as never disastrous hero was *trimmed* before.

## AVARICE AND GLORY;

OR,

THE AMBITIOUS SHEPHERD.

WRITTEN BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.

**A**VARICE and Glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords, immediately enlisted under their banners, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a more remote part of the country, they by accident arrived at a cottage of a simple shepherd, whose possessions were confined to his flock, and his solicitude to the next day's subsistence. Though his birth was humble, his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined; his heart was feelingly alive to love and pity; and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose. Here, with his favourite Sylvania, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown, and unknowing a world that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity. 'How insupportable is it,' cried Glory, 'thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing! Shall we, who are so worshipped below, tamely continue spectators of a man who thus slight our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights: no, rather let us endeavour to seduce him from his wife pursuit of tranquillity, and teach

him to reverence our power.' Then saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the peasant in terms the most inviting. 'Dear shepherd,' cries Glory, 'how do I pity your unfortunate simplicity! to see such talents buried in unambitious retirement might certainly excite even the compassion of the gods. Quit, prythee quit, a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity! it is doubly dying, to die without applause. You have virtues which ought to manifest themselves, and not lie thus hid with ungrateful obstinacy. Fortune calls, and Glory invites you. I promise you a certainty of success; you have only to chuse, whether you will become a poet, a prime minister, or a general; in either capacity, be assured of finding respect, riches, and immortality.'

At so unaccounted an invitation, the shepherd was too much surprised to be immediately capable of determining. He hesitated, therefore, for some time, between Ambition and Content; till, at length, the former prevailed, and he became in some measure a convert. Avarice now entered, determined to fix him entirely; and, to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation. 'Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your wretchedness; learn from

from me, in what consists true happiness. You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man like you, tormented for the most important concerns, ex-haust his valuable life in ogling a single mistress, playing on a poor pipe, or shewing a few sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapine; heightened by every effort of art; shall you, who have a mind equal to nobles, remain in a cottage, thundering at the winter's breeze! Alas, little do you know of the pleasures which attend the great! In what sumptuous palaces they reside; how every time they leave them seems a triumphal procession; how every word they pronounce is echoed with applause! Without fortune, what is life, but misery! what is virtue, but fullen satisfaction! Money, money! is the grand unifier of the universe; without that, life is insipid, and talents are contemptible.

The unhappy Shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions. His mistress, his flock, his absence banished from his thoughts, or became contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat is now tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast. In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures, and all his cares, solicit his stay; in vain did she expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could dissuade the youth, whose mind was bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in the extreme. However, undecided what course first to pursue, he by chance fixed on the Muses; and began with shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found, admission among men of wit, and gave lessons to those who were candidates for public favour. He published criticisms to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But satire now attacked him with all it's virulence. He found in every brother wit, a rival; and, in every rival, one ready to depreciate whatever he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to

quit this seducing train, who offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns.

His next took the field, and became a Soldier. He was foremost in avenging the wrongs of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in entering every battle. With a few successful moves, and a few limbs less, our Shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself. But Eury began to pluck the hard-earned laurel from his brow: his conquests were attributed not to his superior skills, or courage, but to the ignorance and pusillanimity of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude to be the result of unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the Shepherd changes; and, in his own defence, retires from the field to the cabinet. Here, become a thorough Minister of State, he copies out conventions, mends treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace in procuring the peace of Europe: he even, with the industry of a minister, contracts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious; and austere. Intoxicated with power, and involved in system, he soon consults, and likes nothing but itself. He is no longer the simple Shepherd, whose thoughts were all pure, and who spoke only but what he thought; he now speaks only what he never intends to perform. His faults disgust some, his few remaining virtues more. At length, his system fails; all his projects are blown up: what was the cause of misfortune, is attributed to corruption and ignorance; he is arraigned by the people, and barely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, almost too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Avarice, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long-forsaken cottage; again assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity; and, in the arms of his faithful Sylvestra, still generously open to receive the wanderer, passes the residue of his life in innocence, happiness, and peace.

## MEMOIRS OF MELISSA.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

I Was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind or adorn the person of a woman. To these attainments, which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books; and the conversation of that species of men, whom the ladies generally mention with horror and aversion by the name of Scholars, but whom I have found, for the most part, a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment, and maxims of knowledge, by which I was enabled to excel all my competitors, and draw upon myself the general regard in every place of converse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame; my mien was studied, my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass, I saw youth and beauty, and health, that

might give me reason to hope their continuance: when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph, amidst acclamations; and envy; and courtship, and sarcasms; to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our general power, and shew that our favour is valued; since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect; and no one exerts the powers of discernment with much vigour, when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts, by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who croud in multitudes to give girls advice; and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year; when, while I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow, or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed, I did not know how much I had lost; for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she could cease to raise admiration, but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of Time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearance, with all the credit



credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit with an appearance of sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation so long continued and so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted rather their own gratification than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had always been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and been approached with reverence and submission, which, as they insinuated, I was no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly made only as covert insults, and serve to give vent to the statulence of pride; but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended; I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as that I will venture to advance this rule, that no one ought to remind another of any misfortune of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. No one has a right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, which perhaps might not revive but by absurd and unreasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements; and these had undoubt-

edly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness; and who can tell how little they wanted of any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, when they find that they who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement, has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

My lovers were not all contented with silent desertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had borne by wanton and superfluous insults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying in my presence those civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it has been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to waste his life in suspense, who could have employed it to better purpose; and therefore I had no enemies but coxcombs, whose resentment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I felt from degradation, was the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now found my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed, by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction. The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars who happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown; and I am every hour insulted with contradictions from cowards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, that has passed his life in the duties of his profession with great reputation for his knowledge and piety;

the father is a lieutenant of dragoons. The pardon made no difficulty in the delight of my elevation to check me when I was poor, and inform me when I blundered; and if there be any alteration, he is now more numerous, left his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular attention, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the law, he obstinately carries me the first

dish; in defence of the frowns and whippers of the whole table.

This is to be the world. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual magnanimity, in which all about them wear approved characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

## CHARACTER OF EUGENIO.

BY DR. WATTS.

**E**UGENIO is just out of his minority, and in the twenty-second year of his age; he practices the man with all that virtue and decency that makes his father's acquaintance covet his company; and indeed they may learn by his discourse the art of good reasoning, as well as the precepts of religion, from his example. He is an entertaining companion to the gay young gentlemen his equals; and yet divines and philosophers take a pleasure to have Eugenio amongst them. He is exalted by his superior in honour and years; and though he is released from the discipline of parental education, yet he treats the lady his mother with all the affectionate duty that could be desired or demanded of him ten years ago: his father is content to see his young youth outshone by his son, and confesses that Eugenio already promises greater things than Agathus did at thirty.

If you ask whence these happy qualities arise, I grant there was some foundation for them in his very nature, there was something of a complexional virtue mingled with his frame; but it is much more owing to the wise conduct of his parents from his very infancy, and the blessing of Divine Grace attending their labours, their prayers, and their hopes.

He was trained up from the very cradle to all the duties of infant virtue, by the allurements of love and reward, suited to his age; and never was driven to practise any thing by a frown or a halcy word, where it was possible for kinder affections, to work the same effect by indulgence and delay.

As fast as his reasoning powers began

to appear and exert themselves, they were conducted in an early track of thought, to find out and observe the reasonableness of every part of his duty, and the lovely character of a child obedient to reason and to his parents' will; while every departure from duty was shewn to be so contrary to reason; as laid an early foundation for conscience to attack upon: conscience began hereto assume its office, and to manifest its authority in dictates, and reproofs, and reflections of mind, peaceful or painful, according to his behaviour. When his parents observed this inward monitor to awake in his soul, they could better trust him out of their sight.

When he became capable of conceiving of an almighty and invisible Being, who made this world and every creature in it, he was taught to pay all due regard to this God his Maker; and from the authority and love of his father on earth, he was led to form right ideas (as far as childhood permitted) of the power, government, and goodness of the universal and supreme Father of all in heaven.

He was informed why punishment was due to an offence against God or his parents, that his fear might become an useful passion to awaken and guard his virtue; but he was instructed, at the same time, that where he heartily repented of a fault, and returned to his duty with new diligence, there was forgiveness to be obtained both of God and man.

When at any time a friend interceded for him to his father, after he had been guilty of a fault, he was hereby directed into the doctrine of Jesus, the Mediator between

between God and man; and thus he knew him as an Intercessor, before he could well understand the notion of his sacrifice and atonement.

In his younger years he passed but twice under the correction of the rod; once for a fit of obstinacy and persisting in a falsehood; then he was given up to severe chastisement, and it dispelled and cured the fallen honour for ever: and once for the contempt of his mother's authority he endured the scourge again, and he wanted it no more.

He was enticed sometimes to the love of letters, by making his lesson a reward of some domestic duty; and a permission to peruse some parts of learning was the appointed recompense of his diligence and improvement in others.

There was nothing required of his memory but what was fit (as far as possible) let into his understanding; and by proper images and representations, suited to his years, he was taught to form some conception of the things described, before he was bid to learn the words by heart. Thus he was freed from the danger of treasuring up the cant and jargon of mere names, instead of the riches of solid knowledge.

Where any abstruse and difficult notions occurred in his course of learning, his preceptor postponed them till he had gone through that subject in a more superficial way; for this purpose he passed twice through all the sciences; and to make the doctrines of Christianity easy to him in his childhood, he had two or three catechisms composed by his tutor, each of them suited to his more early or more improved capacity, till at twelve years old he was thought fit to learn that public form, which is more universally taught and approved.

As he was inured to reasoning from his childhood, so he was instructed to prove every thing, according to the nature of the subject, by natural or moral arguments, as far as years would admit: and thus he drew much of his early knowledge from reason or from revelation by the force of his judgment; and not merely from his teachers, by the strength of his memory.

His parents were persuaded indeed that they ought to teach him the principles of virtue while he was a child, and the most important truths of religion both natural and revealed, before he was capable of deriving them from the fund of his own

reason, or of framing a religion for himself out of so large a book as the Bible. They thought themselves under the obligation of that divine command—'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' And therefore from a child they made him acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, and persuaded him to believe that they were given by the inspiration of God, before it was possible for him to take in the arguments from reason, history, tradition, &c. which must be joined together to confirm the sacred canon, and prove the several books of the Bible to be divine. Thus, like Timothy, 'he continued in the things which he had learned, and had been assured of, knowing of whom he had learned them.' Yet as his years advanced, they thought it requisite to show him the solid and rational foundations of his faith, that his hope might be built upon the authority of God and not of men.

After he arrived at fifteen, he was suffered to admit nothing into his full assent, till his mind saw the rational evidence of the proposition itself; or at least till he felt the power of those reasons which obliged him to assent, upon moral evidence and testimony, where the evidences of sense or of reason were not to be expected. He knew that he was not to hope for mathematical proofs that there is a pope at Rome; that the Turks have dominion over Judea; that St. Paul wrote an Epistle to the Romans; that Christ was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem, and that in three days time he rose from the dead; and yet that there is just and reasonable evidence to enforce and support the belief of all these facts. Where truths were too sublime for present comprehension, he would never admit them as a part of his faith till he saw the full evidence of a speaking God and a divine revelation.

His tutor never imposed any thing on him with a magisterial air, but by way of advice recommended to him such studies and such methods of improvement as his experience had long approved; he gave frequent hints of the danger of some opinions, and the fatal consequences of some mischievous and mistaken principles. He let him know generally what sentiments he himself embraced among the divided opinions of the age; and what clear and comprehensive know-

knowledge, what satisfaction of judgment, serenity of mind, and peace of conscience, were to be found in the principles which he had chosen; but he exhorted his pupil still to chuse wisely for himself, and led him onward in the sciences, and, in common and sacred affairs, to frame his own sentiments by just rules of reasoning. Though Eugenio did not superstitiously confine his belief to the opinions of his instructor, yet he could not but love the man that indulged him such a liberty of thought, and gave him such an admirable clue, by which he let himself into the secrets of knowledge, human and divine: thus, under the happy and insensible influences of so prudent a supervisor, he traced the paths of learning, and enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of being his own teacher, and of framing his opinions himself. By this means he began early to use his reason with freedom, and to judge for himself, without a servile submission to the authority of others; and yet to pay a just and solemn deference to persons of age and experience, and particularly to those who were the proper and appointed guides of his youth, and who led him on so gently in the paths of knowledge.

He was not kept a stranger to the errors and follies of mankind, nor was he let loose amongst them, either in books or in company, without a guard and a guide. His preceptor let him know the gross mistakes and iniquities of men, ancient and modern, but inlaid him with proper principles of truth and virtue, and furnished him with such rules of judgment, as led him more easily to distinguish between good and bad; and thus he was secured against the infection and the poison, both of the living and the dead.

He had early cautions given him to avoid the bantering tribe of mortals; and was instructed to distinguish a jest from an argument, so that a loud laugh at his religion never puts him nor his faith out of countenance. He is ever ready to render a reason of his Christian hope, and to defend his creed; but he scorns to enter the lists with such a disputant that has no artillery but squib and flash, no arguments besides grimace and ridicule. Thus he supports the character of a Christian with honour; he confines his faith to his Bible, and his practice to all the rules of piety; and yet thinks

as freely as that vain herd of Atheists and Deists who arrogate the name of Free-thinkers to themselves.

You will enquire, perhaps, how he came to attain so manly a conduct in life at so early an age, and how every thing of the boy was worn off so soon. Truly, besides other influences, it is much owing to the happy management of Erasme, (the name of the lady his mother;) she was frequent in the nursery, and inspired sentiments into his childhood becoming ripper years. When there was company in the parlour, with whom she could use such a freedom, she brought her son in among them, not to entertain them with his own noise and tattle and impertinence, but to hear their discourse, and sometimes to answer a little question or two they might ask him. When he was grown up to a youth, he was often admitted into the room with his father's acquaintance, and was indulged the liberty to ask and enquire on subjects that seemed to be above his years: he was encouraged to speak a sentence or two of his own thoughts, and thus to learn and practise a modest assurance. But when the company was gone, he was approved and praised if he behaved well, or received kind hints of admonition that he might know when he had been too silent, and when too forward to speak. Thus by enjoying the advantage of society above the level of his own age and understanding, he was always aspiring to imitation; and the excesses and defects of his conduct were daily noticed and cured.

His curiosity was gratified abroad with new sights and scenes as often as his parents could do it with convenience, that he might not stare and wonder at every strange object or occurrence; but he was made patient of restraint and disappointment, when he seemed to indulge an excessive desire of any needless diversion. If he sought any criminal pleasures, or diversions attended with great danger and inconvenience, the pursuit of them was absolutely forbidden; but it was done in so kind a manner, as made the guilt or peril of them appear in the strongest light, and thereby they were rendered hateful or formidable, rather than the objects of wish or desire.

When Eugenio first began to go abroad in the world, his companions were recommended to him by the prudence of his parents; or if he chose them himself, it was still within the reach of his

his tutor's observation, or the notice of his father's eye: nor was he suffered to run loose into promiscuous company, till it appeared that his mind was furnished with steady principles of virtue, till he had knowledge enough to defend those principles, and to repel the assaults that might be made upon his faith and manners.

Yet it was hardly thought fit to trust him to his own conduct for whole days together, lest he should meet with temptations too hard for his virtue, till he had gained resolution enough to say No boldly, and to maintain an obstinate refusal of pernicious pleasures. He was told beforehand how the profane and the lewd would use all the arts of address, and how subtilly they would practise upon his good humour with powerful and tempting opportunities. This set him ever upon his guard; and though he carried his sweetness of temper always about with him, yet he learned to conceal it wheresoever it was neither proper nor safe to appear. By a little converse in the world, he found that it was necessary to be positive, bold, and unmoveable in rejecting every proposal which might endanger his character or his morals: especially as he soon became sensible that a soft and cold denial gave courage to new attacks, and left him liable to be teased with fresh solicitations. He laid down this therefore for a constant rule, that where his reason had determined any practice to be either plainly sinful, or utterly inexpedient, he would give so firm a denial upon the principles of virtue and religion, as should for ever discourage any farther solicitations. This gave him the character of a man of resolute virtue, even among the rakes of the time, nor was he ever esteemed the less on this account. At first indeed he thought it a happy victory which he had gotten over himself, when he could defy the shame of the world, and resolve to be a Christian in the face of vice and infidelity: he found the shortest way to conquer this foolish shame was to renounce it at once; then it was easy to practise singularity amidst a profane multitude. And when he began to get courage enough to profess resolute piety without a blush, in the midst of such company as this, Agathus and Erasme then permitted their son to travel abroad, and to see more of the world, under the protection of their daily prayers. His

first tour was through the neighbouring counties of England; he afterwards enlarged the circuit of his travels, till he had visited foreign nations, and learned the value of his own.

In short, the restraints of his younger years were tempered with so much liberty, and managed with such prudence and tenderness, and these bonds of discipline were so gradually loosened as fast as he grew wise enough to govern himself, that Eugenio always carried about with him an inward conviction of the great love and wisdom of his parents and his tutor. The humours of the child now and then felt some reluctance against the pious discipline of his parents; but now he is arrived at man's estate, there is nothing that he looks back upon with greater satisfaction than the steps of their conduct, and the instances of his own submission. He often recounts these things with pleasure, as some of the chief favours of Heaven, whereby he was guarded through all the dangers and follies of youth and childhood, and effectually kept, through Divine Grace operating by these happy means, from a thousand sorrows, and perhaps from everlasting ruin.

Though he has been released some years from the strictness of paternal government, yet he still makes his parents his chosen friends: and though they cease to practise authority upon him and absolute command, yet he pays the utmost deference to their counsels, and to the first notice of their inclinations. You shall never find him resisting and debating against their desires and propensities in little common things of life, which are indifferent in themselves; he thinks it carries in it too much contempt of those whom God and nature require him to honour. Whensoever he enters into any important action of life, he takes a filial pleasure to seek advice from his worthy parents; and it is uneasy to him to attempt any thing of moment without it. He does not indeed universally practise all their sentiments, but he gains their consent to follow his own reason and choice.

Some of the wild young gentlemen of the age may happen to laugh at him for being so much a boy still, and for showing such submission to the old folks, (as they call them:) with a scornful smile they bid him 'Break off his leading-strings, and cast away his yokes of bondage.' But for the most part he observes,

observes, that the same persons shake off all yokes at once, and at once break the bonds of nature, duty, and religion: they pay but little regard to their Superior in heaven, any more than to those on earth, and have forgotten God and

their parents together. 'Nor will I ever be moved,' says he, 'with the reproaches of those who make a jest of things sacred as well as civil, and treat their mother and their Maker with the same contempt.'

## PHRONISSA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

BY THE SAME.

**P**HRONISSA, when her daughters were little children, used to spend some hours daily in the nursery, and taught the young creatives to recite many a pretty passage out of the Bible, before they were capable of reading it themselves; yet at six years old they read the Scriptures with ease, and then they rejoiced to find the same stories in Genesis and in the Gospels which their mother had taught them before. As their years advanced, they were admitted into the best conversation, and had such books put into their hands as might acquaint them with the rules of prudence and piety in an easy and familiar way: the reading the lives of eminent persons who were examples of this kind, was one of the daily methods she used, at once to instruct and entertain them. By such means, and others which she wisely adapted to their advancing age, they had all the knowledge bestowed upon them that could be supposed proper for women, and that might render their character honorable and useful in the world.

Long has Phronissa known that domestic virtues are the business and the honour of her sex. Nature and history agree to assure her, that the conduct of the household is committed to the woman, and the precepts and examples of Scripture confirm it. She educated her daughters therefore in constant acquaintance with all family-affairs, and they knew betimes what belonged to the provisions of the table, and the furniture of every room. Though her circumstances were considerable in the world, yet, by her own example, she made her children know, that a frequent visit to the kitchen was not beneath their state, nor the common domestic affairs too mean for their notice, that they might be able hereafter to manage their own house, and not be directed, imposed upon, and perhaps ridiculed by their own servants.

They were initiated early in the science of the needle, and were bred up skilful in all the plain and flowery arts of it; but it was never made a task nor a toil to them, nor did they waste their hours in those nice and tedious works which cost our female ancestors seven years of their life, and stitches without number. To render this exercise pleasant, one of them always entertained the company with some useful author while the rest were at work; every one had freedom and encouragement to start what question she pleased, and to make any remarks on the present subject, that reading, working, and conversation, might fill up the hour with variety and delight. Thus, while their hands were making garments for themselves or for the poor, their minds were enriched with treasures of human and divine knowledge.

At proper seasons the young ladies were instructed in the gay accomplishments of their age: but they were taught to esteem the song and the dance some of their meanest talents, because they are often forgotten in advanced years, and add but little to the virtue, the honour, or the happiness of life.

Phronissa herself was sprightly and active, and she abhorred a slothful and lazy humour; therefore she constantly found out some inviting and agreeable employment for her daughters, that they might hate idleness as a mischievous vice, and be trained up to an active and useful life. Yet she perpetually insinuated the superior delights of the closet, and tempted them by all inviting methods to the love of devout retirement. Whensoever she seemed to distinguish them by any peculiar favours, it was generally upon some new indication of early piety, or some young practice of a self-denying virtue.

They were taught to receive visits in forms

forms agreeable to the age; and though they knew the modes of dress sufficient to secure them from any thing awkward or unfashionable, yet their minds were so well furnished with richer variety, that they had no need to run to those poor and trivial topics, to exclude silence and dullness from the drawing-room.

Here, I must publish it to their honour, to provoke the sex to imitation, that though they comported with the fashion in all their ornaments, so far as the fashion was modest, and could approve itself to reason or religion, yet Phronissa would not suffer their younger judgments so far to be imposed on by custom, as that the mode should be entirely the measure of all decency to them. She knew there is such a thing as natural harmony and agreeableness; in the beauties of colour and figure her delicacy of taste was exquisite; and where the mode ran counter to nature, though she indulged her daughters to follow it in some innocent instances, because she loved not to be remarkably singular in things of indifference, yet she took care always to teach them to distinguish gay folly and affected extravagance from natural decencies, both in furniture and in dress: their rank in the world was eminent, but they never appeared the first, nor the highest in any new-fangled forms of attire. By her wise example and instructions she had so formed their minds, as to be able to see garments more gaudy, and even more modish than their own, without envy or wishes. They could bear to find a trimming set on a little awry, or the plait of a garment ill-disposed, without making the whole house and the day uneasy, and the sun and heavens smile upon them in vain.

Phronissa taught them the happy art of managing a visit with some useful improvement of the hour, and without offence. If a word of scandal occurred in company, it was soon diverted or suppressed. The children were charged to speak well of their neighbours as far as truth would admit, and to be silent as to any thing besides: but when the poor or the deformed were mentioned in discourse, the aged, the lame, or the blind, those objects were handled with the utmost tenderness: nothing could displease Phronissa more than to hear a jest thrown upon natural infirmities; she thought there was something sacred in misery,

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and it was not to be touched with a rude hand. All reproach and satire of this kind was for ever banished where she came; and if ever railery was indulged, vice and wilful folly were the constant subjects of it.

Persons of distinguished characters she always distinguished in her respect, and trained up her family to pay the same civilities. Whensoever she named her own parents, it was with high veneration and love, and thereby she naturally led her children to give due honour to all their superior relatives.

Though it is the fashion of the age to laugh at the priesthood in all forms, and to teach every boy to scoff at a minister, Phronissa paid double honours to them who laboured in the word and doctrine, where their personal behaviour upheld the dignity of their office; for she was persuaded St. Paul was a better director than the gay gentlemen of the mode. Besides, she wisely considered that a contempt of their persons would necessarily bring with it a contempt of all their ministrations; and then she might carry her daughters to the church as much as she pleased, but preaching and praying, and all sacred things, would grow despicable and useless, when they had first learned to make a jest of the preacher.

But are these young ladies always confined at home? Are they never suffered to see the world? Yes, and sometimes without the guard of a mother too; though Phronissa is so well beloved by her children, that they would very seldom choose to go without her. Their souls were inlaid betimes with the principles of virtue and prudence; these are their constant guard; nor do they ever wish to make a visit where their mother has reason to suspect their safety.

They have freedom given them in all the common affairs of life to choose for themselves; but they take pleasure, for the most part, in referring the choice back again to their seniors. Phronissa has managed the restraint of their younger years with so much reason and love, that they have seemed all their lives to know nothing but liberty; an admonition of their parents meets with cheerful compliance, and is never debated. A wish or desire has the same power over them now, as a command had in their infancy and childhood; for the command was ever dressed in the softest language of

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authority, and this made every act of obedience a delight, till it became an habitual pleasure.

In short, they have been educated with such discretion, tenderness, and piety, as have laid a foundation to make them

happy and useful in the rising age: their parents with pleasure view the growing prospect, and return daily thanks to Almighty God, whose blessing has attended their watchful cares, and has thus far answered their most fervent devotions.

## PITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers, were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions; and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astræa, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atë. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shep-

herds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypresses.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

HARRIOT



## HARRIOT ASPIN.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

**H**ARRIOT Aspin was the youngest of four sisters, who in their childhood had all a prospect of passing through life with every advantage that beauty and fortune can bestow. But destiny ordained it otherwise. The extravagance of their father abridged the portion of each, and the little Harriot had the additional affliction of personal calamities. From a fall which her nurse occasioned, and concealed, she contracted a great degree of deformity; and the injuries that her frame had received from accident, were completed in what her countenance suffered from that cruel distemper, by which beauty was so frequently destroyed, before the happy introduction of inoculation. Her countenance and person were wretchedly disfigured; but her mind still possessed the most valuable of mental powers, and her heart was embellished by every generous affection. Her friends were many; but she had passed her fortieth year without once hearing the addresses of a single lover; yet the fancied whisper of this enchanting passion often vibrated in her ear; for, with a solid and brilliant understanding, she was deeply tinged with this credulous foible. As she advanced towards fifty, finding her income very narrow, and her situation unpleasant, she took shelter in the family of her favourite sister, married to a good-natured man of easy fortune; who, though he had several children, very readily allowed his wife to afford an asylum, and administer all the comforts in her power to this unfortunate relation.

The good deeds of benevolence rarely pass unrewarded. The obliging temper of Harriot, united to infinite wit and vivacity, contributed to restore the declining health of her sister, and enlivened the house, into which she was so kindly admitted. She endeared herself to every branch of it; but her second nephew, whose name is Edward, became her principal favourite, and returned her partiality with more esteem and affection than nephews are used to feel for an old maiden aunt. Indeed, there was a striking similarity in their characters, for they both possessed a

very uncommon portion of wit, with extreme generosity and good-nature. Harriot had the most perfect penetration into the foibles of every character but her own, and had the art of treating them with such tender and salutary mirth, that she preserved her nephew, whose constitution was amorous and vain, from a thousand follies, into which the giddiness of his passions would otherwise have betrayed him; and, what is still more to her honour, when he was really fallen into some juvenile scrape, which sometimes would happen, she never failed to assist him, both with secret advice, and the private aid of such little sums of money as she always contrived to save from her slender income, for the most generous of purposes. By her last beneficence of this nature, she had enabled her nephew to redeem his gold watch, which Edward, who stood in awe of his father, had actually pawned, to deliver a poor and unfortunate girl from a spunging-house.

It was almost impossible not to love a maiden aunt of so engaging a character; and Edward, whose affections were naturally ardent, loved her, indeed, most sincerely; but his penetration discovered her foible, and the vivacity of his spirit often tempted him to sport with it. Hitherto, however, he had done so in the most harmless manner; but a circumstance arose, which fully proved the danger of this ordinary diversion. Edward, being a younger brother, was designed for the profession of physick. He had studied at Edinburgh, and, returning from thence to London, had brought with him a medical friend, who was a native of Savoy, and was preparing to settle as a physician at Turin. In the gaiety of his heart, Edward informed his aunt Harriot that he had provided her with a husband; and he enlarged on the excellent qualities of his friend. The Savoyard was extremely polite, and, either attracted by the pleasantry of her conversation, or touched with medical pity for the striking infelicity of her distorted frame, he had paid particular attention to Miss Aspin; for being yet under fifty, she had not assumed the title of Mrs.

This particular attention was full sufficient to convince the credulous Harriot, that her nephew was serious; but she was unluckily confirmed in that illusion, by his saying to her one evening—'Well, my dear aunt, my friend is to leave England on Monday; consider, upon your pillow, whether you will pass the Alps, to settle with him for life, and let me know your decision before the week expires.' The sportive Edward was very far from supposing, that these idle words could be productive of any fatal event; for the health of his aunt was such, that he considered his proposal of crossing the Alps full as extravagant as if he had proposed to her to settle in the moon: but let youth and vigour remember, that they seldom can form a just estimate of the wishes, the thoughts, and feelings of infirmity!—Poor Harriot had no sooner retired to her chamber, than she entered into a profound debate with a favourite maid, who used to sleep in her room, concerning the dangers of crossing the Alps, and the state of her health. In this debate, both her heart and her fancy played the part of very able advocates, and defended a weak cause by an astonishing variety of arguments in its favour. They utterly overpowered her judgment; but they could not bias the sounder sentence of Molly, who was seated on the bench on this occasion. This honest girl, who happened to have a real lover in England, had many motives to dissuade her mistress from an extravagant project of settling in a foreign country; and she uttered as many reasons to poor Harriot against the passage of the Alps, as were urged to the son of Amilcar by his Carthaginian friends, when he first talked of traversing those tremendous mountains. The debate was very warm on both sides, and supported through the greatest part of the night. The spirited Harriot was horribly fatigued by the discourse, but utterly unconvinced by the forcible arguments of her opponent. She even believed that the journey would prove a remedy for her asthmatic complaints: her desire of a matrimonial establishment was full as efficacious as the vinegar of Hannibal, and the Alps melted before it. At the dawn of day she had positively determined to follow the fortunes of the amiable Savoyard. The peace of mind which this decision produced, afforded her a short slumber; but on waking, she was very far from being refreshed, and found

that her unhappy frame had suffered so much from the agitation of her spirit, and the want of her usual sleep, that she was unable to appear at breakfast. This, however, was a circumstance too common to alarm the family; for though her cheerfulness never forsook her, yet her little portion of strength was frequently exhausted, and her breath often seemed on the very point of departing from her diminutive body. Towards noon, her sister entered her chamber, to make a kind enquiry concerning her health. It was a warm day in spring; yet Harriot, who was extremely chilly, had seated herself in a little low chair, by the side of a large fire. Her feet were strangely twisted together, and, leaning forward to rest her elbow on her knee, she supported her head on her right hand. To the affectionate questions of her sister she made no reply; but, starting from her reverie, walked with apparent difficulty across the chamber, and saying, with a feeble and broken voice—'I can never pass the Alps,' sunk down on the side of her bed, and with one deep sigh, but without any convulsive struggle, expired. Whether the much-injured and defective organs of her life were completely worn out by time, or whether the conflict of different affections, which had harassed her spirit through the night, really shortened her existence, the all-seeing Author of it can alone determine. It is certain, however, that her death, and the peculiar circumstances attending it, produced among her relations the most poignant affliction. As she died without one convulsive motion, her sister could hardly believe her to be dead; and as this good lady had not attended to the levities of her son Edward, she could not comprehend the last words of Harriot, till her faithful servant gave a full and honest account of the nightly conversation which had passed between herself and her departed mistress. As her nephew Edward was my intimate friend, and I well knew his regard for this singular little being, I hastened to him the first moment that I heard she was no more. I found him under the strongest impression of recent grief, and in the midst of that self-accusation so natural to a generous spirit upon such an occasion. I endeavoured to comfort him, by observing, that death, which ought, perhaps, never to be considered as an evil, might surely be esteemed a blessing to a person, whose unfortunate infirmities of  
body

body must undoubtedly have been a source of incessant suffering. 'Alas! my dear friend,' he replied, 'both my heart and my understanding refuse to subscribe to the ideas, by which you so kindly try to console me. I allow, indeed, that her frame was unhappy, and her health most delicate; but who had a keener relish of all the genuine pleasures which belong to a lively and a cultivated mind, and still more, of all those higher delights, which are at once the test and the reward of a benevolent heart? It is true, she had her foibles;

but what right had I to sport with them? to me they ought to have been particularly sacred; for she never looked upon mine, but with the most generous indulgence. Poor Harriot!' he would frequently exclaim, 'Poor aunt Harriot! I have barely abridged thy very weak, but not unjoyous existence, by the most unthinking barbarity; I will, however, be tender to thy memory; and I wish that I could warn the world against the dangerous cruelty of jesting with the credulity of every being who may resemble thee.'

## THE

## STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

**A**THERNS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend

Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-

looked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the Forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven

from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his stinky couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recol-

recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and hon-

nours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

## THE TALE OF GENEURA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

**T**HE noble Rinaldo failing to England, whither he was sent on an embassy by the Emperor Charlemagne, a violent storm arose, which continuing two days and nights, drove him, at last, on the coast of Scotland: his fleet arriving safe, he ordered his retinue to meet him at Berwick; he himself, without any attendants, struck into the famous forest of Caledonia, not without a hope of meeting with some adventure worthy his courage and virtue.

While he was pleasing himself with this expectation, sometimes riding, and sometimes walking a slow pace, leading his horse, night drew on, and he now began to think it necessary to go in quest of a lodging. Perceiving an abbey at some distance, he re-mounted his horse and rode up to it. The abbot and his monks, seeing a stranger of a noble appearance at their gate, came out, and with great civility invited him to pass the night there.

Rinaldo gratefully accepted their offer; and being conducted to a chamber, and an elegant repast served to the table, as soon as he had satisfied the cravings of an appetite made eager by travel and long fasting, he enquired of the good fathers what noble exploits in arms had been lately performed in their neighbourhood, and whether a warrior might hope to find any occasions there of signalizing his valour?

'Tis certain,' replied the abbot, 'that many great and wonderful adventures have been atchieved in this forest; but as the place, so are the actions obscure, and buried in oblivion: however, if honour be your pursuit, the present time affords you a fit opportunity to acquire it; the danger, indeed, is great, but if you succeed, eternal fame will be your reward. The young and beautiful Geneura, the daughter of our king, is accused by a knight, named Lurcanio, of having violated

her chastity; and it is provided by our Scottish laws, that all damsels, of what rank soever, who are publicly charged with incontinence, shall suffer the punishment of fire, unless a champion be found who will undertake their defence, and fight with the accuser.

'Geneura, in consequence of this law, has been adjudged to die, and only a month's space allowed her to procure a defender of her life and honour. The king, anxious for his daughter's safety, but more for her reputation, has caused it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions, that by whatever person (provided his birth be not absolutely base) his daughter shall be delivered from the danger that threatens her, to him he will give the princess in marriage, with a portion suitable to her high rank and quality.

'This enterprize, noble stranger, is worthy your youth, your courage, and generosity: the law of arms requires all true knights to undertake the defence of injured and oppressed ladies; and, surely, a fairer than Geneura is not to be found from one extremity of the globe to the other; nor, if common opinion may be relied on, a chaster.'

'And is it possible,' said Rinaldo after a little pause, 'that this fair princess is condemned to die!—But I am resolved to defy her accuser; and shall, I trust, be able to deliver her from the unjust and cruel punishment to which she has been doomed.'

The abbot and monks, overjoyed that they had procured a champion for their princess, bestowed a thousand praises on Rinaldo for his generous design; and he, full of impatience to begin the glorious enterprize, being furnished by his hosts with a guide, set out early the next morning for the Scottish court; leaving the good fathers charmed with his courage and gallantry, and offering up repeated prayers to Heaven for his success.

As they were pursuing their journey through bye-roads, for the greater expedition, a cry, as of some person in distress, roused all their attention. Instantly Rinaldo clapped spurs to his horse, and galloping towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, he came to a deep valley, surrounded with trees, through the branches of which he perceived a young maid struggling to free herself from the hands of two ruffians, who were attempting to murder her. Transported with rage at this sight, the generous Rinaldo flew to the relief of the distressed damsel: his appearance so terrified the intended murderers, that they left their prey, and fled with the utmost precipitation.

Mean-time the maid, recovered from her fright, thanked her deliverer with a transport of joy and gratitude, and was beginning to acquaint him with the story of her misfortunes, when he, who had not alighted, being eager to pursue his journey, commanded his guide to take her up behind him; and as they travelled, having at leisure observed her countenance and behaviour, he was so much struck with the beauty of the one, and the soft and gentle modesty of the other, that his curiosity was awakened, and he became solicitous to know by what means she had been brought into so cruel a situation.

His request being enforced with kind assurances of future protection, the damsel, with a low voice, and eyes cast down in a graceful confusion, began in this manner:

' Since you, my generous deliverer, have commanded me to relate my misfortunes, prepare to hear a tale more full of horror, an act of greater villainy and baseness, than Athens, Thebes, or Argos, ever knew. Ah! 'tis no wonder that our barren clime is cursed with a long winter's ceaseless rage. Phœbus disdains to shine upon a land where such inhuman crimes are perpetrated! deeds black as darkness, and fit to be covered with everlasting night! Unhappy as I am, I bore but too great a share in those I am going to relate.

' From my earliest youth, I was brought up in the palace with the daughter of our king, honoured with a near attendance on her person, and happy in the possession of her affection and esteem. Long might I have enjoyed this delightful situation; but love (ah! that ever so sweet a passion should prove the

' source of so much misery) love interrupted my tranquillity, subjected my whole soul, and gave me up to guilt, to shame, and unavailing penitence.

' The Duke of Alban was the object of my virgin wishes; my youth and person pleased him: skilled as he was in every deluding art, by which the false and the designing part of his sex betray the unexperienced of ours, is it any wonder that I was deceived? Fond of believing what I wished, and judging of his passion by my own, I yielded to his desires, and vainly hoped this sacrifice of my honour would secure to me for ever the possession of his heart.

' Our guilty commerce lasted some months, during which time I always received his visits in a summer apartment belonging to the princess my mistress, into which, as it was now the most rigid season of the year, she never entered; and being also in a part of the palace little frequented, and the windows opposite to some ruined houses, my lover could come thither unobserved; and, by the help of a silken cord which I let down to him, easily ascend the chamber.

' All sense of virtue being now subdued, and my whole soul sunk in a dear lethargick dream of pleasure, I never once suspected that, as my passion increased, that of my lover was decreasing. Ah! my too violent love favoured his deceit, or soon I might have perceived that he feigned much, and loved but little.

' At length, notwithstanding my prepossession, his coldness became visible; I sighed, I wept, I reproached. Alas! how unavailing are all endeavours to revive a decaying passion, satiated by possession, and constant only to inconsistency!

' Polynesso, so was my faithless lover named, languished in secret for the bright Geneura, my royal mistress. I know not if this passion commenced before my ruin was completed, or whether her more powerful charms were the cause of his infidelity; but certain it is, that relying on the fervent love I bore him, he made no scruple to confess his flame even to me, urging me by all the arguments his wicked mind could suggest, to move the heart of Geneura in his favour.

' Ah, my lord! judge if this cruel man was dear to me, ever solicitous to procure

procure his happiness, and soothed by his assurances that ambition was the prevailing motive of his address to the princess, in which, if he succeeded, he vowed to keep me still his, and that I should share with her his person and his heart, I consented to all he proposed; and following his instructions, took all opportunities of praising him to my mistress.

The Duke of Alban was the constant subject of my discourse; I extolled his valour, his generosity, his illustrious birth, the manly graces of his person, the mingled sweetness and dignity of his manners; the charming theme transported me out of myself. With eager pleasure I ran over all his virtues, dwelt with delight on every imputed charm; scarce could my tongue keep pace with the overflowings of my love-sick fancy, fond of the dear indulgence of talking in a personated character of him I loved.

But when, in compliance with his injunctions, I ventured to insinuate his passion for her, then only did I speak with coldness and restraint; slowly the unwilling words found way, checked by my rising sighs, and prefaced by my blushes. My emotions could not have been hid from an interested observation; but the princess was not only indifferent to Polynesso, but indulged a secret passion for the accomplished Ariodant.

This young knight, an Italian by birth, came with his brother to the court of Scotland, either in pursuit of glory, or to transact some secret business with the king. To the graces of his form, than which nature never made one more lovely, is added a mind fraught with whatever is most great and excellent in mankind; his valour never yet found an equal in our land; his is the prize at every tournament, his the foremost honours of the field: in peace the ornament of our court, in war the defender of our country.

The king, to whom he had endeared himself by a thousand services, loaded him with riches and honours, and gave him the first employments in the kingdom; the hill of Sicily burns not with fiercer fires, nor glows Vesuvius with more ardent flames, than those which the bright eyes of our princess kindled in the heart of Ariodant.

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I soon discovered that Geneura approved, encouraged, and returned his passion; and being, as you may easily imagine, not greatly concerned at this obstacle to the desires of my faithless duke, I acquainted him with all I knew, and from the apparent impossibility of his ever succeeding in his attempt, drew arguments to induce him to give it over.

Polynesso, naturally haughty and vindictive, could not bear with patience the thoughts of being rejected for a stranger, every way, as he conceived, his inferior; disdain, shame, rage, by turns, engrossed his soul, and banished thence every softer passion; his love for Geneura was now converted to the most obstinate hatred, and he resolved to accomplish her ruin by the blackest treason that ever was conceived in the heart of man.

His scheme of revenge concerted, in which I, alas! though ignorantly, was to act the chief part, he one day accosted me with an air more tender and affectionate than usual.

"My dear Dalinda," said he, "generous and kind as you have been to me, well may you think yourself injured by my inconstancy; but as trees, you know, when cropt by the pruner's hand, shoot out into fresh luxuriant branches, so on the root of my passion for Geneura, young buds of fondness rise, and all the ripening fruit is yours."

"Nor do I languish so much for the possession of Geneura's beauties, as I disdain to be thus rejected and contemned; and lest this grief should prey too forcibly on my heart, do thou, my fair, indulge my sick fancy with a kind deceit, and in the dress of that too haughty charmer receive me to thy arms."

"When the princess is retired to bed, put on her robes, adorn thee with her richest jewels, with her girdle bind thy swelling bosom, let her coronet glitter on thy beauteous brow, and beneath it let thy hair descend in graceful curls like her's; then, in her borrowed form, attend my coming at the well-known window; thus shall my pride be gratified, and my capricious fancy pleased."

Without reflecting on the insidious purpose of this request, I promised to comply with it; and, for many successive nights, received him in the

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habit

habit he prescribed. Having thus wrought me to his wish, his wicked arts were next played off on Ariodant.

Before the duke had any knowledge of his passion for the princess, he had lived in strict friendship with this young knight, and thence took occasion to reproach him with the breach of it, by presuming to address the princess.

"In you," said he, "I little expected a rival, as well on account of your attachment to me, as the improbability of your succeeding in your attempt; for you are not now to be told of the mutual passion that has long joined Geneura's heart and mine, nor that I intend soon to ask the king's consent to espouse her; why then do you fondly thrust yourself between me and my almost certain happiness? how differently should I act were I in your place!"

"Why this to me, my lord?" replied Ariodant, hastily: "'tis you who have betrayed our friendship; you have committed my rival, not I yours. I claim a prior right in fair Geneura, as having loved her first, and have been happy enough to inspire her with an equal flame; this you might have perceived, had you not been blinded by obstinacy; since then the laws of friendship demand one of us to yield, be yours the task, as having less right to persist, and less hope of succeeding than myself. In riches indeed you are my superior; but the king's favour is equally shared betwixt us, and in the heart of Geneura the advantage is wholly mine."

"What errors does not love occasion?" replied the duke; "each thinks himself the happy object of her wishes, and yet it is certain that only one is loved. Thus then let us decide the contest; he who can give the most certain proofs of her affection shall be left by the other in the free and undisturbed possession of it: but first let us bind ourselves by the most solemn oaths not to disclose each other's secrets."

To this Ariodant, with trembling impatience, agreed, and the artful duke went on in this manner—

"'Tis now almost five months since the beauteous Geneura rewarded my ardent love with the possession of her person; oft has the conscious queen of night lent me her shades to guide me

to my charmer, and seen me happy in her arms."

"'Tis false, by Heaven!" interrupted Ariodant, transported with rage; "not that cold queen, whose name thou hast profaned, is chaster than my Geneura. Traitor, with my good sword I will prove thou lyest; take notice I defy thee to mortal combat, and will with thy dearest blood wash away the slanders thou hast thrown upon my princess."

"Moderate your rage," said the calm villain, "I mean to give you proofs, convincing proofs, of what I have said; your own eyes shall be witnesses of the favours I enjoy."

The unhappy Ariodant, pale, trembling, and lost in speechless grief and horror at those fatal words, stood for some moments fixed in racking thought, like the sad statue of despair; then raising his eyes, overflowing with tears, to heaven, and passionately striking his groaning breast—"And can it be," he cried, "that my Geneura, that princess whom I loved, whom I adored with such pure reverence as mortals pay to deities, should become the prey of loose desires, and give her faithful Ariodant to death? Oh, 'tis impossible! though a god spoke it, I should say it were false."

"Incredulous man," said Polyneffo, "have I not offered to give thee proofs that cannot be denied? Thy eyes shall see the favours the bestows on me."

"I take you at your word," resumed Ariodant impatiently, "give me to behold her guilt, and I am satisfied."

"To-morrow night," said the duke, "I have an appointment with her; I will conduct you to a place from whence, unperceived, you yourself shall behold me ascend her chamber window, and judge by the reception she gives me, if I am happy in her favour."

To this the almost distracted Ariodant consented; and, at the appointed time, followed the duke to those ruined houses I mentioned before, and there stood concealed from view: being doubtful of Polyneffo's intentions, he had ordered his brother Loricario to arm and go with him, directing him to stay at a convenient distance, so as to be within call if any treachery was offered him, but not in sight of Geneura.



ra's window; for he would have no witness of her guilt but himself.

The duke, having placed Ariodant most conveniently for his purpose, advanced and gave the usual sign; unhappy as I am, I heard, and eagerly obeyed the welcome summons; adorned in Geneura's richest robes, and covered with the veil that princesses only wear, I appeared at the window, and threw the silken ladder over to my lover.

Lurcanio, either fearing for his brother's safety, or desirous of prying into his secrets, quitted his appointed station, and unperceived by him walked softly forward till he came within ten paces of Ariodant; and now my faithless duke was seen by both the brothers, (though known only to Ariodant) to ascend the ladder and gain the chamber window, at which I met him with a tender embrace, wandering over his lips and eyes with eager kisses.

This sight so enflamed the soul of Ariodant with rage and grief, that drawing out his sword, and fixing the pommel of it in the ground, he was going to rush with all his force upon the point, had he not been prevented by Lurcanio, who perceiving his rash design, sprang to him in an instant, and having thrown aside the fatal instrument of death, received his sinking brother in his arms.

"Ah, miserable brother!" said Lurcanio, "by what wild fury art thou possessed, to fall thus meanly for a woman? Now cursed, for ever cursed be all the kind; may they all perish in one wide ruin, blown as they are, like clouds, with every blast of wind: and this fair mischief that has betrayed thee, let us devise some glorious vengeance for her; let not thy noble life be sacrificed to her falsehood; her's is the crime, be her's the punishment; proclaim her guilt aloud, accuse her to the king; my eyes as well as thine have seen her infamy, and with my sword I will make good thy assertion."

Ariodant, whose soul was torn with various and conflicting passions, smiled gloomily at the mention of revenge; while he seemed to bury every thought of grief and of despair in that one hope of sacrificing the guilty princess to his wrongs; but, alas! the cureless wound remained behind; Geneura, base as she appeared, he loved with such unceasing fondness, that wholly

unable to endure her loss, and dreading no hell like that within his bosom, once more he resolved to die.

To Lurcanio, however, he dissimulated his design, and went home with him at his request; but early the next morning he departed, leaving no traces behind him from whence it might be conjectured to what place he was gone.

Lurcanio dreading the fatal effects of his despair, was pierced to his inmost soul at the news of his flight: the king and the whole court took part in his affliction; no methods were left untried to discover where he was; messengers were sent in search of him to the utmost extremities of the kingdom; but all returned without any success.

At length a peasant came to court, and at his request was introduced to the princess, who informed her, that as he was travelling to the city he met Ariodant; that this unhappy knight obliged him to follow him and be witness of a deed he was going to perform; that obeying his orders, they journeyed on together till they came to a steep rock that hung pendant over the sea, fronting the Irish island.

"Ariodant," said the peasant, "ascending this rock, commanded me to observe well what he did, to give you an account of it, and tell you his last words; which were—That he had seen too much. Then springing furiously from the top of the rock, he precipitated himself into the sea. Terrified at the dreadful sight, I hastily turned back, and travelled hither to bring you the fatal news."

Geneura, overwhelmed with grief and amazement for the death of her lover, and the strange message he had sent her, abandoned herself to the most violent excesses of despair; she beat her beautiful bosom, tore her hair, and in the wildness of her woe a thousand times invoked the dear loved name of Ariodant, repeated the mysterious words he uttered, and as often called on death to end her.

The news of his death, with the sad manner of it, spread grief and consternation throughout the whole city; even the remotest parts of Scotland felt and lamented the loss of their valiant defender; the king and the whole court bewailed his death with the sincerest sorrow: but Lurcanio, superior in grief, as more nearly interested in the dear

deceased, mourned his unhappy brother with all the tenderness of fraternal love, and all the warmth of friendship.

Revolving in his mind the fatal adventure of the window, which had been the cause of his brother's distraction, the desire and hope of revenge afforded some relief to the poignancy of his woe; and, obstinately bent to sacrifice the princefs to the maues of Ariodant, he presented himself before the king and council, and accused her of incontinence, relating all that Ariodant and he had seen, and the fatal effects it had upon him: he then reminded the king of the Scottish laws against uncharity, and loudly demanded justice on the princefs.

Horror and amazement seized the soul of the unhappy father! Geneura, though dearer to him than life, though innocent in his opinion, he has not power to screen from the danger that threatens her; the laws indeed permit the accused to have a champion to fight in her defence; by whom, if the prosecutor (who is obliged to maintain by force of arms the truth of his assertion) is worsted, she is declared guiltless of the crimes laid to her charge.

To this only remedy the king has recourse, and causes it to be proclaimed throughout his dominions, that if any knight of noble birth will undertake the defence of his daughter, and by force of arms shall vanquish her accuser, on him he will bestow the princefs, with a dower suitable to her quality.

Notwithstanding this proclamation, no knight has yet offered himself for the enterprize, deterred therefrom by the known valour of Lurcanio. The king, no less anxious for Geneura's reputation than her life, caused all her maids to be brought to a trial, who with one voice declared they never were privy to any intrigue of their royal mistress.

Alarmed at these proceedings, and dreading the consequence of a further scrutiny, I urged the duke to take some measures for our common security: he, with dissimbled kindness, praised my secrecy and affection, and sent two men to conduct me to a castle of his at a great distance from the court.

Wholly relying on his faith, I put myself under the protection of those

two villains, whom the duke, desirous of removing for ever the only person who could discover his guilt, ordered, when they came to a convenient place, to murder me: happily for me, chance conducted you that way; you delivered me from my impending fate; and while it shall please Heaven to preserve my unhappy life, it shall be spent in grateful acknowledgments to my protector.

This account of Geneura's innocence was extremely welcome to Rinaldo; for though, confiding in his own courage he was not without hopes of delivering her, guilty as she appeared; yet the certainty he was going to fight in a just cause, animated him with double fires, and gave him almost a confirmation of victory.

Now clapping spurs to his horse, he rode on with such eager haste, that the noble town of St. Andrew's soon appeared in view. There the combat was to be performed; the guards had already surrounded the lists, the challenger's trumpet had sounded, and the unhappy king, pale, trembling, and full of eager anxiety, listened with a beating heart, and fear-checked wishes, for an accepting answer.

Mean time Rinaldo, having left the frightened Dalinda at an inn, with repeated assurances of gaining her pardon, in case he vanquished the princefs's accuser, advanced towards the city-gate: here he was met by a young page, who informed him that an unknown knight, clad all in sable armour, was arrived; that he had demanded the combat with Lurcanio, and declared he would die, or free the princefs from her ignominious sentence.

Rinaldo, impatient to unfold the mystery, thundered at the city-gates, which being opened, he rode eagerly to the lists; there beholding the combatants engaged, he forced his way through the press, and crying aloud that they should cease the fight, demanded an instant audience of the king.

The marshals of the field thereupon parted the two champions, and Rinaldo was immediately conducted to the king; to whom he related the whole story of Polynesso's treachery, as he had received it from Dalinda; adding, that he would prove the truth of it by force of arms, and begged that he might be allowed to defy the traitor duke to single combat.

The noble form of Rinaldo, but chiefly the pleasing purport of his speech, gained him

him absolute credit with the king. Scarce could the raptured parent restrain the wild exultings of his joy at this confirmation of his Geneura's innocence; dearer than life or empire was she loved by him, and freely would he have sacrificed both to save her honour: he hesitated therefore not a moment in permitting the requested combat, but ordered Duke Polynesso to be called.

He, by his office of high constable, having the ordering of the combat, was riding proudly about the field, exulting in his successful treason, and anticipating, in his own mind, the ruin of the fair and injured Geneura. Ignorant though he was of the design of this summons, yet toward guilt suggesting the worst he had to fear, with a disordered air, and eyes expressive of the various apprehensions that struck his conscious soul, he met the reproachful look of his king, and the fierce glance of Rinaldo.

That noble warrior repeating in a few words the treasons he had been guilty of, challenged him to the field: Polynesso denied the accusation; but accepting the proffered combat, because he could not avoid it, retired to arm himself; while Rinaldo, fraught with the pious prayers and blessings of the king, entered the lists, and ordered his trumpet to sound.

At the third blast the duke appeared; pale terror and dismay were pictured in his face, his fainting heart throbbed with the conscious pangs of guilt, and horrors of impending fate: confused, distracted, not knowing what he did, he darted forward at the signal given to begin the fight; but his weak lance, ill-guided by his trembling hand, fell harmless to the ground.

Not so the great Rinaldo; he, with calm courage, and brave, yet unassuming confidence, meditated the wound, and rising all collected to the blow, threw his famed lance with such unerring skill and force, that it pierced quite through the armour of Polynesso, and hid its fatal point within his side.

The traitor fell, Rinaldo eagerly dismounted, and approaching him, unlaced his helmet. With a faint low voice he called for mercy, and thinking to deserve it, confessed unasked the wrong he had been guilty of to Geneura; then, as if life had been only lent him till he had cleared her innocence, scarce had he uttered another prayer for mercy, but death

suppressed the coward supplication, and he lay a breathless corpse at the feet of Rinaldo.

The people, transported with joy that their princess was not only delivered from death, but restored to her former sanctity of character, made the air resound with their acclamations.

Rinaldo being conducted to the king, untied the beaver of his helmet, and was immediately known to be that famous knight of Italy, whose noble exploits were noised over all the habitable world.

The king embraced him in a rapture of joy and gratitude; the nobles crowded round the deliverer of their princess, loaded him with blessings, and strove to exceed each other in praises of his invincible valour.

These congratulations over, all eyes were turned upon the unknown knight in black armour, who had so generously undertaken the defence of Geneura against her accuser Lurcario: pensive he stood during the fight between Polynesso and Rinaldo; his eyes fixed upon the combatants, with eager attention he had listened to the dying words of the treacherous duke; and while the multitude in loud shouts expressed their joy, and the king and court were paying honours to the glorious victor, he stood apart from the throng, absorbed in thought, and wholly insensible of the tumult around him.

The king caused him to be conducted to his presence, and acknowledging himself greatly obliged to his generous intention, pressed him to let him know in what manner he could repay the obligation.

The knight made no answer, but bowing low, and throwing off his helmet, the king and court, with the utmost astonishment, beheld the lovely face of Ariodant! Wonder and joy kept them all silent for a while; at length the king recovering from his surprize, clasped the young warrior to his breast with a tender embrace—

'Is it possible,' said he, in a tone of voice expressive of the strongest transport, 'that I behold again my Ariodant, the gallant defender of my dominions, and the brave champion for my daughter's honour; him whom I lamented as dead, whom my whole kingdom mourned for? Tell me by what strange yet happy chance I now behold

' behold thee living, whose death was so confidently affirmed, and so universally believed.'

Ariodant knowing the king was acquainted with the whole story of his love, replied without reserve—

' The peasant, my lord, whom I detained to be a witness of the sad effects of my despair, and to bring the news of it to the princess, informed her truly that I cast myself from the rock into the sea; but that natural repugnance we have all to death, when near, however we may despise it's terrors at a distance, impelled me, involuntarily, to use measures to preserve a life which a moment before I had been so desirous of losing.

' As soon as I rose again upon the surface of the waves, I applied myself to swimming, at which I was very expert, and soon reached the neighbouring shore, faint, weary, and almost breathless. I threw myself down amidst the rushes, and was found in this condition by an ancient hermit, whose cell was at a small distance.

' Thither he conducted me, and in a few days his charitable cares restored me to my strength: but, alas! my mind was tortured still with various passions; love, hate, despair, and eager thirst of vengeance, by turns possessed me; in vain I sought to banish the idea of Geneura from my soul, it still returned with double force; nor could her infidelity, of which, mistaken wretch that I was, I thought I had such convincing proofs, weaken the power of her resistless charms.

' Thus languishing, with a cureless wound, I heard the news of her accusation by my brother, and the danger to which her life and honour were exposed: at that moment, forgetting the injuries I had suffered, insensible to all the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and only solicitous for her safety, I determined to fight with my brother in her defence, pleasing myself with

' the thought, that if I did not free her, I should at least have the satisfaction of dying in her cause, and thereby proving how much superior to Polynesso was my love, who though favoured as he was by her, wanted courage to defend her.

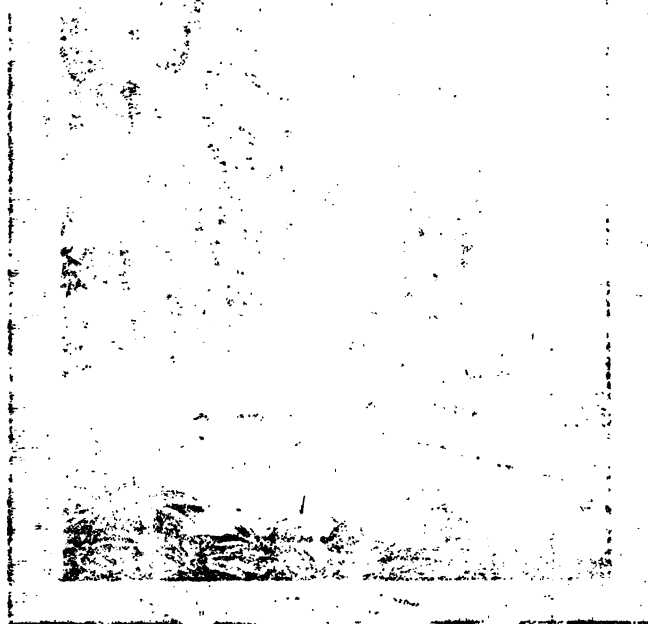
' Having provided myself with armour that might effectually conceal me, I came hither full of fury against my brother, whom I could not but consider as my worst enemy, since he was the accuser of the still adored Geneura.

' The arrival of the brave Rinaldo happily prevented the continuance of a combat, which must have ended in the death of one brother, and eternal remorse to the other.

' With joy I behold the princess delivered from the ignominious death with which she was threatened; but oh! with far more rapture do I congratulate your majesty on this discovery of her innocence—Happy Rinaldo, to be at once the defender of her life, and restorer of her honour! As for me, I sought only to preserve her from death; and if that was denied me, to have the satisfaction, at least, of dying in her defence, by the hand of a friend and brother.'

The king, who loved him before for his virtues, was so charmed with this generous proof of his passion for his daughter, that he easily yielded to the solicitations of Rinaldo and the noblemen of his court, to bestow the princess on so faithful a lover; and endowing her with the duchy of Albania, which, on Polynesso's decease, reverted to the crown, he gave her hand to Ariodant in the presence of the whole court, and the nuptials were soon after celebrated with the utmost magnificence.

'Rinaldo having obtained Dalinda's pardon, who retired into a monastery, took leave of the king and happy lovers, and pursued his voyage to England.



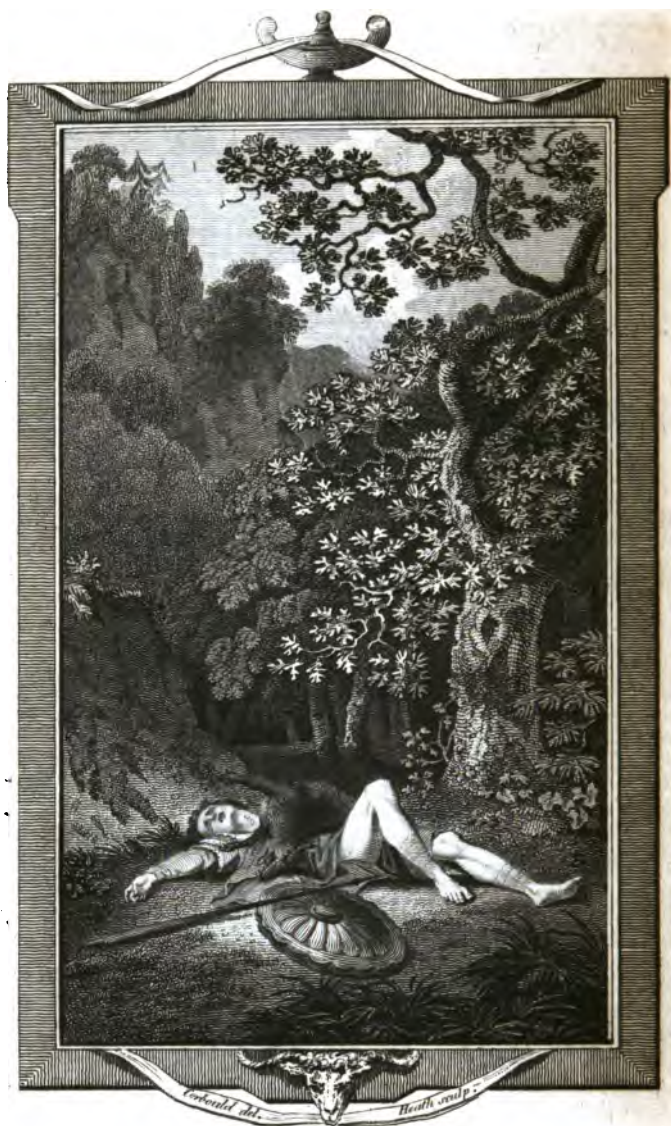


## ETHELGAR.

Plate IV.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 1716.





**ETHELGAR.**

Plate IV.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Aug. 1786.



# SAXON STORIES.

BY MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

## I.

### ETHELGAR.

**T**IS not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood, whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars, terrible as the voice of the Severn, moving majestick as the nodding forests on the brow of Michel-stow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning? Know, O man! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some are blessings; and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul; look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee, thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks, bright as the star of the evening, tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain, soft as the showers of dew that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of Exanceastre\*. Noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Kenrick. His soul, with the lark, every morning ascended the skies, and sported in the clouds. When, stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain; closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray. He sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions, the stars danced

to his song. The rolling years, in various mantles drest, confess him man. He saw Egwina of the Vale; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenrick. She was tall, as the towering elm; stately, as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair, as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle, and sweet, as the morning breeze; beauteous, as the sun; blushing, like the vines of the west: her soul, as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar; her soft soul melted, as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them: the minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Ælgar saw the light. He was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud: he felt the strength of his fire; and, swift as the lightnings of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew: Ælgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, foraged young Ælgar through the wood; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars. He roared, like the voice of a tempest: hunger made him furious; and he fled, like a falling meteor, to the war. Like a thunderbolt tearing a black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters; and, seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed!—The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and Egwina wept—they wept like the rains of the spring: sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death; but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun rose to the highest of his power; the apple perfumed the gale;

\* Exeter.

and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds, veiled the face of the sun: the winds roared like the noise of a battle; the swift hail descended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark-brown corners of the sky; the thunder shook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade; the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face. The shades of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock: the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Mairdip. The waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the sable sand; wild as the evening

wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead; horror sat upon his brow. Like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill; like a tall oak, breaking from the roaring wind. St. Cuthbert appeared in the air. The black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangling meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal: as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beach, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning folding up the black mantle of the night.—'Know, O man!' said the member of the blessed, 'to submit to the will of God! He is terrible, as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle, as the sacred covering of the oak; secret, as the bottom of the great deep; just, as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty; for God is as just as he is great.' The holy vision disappeared, as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin: there he flourishes; as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

## II.

### KENRICK.

WHEN Winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky—Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in sable, and the blasting winds howl

over the wide plain; his shield like the black rock; prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering, like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible, as the red lightning bursting from the dark-brown clouds. His swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames. He followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaring for prey.

Centwin of the Vale arose; he seized the maffy spear. Terrible was his voice, great was his strength; he hurled the rocks into the

the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race, as the minutes of impatience: his spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

‘Awake, O Eldolph! thou that sleepest on the white mountain, with the fairest of women. No more pursue the dark-brown wolf. Arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters. Let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle! Let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror!’

‘Egward, keeper of the barks, arise! like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.’

‘Ye Saxons, who live in the air, and glide over the stars, act like yourselves!’

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelled with rain, the Saxons moved along. Like a blazing star, the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons. Tenyan bled at his feet: like the red lightning of heaven, he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward sported in blood; armies melted at his stroke. Eldolph was a flaming va-

pour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore; but fell, like a rock, before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin smoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle: like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The Britons fled; like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

‘Ye virgins! arise, and welcome back the pursuers. Deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war! The clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.’

‘Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.’

‘Costan of the Lake, arise! take thy harp from the willow; sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.’

‘Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.’

### III.

## CERDICK.

THE rose-crowned dawn dances on the top of the lofty hill. ‘Arise, O Cerdick, from thy mossy bed; for the noise of the chariots is heard in the vallies.’

‘Ye Saxons, draw the sword; prepare the flying dart of death: swift as the glancing fight, meet the foe upon the brow of the hill, and cast the warriors headlong into the roaring stream.’

The swords of the Saxons appear on the high rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams of the morning sun.

The Britons begin to ascend the ragged fragments of the shrinking rock: thick as the hail in the howling storm, driven down the mountain’s side, the son of the tempest, the chariot and the horse roll in confusion to the blood-stained vale.

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‘Sons of war, descend! Let the river be swelled with the smothering streams of life, and the mountain of the slain ascend to the stars.’

They fall beneath the spear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert scatters the never-erring shaft of death. Ælle is a tempest; a cloud bursting in blood, a winter’s wind blasting the soul: his knees are encircled with life-warm gore, his white robe is like the morning sky. Ceaulin’s spear is exalted like the star of the evening; his fallen enemies rise in hills around him.

The actions of Cerdick astonish the soul: the foe is melted from the field, and the gods have lost their sacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his spear, he sings the praises of the gods. Let the image be

P

filled

filled with the bodies of the dead; for the foe is swept away like the purple bloom of the grape, no more to be seen. The sacred flames ascend the clouds, the warriors dance around it: the evening slowly throws her dusky vail over the face of the sun.

Cerdick arose in his tent.

'Ye sons of war, who shake the silver javelin and the pointed shield, arise from the soft slumbers of the night, assemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.'

From the dark-brown spring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war arose.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the silver stream, the mighty Cerdick stood among the warriors. Attention seals up their lips.

'Why will ye sleep, ye Saxons, whilst the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads! Let us gird on the reeking sword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceastre. Strong, as the foundation of the earth; swift, as the impetuous stream; deadly, as the corrupted air; sudden, as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the sea; armed in the red lightnings of the storm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the sword and shield, and follow the descendant of Woden!'

As when the fable clouds incessantly descend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is loosened, and the forest gently slides to the valley; such was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceastre. Their spears appeared like the stars of the black night, their spreading shields like the evening sky.

'Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the distant mountain! On the spreading top a company is seen; they are like the locusts of the East, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind. They come down the hills like the stones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death sports in their shadows. They are children of Woden. See! the god of battle fans the air; the red sword waves in their banner. Ye sons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be feasted with the chaplets of victory.'

'It is Kenrick! I see the lightning on

his shield. His eyes are two stars; his arm is the arrow of death. He drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the summer sun drink the softly stealing brook. He moves like the moon attended by the stars. His blood-stained robe flies round him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the sinking sun.'

'See! the chaplet hangs on his helm: shade him, O ye sons of war, with the pointed shield!'

Kenrick approaches; the shields of the brave hang over his head. He speaks; attention dances on the ear.

'Son of Woden, receive a conquering son! The bodies of the slain rise in mountains; the ashes of the towns choke up the river; the roaring stream of Severn is filled with the slaughtered sons of thunder: the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks; the mighty men, like the sacrifice of yesterday, will be seen no more. The briars shall hide the plain; the grass dwell in the desolate habitation; the wolf shall sleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods: the sheep shall wander without a shepherd, and the goats be scattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the swelling flood. The enemies are swept away; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace arises from the solitary grove.'

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. 'By the powers that send the tempest, the red lightning, and roaring thunder; by the God of war, whose delight is in blood, and who preys upon the souls of the brave; by the powers of the great deep; I swear, that Kenrick shall sit upon my throne! guide the sanguine spear of war, and the glittering sceptre of peace!'

Cerdick girds his son with the sword of royalty. The warriors dance around him; the clanging shields echo to the distant vales; the fires ascend the skies: the town of Doranceastre increases the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives. The cries of the burning foe are drowned in the songs of joy: the ashes of the image are scattered in the air; the bones of the foe are broken to dust.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the strength of Kenrick.

## IV.

## GORTHMUND.

THE loud winds whistled through the sacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the spirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice swelled upon every blast, and the shrill shriek of the fair Locabara shot through the midnight-sky.

Gorthmund slept on his couch of purple. The blood of the slain was still on his cruel hand: his helmet was stained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His soul shuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara. He shook, like the trembling reed, when the loud tempest rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks. Pale was his face as the eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bramble. He started from his couch. His black locks stood upright on his head, like the spears which stand round the tent of the warriors, when the silver moon spangles on the tranquil lake.

'Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba? it was not by my hand that the sword drank thy blood. Who saw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the forest was far away. Cease, cease thy shrieks! I cannot bear them. On thy own sword thou hadst thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me! Witnes Hel\*, I knew not Locabara; I forced her not to my embraces! No, I slew her not; she fell by the mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O soul of Hubba!'

Exmundbert, who bore the silver shield of Gorthmund†, flew from his

downy couch, swift as the rumour of a coming host. He struck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror.

'Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the silver shield; call up the sons of battle, who sleep on the mossy banks of Frome. But stay, 'tis all a vision: 'tis over, and gone, as the image of Woden, in the evening of a summer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will sleep again.'

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and slept again.

Loud as the noise of a broken rock breaking down the caverns of Seoggs-waldscyre‡, was the voice of Hubba heard: sharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior, when the red rays of the morning rise breaking from the east, and the soul of the sick is flying away with the darkness, was the shriek of Locabara.

Rise from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening! When the sun shines in the glory of the day; when the labouring swain dances in the woodland shade; when the sparkling stars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment sleeps under the rustic roof; thou shalt have no rest. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee shall the wormwood shed its seed on the blossoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Rise, Gorthmund, rise! the Saxons are burning thy tents: rise! for the Mercians are assembled together; and thy armies will be slain by the sword, or burnt in the image of

\* *Hel*, or *Hel*, was the idol of the Danes; not, as some authors falsely assert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations had his symbol or type, under which he was worshipped. The type of *Hel* was a black raven: hence the Danish standard was a raven. The symbol of Woden was a dragon; which was the standard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Wessex.

† The office of shield-bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three shield-bearers; one to bear the shield, painted or engraved with the symbol of the god, and the others were employed to sound the shields of alarm.

‡ Seoggs-waldscyre, from Seggeiwald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was slain in an insurrection of his subjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time; and is, among numerous others, a proof that the division of England into shires was not introduced by that glorious monarch.

'Tewisk\*. The god of victory shall be  
'red with thy blood, and they shall shout  
'at the sacrifice. Rise, Gorthmund!  
'thy eyes shall be closed in peace no  
'more.'

The king of the swift warriors started  
from his couch; he shook like an oak  
through which the lightnings have cut  
their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the  
lights on the Saxons barks, in the tem-  
pest of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief: he struck  
the silver shield. Sueno of the dark lake,  
and the black haired Lecolwin, caught  
the lance and the shield, and preit into  
the royal tent.

'Warriors, strike the shields of alarm;  
'the Mercians are assembled together,  
'the Saxons are burning our tents. Give  
'the cry of war, and issue to the battle:  
'come upon them by the side of the thick  
'wood, near the city of Reggacester†.  
'Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a  
'worshipper of false gods, who with-  
'holds his sword from blood.' The silver  
shield resounded to the wood of Sel, and  
the great island‡ trembled at the cla-  
morous noise.

Delward of the strong arm, and Ax-  
bred of the forest of wolves, led the war-  
riors to the thick wood. But quiet was  
the forest as the tranquil lake, when the  
winds sleep on the tops of the lofty trees:  
the inhabitants of Reggacester slept in  
the strength of their walls. The leaders  
returned.

'There is no enemy near, O king:  
'still as the habitation of the dead, are  
'the kingdoms around us; they have  
'felt the strength of thy arm, and will  
'no more rise up to oppose us. As the  
'grass falls by the hand of the mower,  
'so shall they fall before us, and be no  
'more. The banner Reafan shall be ex-

alted, and the seven gods of the Saxons  
'be trampled in the dust. Let the ar-  
'mies of the north rejoice; let them sa-  
'crifice to the gods of war, and bring  
'out the prisoners for the feast of blood§.

The warriors threw down the lance, and  
the shield, and the axe of battle: the plates  
of brass dropped from their shoulders,  
and they danced to the sound of the  
instruments of sacrifice||. Confused, as the  
cry of the fleet dogs, when the white bear  
is pursued over the mountains of the  
north: confused, as the resolutions of ter-  
ror, was the noise of the warriors. They  
danced till the mantle of midnight as-  
cended from the earth.

The morning shook the dew from her  
crown of roses, on the yellow locks of the  
dancers; and the gleams of light shot  
through the dark grey sky, like the reck-  
ing blood over the shield of steel. 'See,  
'warriors, a dark cloud sits on the moun-  
'tain's brow; it will be a tempest at noon,  
'and the heavy rains will fall upon us.  
'Yes, ye Danes¶, it will be a tempest,  
'but a tempest of war: it will rain, but  
'in showers of blood. For the dark  
'cloud is the army of Segowald\*\*; he  
'leads the flower of the warriors of Mer-  
cia; and on his right-hand is the mighty  
'son of battle, the great Siegebert, who  
'leads the warriors of Wessex.'

The dance was ended; and the cap-  
tives of sacrifice bound to the sacred tree:  
they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood,  
was the alarm given: and the silver shield  
rouzed the sun from behind the black  
clouds. The archers of the sacrifice drop-  
ped the bow, and caught the lance and  
the shield. Confusion spread from watch-  
tower to watch-tower, and the clamour  
rung to the distant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar,

\* The pagan Saxons had a most inhuman custom of burning their captives alive in a wicker  
image of their god Tewisk. Whilst this horrid sacrifice was performing, they shouted and  
danced round the flames.

† Rowcester, in Derbyshire, a place of great antiquity.

‡ In the original, *Muchilny*. As there were several islands of this name, the particular  
one here mentioned is Aubions.

§ The Danes, not to be behind-hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had also their  
bloody sacrifices. Their captives were bound to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

|| The word in the original is *Regabibol*, an instrument of music, used at sacrifices. *Ribible*,  
among the Anglo-Saxons, was an instrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the  
fingers.

¶ In the original, *Tanmen*, which signifies either Danes or northern men.

\*\* A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa; and a noblesman, named Sie-  
bert, was of great account in the court of Brightick, King of Essex!

but he raged in vain: his whole army was disordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right-hand: and the great Siebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempest of winter; but the Mercians stand firm as the grove of oaks on the plains of Ambroulburgh\*: great is the strength of the swift warriors of the north; but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Siebert, have encircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are pressed on all sides; they fly like the leaves in autumn before the strong wind.

Gorthmund scorns to fly. He is descended from the son of battle, L'achollan; whose sword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the sun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkness descended upon the earth at noon-day. He bears upon his arm the shield of Lofgar, the keeper of the castle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the lances of the foe flew about him numerous as the winged ants in summer; Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the shield of Penda: and should Gorthmund fly!

Gorthmund, whose sword was his law, who held justice in his banner?

Segowald sought Gorthmund: he found him singly encountering an army.

'Turn to me, son of Lofgar! I am Segowald of the Lake; hast thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengiut panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheered them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund; I am worthy thy strength.'

The son of Lofgar rushed to the son of Aldervold: they fought like the children of destruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the shades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: 'Thou art fallen, thou son of injustice; thou art fallen! Thy shield is degraded in the dust; and thy banner will be honoured no more! Thy swift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving sheep before the wolf! Think, Gorthmund, think on Hubba, the son of Crime-walch of the green hill: think on Locabara, whom thy sword sent to the regions of death. Remember thy injustice, and die.'

## THE GENEROUS COUNTRY GIRL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LOVE often becomes a serious affair when it is only meant to be an amusement. The Marquis de Clerville, who was young, lovely, and formed to please, had refused twenty matches, every one of which was more considerable than the other; but his taste for liberty had been a bar in the way of his settlement. However, a plain country girl disconcerted the plan of independence which he had sketched out to himself, and he is soon going to give his hand to his own farmer's daughter. De Clerville, such as we have just now described him, bought a very pretty estate that lay contiguous to another of his own. He was induced to make this purchase through the soli-

citations of one of his farmers, whose name was Boissart, a downright honest man.

The Marquis soon perceived within himself a strong desire of improving this land; and, though he had no thoughts of residing there, yet he was very eager to set labourers upon it; for man must have some object of employment, and this estate served Clerville instead of a better. One day, as he happened to be at Boissart's, he saw there a young woman extremely pretty, which made him very earnest in enquiring who she was; the farmer told him she was his daughter, whom he had at a convent for her education. As this is not an usual thing

\* Ambresbury, in Wiltshire; where Alfritha, wife to King Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her son-in-law, Edward. In this place, Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun.

among country people, Clerville asked him why he did not keep her at home, that she might be assisting to her mother.

'The reason,' answered Boissart, 'for it is, because I have no other intention than to procure her happiness. I could wish that Angelica would resolve to take the religious vows upon her. Think not,' added he, 'that this is with any view of sacrificing her to the interest of my son; they are both equally dear to me. I would, however, freely consent to bestow half of what little I have in the world to see her take that resolution; and it is purely for her good that I have conceived any such wish: for, in short, what settlement for life can I procure her? none where she can find so much happiness as in a cloister; and, I may add, too, none that is more worthy of herself. Yes,' continued the honest farmer, 'I may speak in this manner too: and whoever shall be acquainted with her, cannot imagine that I am guided by a blind fondness in the opinion I have conceived of her.'

'She does not, then, give into the same opinion with you,' answered the Marquis, 'and a cloister is not to her taste.'—'Yes, yes,' returned her father, 'it is so; she cannot resolve to take the religious veil: not that she has a mind to marry, for she is as well convinced as I am, that I cannot procure her, in that state, the happiness she deserves. She has a heart exalted above her condition; and, without entertaining any contemptible notions of her equals, she does not find herself formed to live among them, nor to employ herself wholly in such occupations as the narrowness of her fortune will oblige her to take up with.'

'Moreover, she is afraid to engage herself in a state from which death alone can deliver her; and I, for my own part, fear every thing, should I happen to die before she has made choice of a settlement. She is a girl of understanding, it is true; but what assurance can one conceive of a young woman that is left to her own conduct? for, should her heart speak to her in behalf of any body, to what hazards must she then be exposed?'

As he ended these words his daughter came in, upon whom the Marquis could not forbear looking with admiration. He asked her a few questions; she gave

him modest answers to them, but with all the sprightliness imaginable. He then returned to his country-seat: thither the idea of Angelica followed him; and, from that day forward, he was very often at the farmer's. Here he saw this charming creature, and tried every way he could to make her read in his eyes that the pleasure of seeing her was the motive that drew him thither.

After some interval, he one day found her at home by herself, when she offered to go and look for her father.—'No, no,' says Clerville to her, 'I'll wait for him; and whilst I am with you,' continued he, 'I shall not perceive that he stays long.' Angelica gracefully returned the Marquis's politeness. He then asked her if she should tarry any time with her father; to which she made answer—that in a few days she proposed to return to the convent.

'What, so soon?' replied Clerville, 'will you voluntarily shut yourself up? would you not rather chuse to stay here?'—'If I had any great mind to that,' returned she, 'my father has friendship enough for me not to oppose it; but I have been brought up from my tenderest years in the convent, where are a thousand charms calculated for me: the habit of living there, and the tranquillity I there enjoy, serve me as great amusements.'—'That is wisely spoken,' returned Clerville to her; 'but tell me, now, frankly, does your liking to a retired life proceed from your natural inclination, or from something adventitious that determines your reason? Suppose you were to find yourself in a more brilliant situation, would you still retain that inclination?'—'I do not know that,' says she; 'but I will own to you, that the liking which I have for a reclusé life is no more than a comparative liking: I love it better than the life I lead here; but, were it in my power to lead any other, perhaps the scale would not incline to the side of the cloister.'

'It were a great loss that such a lovely creature as you are should shut herself up all the rest of her life. Fair Angelica,' continued the Marquis, 'you affect as if you did not understand me, though you might for some time past have read in my eyes what passes in my heart. Know, then, that I adore you, sweet angel! Fortune has put it in my power to repair the injury she has done you, and



‘and it is only from this moment that I know the value of those blessings which she has bestowed upon me. My love can perform every thing for you; will you refuse to do something in return to it?’ Upon uttering these words, the Marquis would have embraced her, but she turned him away with an air of disdain.

‘I am,’ says she, ‘a very unhappy creature, that my poverty should expose me to such kind of language: it does not become a man of honour to demean himself so as to insult me with a state which I never before found so miserable as at this very moment.’ Here tears flowed into her eyes. Clerville, at this time, imagined that her virtue, after being alarmed by an attack which it had never before undergone, would soon languish and give way in the arms of an importunate lover: he therefore gave her fresh assurances that he adored her; and, thinking to persuade her, not so much by the rhetoric of his words as gestures, he had a mind to push matters a little farther.

‘One makes,’ says Angelica, seizing upon a knife that she saw lie upon a table, ‘what defence one can against an assassin; and the man that would rob me of my honour I look upon as such.’

Upon this the Marquis withdrew. ‘Come not near me,’ continued she, ‘or I shall let you know the injustice you do me in suspecting me capable of baseness.’

Clerville, astonished at a steady firmness which he did not expect, changed his battery immediately. ‘Good-lack-a-day!’ says he to her, ‘if it be criminal to love you, if my passion makes you outrageous, revenge yourself: I find that I cannot but be still culpable; I will always love you.’

‘Your friendship,’ answered Angelica, ‘does me honour, and it shall be my endeavour to merit your esteem; my heart is noble, if my extraction be not so: want of birth is not at all incompatible with honour, and should not draw upon me the disrespect you plainly meant me.’

At each word the Marquis’s surprize rose higher and higher; now esteem, respect, and love, took place of those sentiments which had at first set him on work.

‘You form a very wrong judgment,’ says he to her, ‘of my way of thinking;

‘the most violent love has been the cause of my crime, for I look upon myself as guilty in that I could even have disoblige you.’ ‘I have,’ continued he, ‘the most sincere esteem for you; but is not your heart capable of some measure of sensibility?’

‘It would perhaps,’ answered Angelica, ‘have been so weak as to have had too much of it for any one who had given me less provocation; and you have done me some service, by letting me know your way of thinking.’

Clerville could make her no answer: he perceived Boissart come in again; whereupon he endeavoured to conceal the confusion he was in; and he put off, till next day, any further conversation on this subject.

The first sentiments with which Angelica had inspired the Marquis were not very delicate; the heart had but a very little share therein, and it was just no more than the liking which draws us towards an object we find amiable that had thus far actuated him. He wanted some employment, and he imagined he should find an amusement to fill up the vacant hours of so long a stay in the country; and, being naturally of an indolent disposition, he had looked on this as a charming intrigue, in which he reckoned money would defray all the charges, save him from a thousand little anxieties, and deliver him from that resistance which the sex usually make as the prelude to the favours they grant.

But his sentiments were now quite changed; the esteem which he conceived for the farmer’s young daughter had quite refined them, the heart spoke—‘What spirit, what greatness of soul, and what virtue,’ said he to himself, ‘is there in returning to her! She is not insensible, and I may hope to be able to communicate my sentiments to her: this I am assured of by the last words she spoke, and more still by that lovely frankness of her’s—“You have done me some service, in letting me know your way of thinking.” Is not this telling me that her heart is for me?’

He was possessed with this sweet reverie a long while; and he represented to himself his own happiness, sometimes as an object near at hand, and at other times as afar off, but always as a thing incontestible. He imagined that a woman whose heart is affected for any person, does not hold out long against him, if

he knows how to improve his advantages.

The night passed, and the Marquis was preparing to return to Angelica, when he received a letter from her father, acquainting him, that his daughter having earnestly importuned him to reconduct her to the convent, he could not refuse her that favour, and begged to be excused; but as soon as he returned, he would be sure to wait on him to receive his commands.

What news must this be to a man who believed himself already happy! 'Can I,' said he to himself, 'see this lovely object? Will permission be granted me for that purpose?' Thus he passed a very cruel, uneasy day: when, towards evening, the father arrives; and, by the manner in which he talked of his daughter, the Marquis was confirmed in the fears he was under, that she had complained to her father.

The Marquis was eight days before he durst venture to go near the convent, but at length he took horse and arrived there; he called for Angelica in her father's name, who soon appeared in the parlour, into which he had been introduced just before. She shewed great surprize at the sight of Clerville, and was even upon the point of withdrawing out of the room.

He read her intention in her eyes. 'Pray, Madam,' said he to her, 'be so good as to stay, nor fly from a lover who had no need of your putting up any bars to keep him within the bounds of that respect which is due to you from him. If I could be so unhappy as to disoblige you, I am come to offer you a penitent criminal, and to submit to whatever penalty you shall be pleased to inflict. He will reckon himself happy, if you will but permit him to see you sometimes, which is the only recompence that the most tender passion demands: will you refuse me this?'

'I don't know as to that,' answered she; 'and, considering in what manner you have treated me, I cannot refer it to you what I ought to do; otherwise I would have put it to yourself, whether the noise your visits must be very likely to make, might not prove injurious to my reputation.'

'I would have followed your advice some time ago; but what appearance is there I should trust to it after —'

—'Yes, yes, fair Angelica,' returned Clerville briskly, 'you may, very safely;

'your sentiments are too respectable, but that I must answer the confidence you repose in me as I ought. I shall see you, then, as seldom as possible in publick; yet how dear will this reserve cost me! But what is it that I should scruple to do, in order to save a reputation, upon which depends all my happiness; and will you still persist inflexible to my love?'

'Take,' says she to him, 'thorough cognizance of me, and see yourself what you may expect by that which I have been already capable of doing, and by what I am going to declare to you.'

'From the first moment I saw you, I cannot tell what has passed within my breast. I have always wished to see you again, and felt uneasiness in your absence. In short,' added she, 'with a blush, my heart has spoken a language to me in your behalf, to which I was quite a stranger before I knew you.'

The Marquis, all in raptures, returned the fair his thanks for this open declaration, and pronounced himself the happiest man alive. 'I wish,' replied she, 'that you may be so; but, if in loving you I was able to fly from you, I find that I have resolution enough still left never to see you any more, if you fail of that decorum and reserve which I require of you.' Clerville, after assuring her that she had nothing to fear on that score, told her all that could inspire her with the most lively and most tender passion; and at last he took his leave and withdrew.

While upon the road, he reflected upon the emotions of his own heart, and the effects which they might produce; and trembled when he considered how far this passion might carry him.

'Angelica,' said he to himself, 'is a woman of spirit, and virtue too, or she affects to have enough of it to be able to deprive me of all hopes of being happy; I love her, and I can do anything.'

He was wholly taken up with these thoughts till he came to his country-seat, when such reflections flowed in to his assistance, as determined him to see her no more. However, his reason, in pointing to him what he had to fear from such a resolution, did not leave him strength sufficient to get the better of his passion.

He continued some days without going to see Angelica; he quitted the country

try for a while, but absence only inflamed his love. He returned again fully resolved to conquer, cost what it would, the inflexibility of the fair one. Accordingly he repaired to the convent, and used all the arts he could to prevail upon her to return to her father's, but she still persisted obstinate.

'I do not at all fear you,' said she to the Marquis, 'and I do not know if I ought not to be apprehensive of fear myself. Let me live in peace: nothing can make me change my resolution; you love me, and I have avowed to you that I loved you. What would you have more? Let us, then, live satisfied with this friendship: you may see me here the same as at my father's; and, if it be true that you have an esteem for me, you can desire no more of me.'

'What would be the case, were I to quit my convent? What, do you think I am capable of such weakness, and that I am tired of opposition? It is you who have forced me to retire hither. To what danger should I expose myself if I returned home? I should see you every moment, you would importune me, I should perhaps yield; reflection would afterwards raise horror in my breast against you; I should hate you, and could no longer see a man whose presence would be an eternal reproach to me.'

'I will go farther; suppose I should soon be lost to all sense of shame, then you would shun me with the same earnestness which you now affect to shew in finding me out; I should all my life have cause to reproach myself with a crime, and moreover I should have the mortification of seeing myself despised.'

'You are a man of honour,' added she; 'I appeal to yourself upon this head, whether these are monstrous chimeras which I raise to myself without any manner of occasion, and whether one of these three things just now mentioned would not be the case.'

'No, no, charming Angelica,' answered the Marquis; 'and, to shew you how far my tenderness goes, do but consent to make me happy, and I fly this moment to ask your father's approbation. Will you have any scruple to take me for a husband?'

Angelica paused for some time without making any answer: she appeared all in a flutter and confusion; but, resuming

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soon the thread of her discourse—'No,' says she, 'I will not consent to it; and this would be ill requiring the sentiments you entertain of me, should I accept a proposal which your passion alone induces you to make.'

'This passion will not always last; I know what you are, and what I am myself. Without birth, and without fortune, you will quickly repent of your having given me your hand, and in that case I should be the most wretched woman upon earth.'

'Banish,' returned Clerville, 'such fears, they do but wrong me; I love you, and you flatter me with some kind of return, so that we must needs be happy together. An illustrious birth, and an ample fortune, do not constitute happiness; such blessings as these are extrinsic to man; you have advantages that peculiarly belong to yourself, and which I value infinitely more; your virtue and your beauty are true blessings, and this is a more real merit than that which is commonly tacked by the world to birth, where fortune is the sole arbitrator.'

'You are quite blinded,' says Angelica to him, 'by your love; reflect, Sir, not for the present moment, but for the remainder of your life. This beauty which you account so much, and extol so highly above what it really is, is a blessing of a short duration; the least accident of life can strip me of it, and even without that, years will anon bring it to decay. When the external figure of my body ceases any more to be pleasing, you will abate a good deal of the opinion you have conceived of my understanding: you will bring it down to its true value; that is, to a mere trifle. It requires not great attention to see, that very often the fine shape of a woman does solely add weight to what she says, and which would be looked upon as nothing in any other mouth. The time will come when this shall be my case.'

'With regard to my character, is it possible for you to know it thoroughly? Two months of marriage might perhaps discover to you in it such oddities as might throw you into the gulph of despair. No, I repeat it to you again, I will never consent to make you miserable. Let us know each other, and love each other; I shall have no reason to reproach myself with the knowledge

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of

of your worth, and I will let my heart follow its own inclinations: so that this is all I can do for you; and be persuaded that, if I loved you less, I would not have refused your offer.'

The Marquis, in his going to see Angelica, had not absolutely a mind to take her to wife; but the obstinate resistance he met with from her, at last determined him. He did all he could to persuade her, but it was to no purpose. In short, he told her, that he would go and obtain her at her father's hands.—'If you prevail with him,' says she to Clerville, 'to second your wishes, I do not hesitate one moment longer; here I take on the veil. I chuse rather to sacrifice myself, than I might not render you miserable, than to expose you to certain remorse, which would disturb the ease of your life, and lay me open to all those chagrins, and anxious reflections which would constantly attend me, and which I could never shake off.'

Clerville withdrew more enamoured than ever, and he spoke to the father. Upon this Boissart, struck with surprise, flew immediately to find his daughter, whom he even pressed; but she gave him the same answer as she had done before to the Marquis. In short, as to their intention of taking her from the convent, she protested that, if they committed the least violence upon her inclinations, she would take the vows.

The Marquis returned to see Angelica, complained to her, and accused her of having but very little affection for him. But she still assured him that, if she had loved him less, her conduct would have been quite different. Clerville, when he saw that nothing could conquer her obstinacy, took his leave, and set out to return to Paris.

He imagined that he might lose the very idea of his love in the midst of pleasures; but this proved a vain remedy: his passion was too strong; he returned to his estate in the country, from which he flew to the convent more enamoured than ever. Angelica still continued in the same mind, yet she was glad to see her lover again; who, being deeply affected at her inflexible obstinacy, fell dangerously ill. She was sorry to hear the state the Marquis lay in; and her father at length got her to consent to quit the convent. She went to see Clerville; was very sorry for him; and, at last, came to get the better of her delicacy: upon which the Marquis quickly recovered, and Hymen crowned both these tender lovers.

The Marquis de Clerville is now the happiest man alive. He still finds in Angelica a tender-hearted and delicate female, who knows her province; a refined friend, an endearing spouse, and one who gives him no other uneasiness than that of being unable to flatter himself that he deserves her.

## FLORIO AND FLORELLA.

### A FAIRY TALE.

**T**HERE was a country woman, who, upon her intimacy with a Fairy, desired her to come and assist at her labour. The good woman was delivered of a daughter; when the Fairy (taking the infant in her arms) said to the mother, 'Make your choice. The child, if you have a mind, shall be exquisitely handsome; excel in wit, even more than in beauty; and be queen of an mighty empire; but, withal, unhappy: or, if you had rather, she shall be an ordinary, ugly, country creature, like yourself; but contented with her condition.' The mother immediately chose wit and beauty for her

daughter, at the hazard of any misfortunes.

As the child grew, new beauties opened daily in her face; till, in a few years, she surpassed all the rural lasses that the oldest people had ever seen. Her turn of wit was gentle, polite, and insinuating: she was of a ready apprehension, and soon learned every thing so as to excel her teachers. Every holiday she danced upon the green, with a superior grace to any of her companions. Her voice was sweeter than any shepherd's pipe; and she made the songs she used to sing.

For some time, she was not apprized of her own charms; when, diverting herself

self with her play-fellows on the green flowery border of a fountain, she was surprised with the reflection of her face; she observed how different her features and her complexion seemed from the rest of her company, and admired herself. The country, flocking from day to day to obtain a sight of her, made her yet more sensible of her beauty. Her mother, who relied on the predictions of the Fairy, began already to treat her as a queen; and spoiled her by flatteries. The young damsel would neither sow, nor spin, nor look after the sheep: her whole amusement was to gather flowers, to dress her hair with them; to sing, and to dance in the shade.

The king of the country was a very powerful king; and he had but one son, whose name was Florio; for which reason his father was impatient to have him married. The young prince could never bear the mentioning any of the princesses of the neighbouring nations; because a Fairy had told him, that he should find a shepherdes, more beautiful, and more accomplished, than all the princesses in the world. Therefore, the king gave orders to assemble all the village nymphs of his realm, who were under the age of eighteen, to make a choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an honour. In pursuance of the order, when they came to be sorted, a vast number of virgins, whose beauty was not very extraordinary, were refused admittance; and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpassed all the others. These thirty virgins were ranged in a great hall, in the figure of a half moon; that the king and his son might have a distinct view of them together. Florella, our young damsel, appeared, in the midst of her competitors, like a lily amongst marigolds; or as an orange-tree in blossom shews amongst the mountain shrubs. The king immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his crown; and Florio thought himself happy in the possession of Florella.

Our shepherdes was instantly desired to cast off her country weeds, and to accept a habit richly embroidered with gold. In a few minutes she saw herself covered with pearls and diamonds; and a troop of ladies was appointed to serve her. Every one was attentive to prevent her desires, before she spoke; and she was lodged within the palace, in a magnificent apartment; where, instead of tapettry, there were large pannels of looking-glass, from the floor to the ceiling, that she might

have the pleasure of seeing her beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the prince might admire her wherever he cast his eyes. Florio, in a few days, quitted the shade, and all the manly exercises, in which before he delighted, that he might be perpetually with his mistress. The nuptials were concluded; and, soon after, the old king died. Thereupon, Florella becoming queen, all the councils and the affairs of state were directed by her wisdom.

The queen-mother, whose name was Invidessa, grew jealous of her daughter-in-law. She was an artful, perverse, cruel woman; and age had so much aggravated her natural deformity, that she seemed a fury. The youth and beauty of Florella made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a creature: she likewise dreaded her wit and understanding, and gave herself up to all the rage of envy. 'You want the soul of a prince,' would she often say to her son, 'or you could not have married this mean cottager. How can you be so abject, as to make an idol of her?' Then she is as haughty, as if she had been born in the palace where she lives. 'You should have followed the example of the king, your father: when he thought of taking a wife, he preferred me, because I was the daughter of a monarch equal to himself. Send away this insignificant shepherdes to her hamlet, and take to your bed and throne some young prince, whose birth is answerable to your own.'

Florio continued deaf to the instances of his mother: but one morning Invidessa got a billet into her hands, which Florella had written to the king; this she gave to a young courtier, who, by her instructions, shewed it to the king, pretending to have received a letter from his queen, with such marks of affection as were due only to his majesty. Florio, blinded by his jealousy, and the malignant insinuations of his mother, immediately ordered Florella to be imprisoned for life, in a high tower built upon the point of a rock that stood in the sea. There she wept night and day; not knowing for what supposed crime she was so severely treated by the king, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no person but an old woman, to whom Invidessa had intrusted her, and whose business it was to insult her upon all occasions.

Now Florella called to mind the village, the cottage, the sweet privacy, and the rural pleasures she had quitted. One day, as she sat in a pensive posture, overwhelmed with grief, and to herself accused the folly of her mother, who chose rather to have her a beautiful unfortunate queen, than an ugly contented shepherdess, the old woman, who was her tormentor, came to acquaint her, that the king had sent an executioner to take off her head, and that she must prepare to die. Florella replied, that she was ready to receive the stroke. Accordingly, the executioner (sent by the king's order, at the persuasions of Invidessa) appeared with a drawn sabre in his hand, ready to perform his commission; when a woman step in, who said she came from the queen-mother, to speak a word or two in private to Florella before she was put to death. The old woman, imagining her to be one of the ladies of the court, suffered her to deliver her message: but it was the Fairy, who had foretold the misfortunes of Florella at her birth; and had now assumed the likeness of one of Invidessa's attendants.

She desired the company to retire a while; and then spoke thus to Florella in secret: 'Are you willing to renounce that beauty which has proved so fatal to you? Are you willing to quit the title of Queen; to put on your former habit, and to return to your village?' Flo-

rella was transported at the offer. Thereupon the Fairy applied an enchanted visor to her face. Her features instantly became deformed; all the symmetry vanished; and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this change, it was not possible to know her; and she passed, without difficulty, through the company who came to see her execution. In vain did they search the tower; Florella was not to be found. The news of this escape was soon brought to the king, and to Invidessa, who commanded diligent search to be made after her, throughout the kingdom; but to no purpose.

The Fairy, by this time, had restored Florella to her mother; who would never have been able to recollect her altered looks, had she not been let into the circumstances of her story. Our shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown creature, in the village, where she tended sheep. She frequently heard people relate and lament over her adventures: songs were made upon them, which drew tears from all eyes. She often took a pleasure in singing those songs with her companions, and would often weep with the rest; but still she thought herself happy with her little flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her acquaintances.

## MEMOIRS OF A SENTIMENTALIST;

OR, THE

## ADVENTURES OF SAPPHO AND MUSIDORUS.

BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

**S**APPHO is the only child of Clemens, who is a widower. A passionate fondness for this daughter, tempered with a very small share of observation or knowledge of the world, determined Clemens to an attempt (which has seldom been found to succeed) of rendering Sappho a miracle of accomplishments, by putting her under the instructions of masters in almost every art and science, at one and the same time: his house now became an academy of musicians, dancing-masters, language-masters, drawing-masters, geographers, historians, and a variety of inferior artists, male and female; all these studies appeared the most desir-

able to Clemens, from his own ignorance of them, having devoted his life to business of a very different nature. Sappho made just as much progress in each, as is usual with young ladies so attended; she could do a little of most of them, and talk of all; she could play a concerto by heart with every grace her master had taught her, note for note, with the precise repetition of a barrel-organ; she had stuck the room round with drawings, which Clemens praised to the skies, and which Sappho assured him had been only touched up a little by her master; she could tell the capital of every country, when he questioned her out of the newspaper, and would

would point out the very spot upon the terrestrial globe, where Paris, Madrid, Naples, and Constantinople, actually were to be found. She had as much French as puzzled Clemens, and would have served her to buy blonde lace and Paris netting at a French milliner's; nay, she had gone so far as to pen a letter in that language to a young lady of her acquaintance, which her master, who stood over her whilst she wrote it, declared to be little inferior in style to Madame Sevigné's. In history, both ancient and modern, her progress was proportionable; she could run through the Twelve Cæsars in a breath, and reckon up all the kings from the Conquest upon her fingers, without putting one out of place: this appeared a prodigy to Clemens, and in the warmth of his heart he fairly told her she was one of the world's wonders. Sappho aptly set him right in this mistake, by assuring him that there were but seven wonders in the world, all of which she repeated to him, and only left him more convinced that she herself was deservedly the eighth.

There was a gentleman about fifty years old, a friend of Clemens, who came frequently to his house; and, being a man of talents and leisure, was so kind as to take great pains in directing and bringing Sappho forward in her studies: this was a very acceptable service to Clemens, and the visits of Musidorus were always joyfully welcomed both by him and Sappho herself. Musidorus declared himself overpaid by the delight it gave him to contemplate the opening talents of so promising a young lady; and, as Sappho was now of years to establish her pretensions to taste and sentiment, Musidorus made such a selection of authors for her reading, as were best calculated to accomplish her in those particulars. In settling this important choice, he was careful to put none but writers of delicacy and sensibility into her hands; interesting and affecting tales or novels were the books he chiefly recommended; which, by exhibiting the fairest patterns of female purity, (suffering distress, and even death itself, from the attacks of licentious passion in the grosser sex) might inspire her sympathetic heart with pity, and guard it from seduction, by displaying profligacy in its most odious colours.

Sappho's propensity to these studies fully answered the intentions of her kind director, and she became more and more attached to works of sentiment and pa-

thos. Musidorus's next solicitude was, to form her style; and with this view, he took upon himself the trouble of carrying on a kind of probationary correspondence with her: this happy expedient succeeded beyond expectation; for, as two people, who saw each other every day, could have very little matter to write upon, there was so much the more exercise for invention; and such was the copiousness and fluency of expression which she became mistress of by this ingenious practice, that she could fill four sides of letter-paper with what other people express upon the back of a card. Clemens once, in the exultation of his heart, put a bundle of these manuscripts into my hands, which he confessed he did not clearly understand; but, nevertheless, believed them to be the most elegant things in the language. I shall give the reader a sample of two of them, which I drew out of the number, not by choice, but by chance; they were carefully folded, and labelled at the back, in Sappho's own hand, as follows: 'Musidorus to Sappho 'of the 10th of June.' Underneath she had wrote with a pencil these words—

' PICTURESQUE!

' ELEGANT!

' HAPPY ALLUSION TO THE SUN!

' KING DAVID NOT TO BE COMPARED  
' TO MUSIDORUS.'

Here follows the note; and I cannot doubt but the reader will confess that its contents deserve all that the label expresses.

' JUNE the 10th.

' AS soon as I arose this morning, I directed my eyes to the east, and commanded of the sun, if he had given you my good-morrow: this was my parting injunction last night, when I took leave of him in the west; and he this moment plays his beams with so particular a lustre, that I am satisfied he has fulfilled my commission, and saluted the eyelids of Sappho. If he is desirous to come forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber," how much rather may it be said of him, when he comes forth out of your's? I shall look for him to perform his journey this day with a peculiar glee; I expect he will not suffer a cloud to come near him; and I shall not be surprized, if, through his eagerness to repeat his next morning's salutation, he should "whip his fiery-footed steeds to the west," some hours before  
' their

• their time; unless, indeed, you should  
 • walk forth whilst he is descending, and  
 • he should delay the wheels of his char-  
 • riot, to look back upon an object so  
 • pleasing. You see, therefore, most  
 • amiable Sappho, that unless you fulfil  
 • your engagement, and consent to repeat  
 • our usual ramble in the cool of the even-  
 • ing, our part of the world is likely to  
 • be in darkness before it is expected, and  
 • that nature herself will be put out of  
 • course, if Sappho forfeits her promise  
 • to Musidorus.

#### SAPPHO, IN REPLY TO MUSIDORUS.

• **I**F nature holds her course till Sappho  
 • forfeits her word to Musidorus, nei-  
 • ther the setting nor the rising of the sun  
 • shall vary from his appointed time. But  
 • why does Musidorus ascribe to me so flat-  
 • tering an influence, when, if I have any  
 • interest with Apollo, it must be to his  
 • good offices only that I owe it? If he  
 • bears the messages of Musidorus to me,  
 • is it not a mark of his respect to the per-  
 • son who sends him, rather than to her  
 • he is sent to? And whom should he so  
 • willingly obey, as one whom he so cop-  
 • iously inspires? I shall walk as usual  
 • in the cool hour of even-tide, listening  
 • with greedy ear to that discourse, which,  
 • by the refined and elevated sentiments  
 • it inspires, has taught me to look down  
 • with silent pity and contempt upon  
 • those frivolous beings, who talk the  
 • mere language of the senses, not of the  
 • soul; and to whose silly prattle I neither  
 • condescend to lend an ear, or to sub-  
 • scribe a word. Know then, that Sappho  
 • will reserve her attention for Musido-  
 • rus; and if Apollo "shall delay the  
 • wheels of his chariot," to wait upon  
 • us in our evening ramble, believe me,  
 • he will not stop for the unworthy pur-  
 • pose of looking back upon Sappho, but  
 • for the nobler gratification of listening  
 • to Musidorus.

The evening walk took place as usual,  
 but it was a walk in the dusty purlieus of  
 London, and Sappho sighed for a cot-  
 tage and the country. Musidorus se-  
 conded the sigh, and he had abundance of  
 fine things to say on the occasion. Reti-  
 rement is a charming subject for a senti-  
 mental enthusiast; there is not a poet in  
 the language, but will help him out with  
 a description; Musidorus had them all at  
 his fingers ends, from *Hesperus* that led  
 • the starry host, down to a glow-worm.

The passion took so strong a hold of  
 Sappho's mind, that she actually assailed  
 her father on the subject, and with great  
 energy of persuasion moved him to adopt  
 her ideas. It did not exactly suit Cle-  
 mens to break up a very lucrative pro-  
 fession, and set out in search of some so-  
 litary cottage, whose romantic situation  
 might suit the spiritualized desires of his  
 daughter; and I am afraid he was for once  
 in his life not quite so respectful to her  
 wishes as he might have been. Sappho  
 was so unused to contradiction, that she  
 explained herself to Musidorus with some  
 asperity, and it became the subject of  
 much debate between them: not that he  
 held a contrary opinion from her's; but  
 the difficulty which embarrassed both par-  
 ties, was, where to find the happy scene  
 she sighed for, and how to obtain it when  
 it was found. The first part of this dif-  
 ficulty was at last surmounted, and the  
 chosen spot was pointed out by Musido-  
 rus, which, according to his description,  
 was the very bower of felicity; it was in  
 a northern county, at a distance from the  
 capital, and its situation was most de-  
 lectable. The next measure was a strong  
 one; for the question to be decided was,  
 if Sappho should abandon her project, or  
 her father: she called upon Musidorus for  
 his opinion, and he delivered it as fol-  
 lows—"If I was not convinced, most  
 • amiable Sappho, that a second applica-  
 • tion to Clemens would be as un suc-  
 • cessful as the first, I would advise you  
 • to the experiment; but as there is no  
 • doubt of this; it must be the height of  
 • imprudence to put that to a trial of  
 • which there is no hope: it comes there-  
 • fore next to be considered, if you shall  
 • give up your plan, or execute it with-  
 • out his privacy; in other words, if you  
 • shall or shall not do that which is to  
 • make you happy. If it were not con-  
 • sistent with the strictest purity of cha-  
 • racter, I should answer No; but when I  
 • reflect upon the innocence, the simpli-  
 • city, the moral beauty of the choice you  
 • make, I then regard the duty you owe  
 • to yourself as superior to all others,  
 • which are falsely called natural; where-  
 • as, if you follow this in preference, you  
 • obey nature herself. If you were of an  
 • age too childish to be allowed to know  
 • what suits you best; or if, being old  
 • enough to be entitled to a choice, you  
 • wanted wit to make one, there would  
 • be no doubt in the case: nay, I will go  
 • so far as to say, that if Clemens was a  
 • man



man of judgment superior to your own, I should be staggered with his opposition; but if truth may ever be spoken, it may on this occasion, and who is there that does not see the weakness of the father's understanding? who but must acknowledge the pre-eminence of the daughter's? I will speak yet plainer, most incomparable Sappho; it is not fitting that folly should prescribe to wisdom: the question, therefore, is come to an upshot; Shall Sappho live a life she despises and detests, to humour a father whose weakness she pities, but whose judgment she cannot respect?

No," replied Sappho, "that point is decided; pass on to the next, and speak to me upon the practicability of executing what I am resolved to attempt."

"The authority of a parent," resumed Musidorus, "is such over an unprotected child, that reason will be no defence to you against obstinacy and coercion. In the case of a son, profession gives that defence; new duties are imposed by a man's vocation, which supersede what are called natural ones; but in the instance of a daughter, where shall she fly for protection against the imperious controul of a parent, but to the arms—— I tremble to pronounce the word; your own imagination must complete the sentence."—"Oh, horrible!" cried Sappho, interrupting him, "I will never marry; I will never so contaminate the spotless lustre of my incorporeal purity: No, Musidorus, no—" "I'll bear my blushing honours still about me—" "And fit you should," cried Musidorus, "what dæmon dare defile them? Perish the man, that could intrude a sensual thought within the sphere of such repelling virtue!—But marriage is a form; and forms are pure; at least they may be such; there's no pollution in a name; and if a name will shelter you, why should you fear to take it?"—"I perceive," answered Sappho, "that I am in a very dangerous dilemma; since the very expedient, which is to protect me from violence of one sort, exposes me to it under another shape, too odious to mention."—"And is there, then," said Musidorus, sighing, "is there no human being in your thoughts in whom you can confide? Alas, for me! if you believe you have no friend who is not tainted with the impurities of his sex. And what is friendship? what, but the union of souls? And are not souls thus

united, already married? For my part I have long regarded our pure and spiritualized connection in this light; and I cannot foresee how any outward ceremony is to alter that inherent delicacy of sentiment, which is inseparable from my soul's attachment to the 'soul of Sappho.' If we are determined to despise the world, we should also despise the constructions of the world: if retirement is our choice, and the life and habits of Clemens are not to be the life and habits of Sappho, why should Musidorus, who is ready to sacrifice every thing in her defence, not be thought incapable of abusing her confidence, when he offers the protection of his name? If a few words muttered over us by a Scotch blacksmith, will put all our troubles to rest, why should we resort to dangers and difficulties, when so easy a remedy is before us?—But why should I seek for arguments to allay your apprehensions, when you have in me so natural a security for my performance of the strictest stipulations?"—"And what is that security?" she eagerly demanded. Musidorus now drew back a few paces, and with the most solemn air and action, laying his hand upon his heart, replied, "My age, Madam!"—"That's true," cried Sappho. And now the conversation took a new turn, in the course of which they agreed upon their plan of proceeding, settled their rendezvous for the next day, and Musidorus departed to prepare all things necessary for the security of their expedition.

Upon the day appointed, Sappho, with her father's consent, set out in a hired post-chaise upon a pretended visit to a relation, who lived about twenty miles from town, on the northern road. At the inn where she was to change the horses, she dismissed her London postilion with a short note to her father, in which she told him she should write to him in two or three days time: here she took post for the next stage upon the great road, where she was met by Musidorus; and from thence they pressed forward with all possible expedition towards Gretna Green.

The mind of Sappho was visited with some compunctions by the way; but the eloquence of her companion, and the respectful delicacy of his behaviour, soon reconciled her conscience to the step she had taken. The reflections which passed in Musidorus's breast were not so easily quieted: the anxiety of his thoughts, and  
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the fatigues of his journey, brought so violent an attack upon him, that, when he was within a stage or two of his journey's end, he found himself unable to proceed; the gout had seized upon his stomach, and immediate relief became necessary: the romantic visions, with which Sappho hitherto had indulged her imagination, now began to vanish, and a gloomy prospect opened upon her; in place of a comforter and companion by the way to soothe her cares, and fill her mind with soft healing sentiments, she had a wretched object before her eyes, tormented with pain, and at the point of death.

The house, in which she had taken shelter, was of the meanest sort, but the good people were humane and assiduous, and the village afforded a medical assistant of no contemptible skill in his profession. There was another consolation attended her situation; for in the same inn was quartered a dragoon officer, with a small recruiting party: this young cornet was of a good family, of an engaging person, and very elegant address; his humanity was exerted not only in consoling Sappho, but in nursing and cheering Musidorus. These charitable offices were performed with such a natural benignity, that Sappho must have been most insensible if she could have overlooked them; her gentle heart, on the contrary, overflowed with gratitude, and in the extremity of her distress, she freely confessed to him, that, but for his support, she must have sunk outright. Though the extremity of Musidorus's danger was now over, yet he was incapable of exertion; and Sappho, who was at leisure to reflect upon her situation, began to waver in her resolution, and to put some questions to herself which reason could not readily answer. Her thoughts were so distracted and perplexed, that she saw no resource but to unburden them, and throw herself upon the honour and discretion of Lionel, for so this young officer was called. This she had frequently intended to do; and many opportunities offered themselves for it, but still her sensibility of shame prevented it. The constant apprehension of pursuit hung over her, and sometimes she meditated to go back to her father: in one of these moments she had begun to write a letter to Clemens, to prepare him for her return; when Lionel entered the room, and informed her, that he perceived so visible an amendment in Musidorus, that he ex-

pected to congratulate her on his recovery in a very few days.—'And then, Madam,' added he, 'my sorrows will begin where your's end: be it so! if you are happy, I must not complain. I presume this gentleman is your father, or near relation?'—'Father!' exclaimed Sappho.—She cast her eyes upon the letter she was inditing, and burst into tears. Lionel approached, and took her hand in his; she raised her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and he proceeded.—'If my anxious solicitude for an unknown lady, in whose happiness my heart is warmly interested, exposes me to any hazard of your displeasure, stop me, before I speak another word; if not, consider in me, and you shall find me ready to devote my life to serve you. The mystery about you and the road you are upon (were it not for the companion you are with) would tempt me to believe you was upon a generous errand, to reward some worthy man, whom fortune and your parents do not favour; but this poor object above-stairs makes that impossible. If, however, there is any favoured lover, waiting in secret agony for that expected moment, when your release from hence may crown him with the best of human blessings, the hand, which now has hold of your's, shall be devoted to his service: command me where you will; I never yet have forfeited my honour, and cannot wrong your confidence.'—'You are truly generous,' replied Sappho; 'there is no such man; the hand you hold is yet untainted, and till now has been untouched; release it, therefore, and I will proceed.—My innocence has been my error; I have been the dupe of sentiment; I am the only child of a fond father, and never knew the blessing of a mother. When I look back upon my education, I perceive that art has been exhausted, and nature overlooked in it. The unhappy object above-stairs has been my sole adviser and director; for my father is immersed in business: from him, and from the duty which I owe him, I confess I have seceded, and my design was to have devoted myself to retirement. My scheme, I now perceive, was visionary in the extreme; left to my own reflections, reason shews me both the danger and the folly of it: I have therefore determined upon returning to my father; and am writing to him a letter, which I shall send by express, to relieve

relieve him from the agonies my silly conduct has occasioned.—‘What you have now disclosed to me,’ said Lionel, with a sincerity that does equal honour to yourself and me, demands a like sincerity on my part; and I must therefore confess to you, that Musidorus, believing himself at the point of death, imparted to me not only every thing that has passed, but all the future purposes of this treacherous plot, from which you have so providentially escaped: these I shall not explain to you at present; but you may depend upon it, that this attack upon his life has saved his conscience. I cannot, as a man of honour, oppose myself to your resolution of returning home immediately; and yet, when I consider the ridicule you will have to encounter from the world at large; the reflections that will arise in your mind, when there is perhaps no friend at hand to assuage them; but, above all, when I thus contemplate your charms, and recollect that affectation is expelled, and nature reinfused in your heart, I cannot resist the impulse nor the opportunity of appealing to that nature against a separation so fatal to my peace: yes, loveliest of women, I must appeal to nature; I must hope this heart of your’s, where such refined sensations have resided, will not be shut from others of a more generous kind: What could the name of Musidorus do, which Lionel’s cannot? Why should you not replace an unworthy friend with one of fairer principles? with one of honourable birth, of equal age, and owner of a heart that beats with ardent passion towards you? Had you been made the sacrifice of this chimæra, this illusion, what had your father suffered? If I am honoured with your hand in marriage, what can he complain of? My conduct, my connections, and my hopes in life, will bear the scrutiny: suffer me to say you will have a protector, whose character can face the world, and whose spirit cannot fear it. As for worldly motives, I renounce them; give me yourself and your affections; give me possession of this hand, these eyes, and the soul which looks through them; let your father withhold the rest. Now, loveliest and most beloved, have you the heart to share a soldier’s fortune? Have you the noble confidence to take his word? Will you follow, where his honour bids him go; and whether a joyful victory or a glo-

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rious death attends him, will you receive him living, or entomb him dying in your arms?

Whilst Lionel was uttering these words, his action, his motion, that honest glow of passion, which nature only can assume, and artifice cannot counterfeit, had so subdued the yielding heart of Sappho, that he must have been dull indeed, if he could have wanted any stronger confirmation of his success than what her looks bestowed. Never was silence more eloquent; the labour of language, and the forms of law, had no share in this contract: a sigh of speechless ecstasy drew up the nuptial bond; the operations of love are momentary; tears of affection interchangeably witnessed the deed, and the contracting parties sealed it with an inviolable embrace.

Every moment now had wings to waft them to that happy spot, where the unholy hand of law has not yet plucked up the root of love: Freedom met them on the very extremity of her precincts; Nature held out her hand to welcome them; and the Loves and Graces, though exiled to a desert, danced in her train.

Thus was Sappho, when brought to the very brink of destruction, rescued by the happy intervention of Providence. The next day produced an interview with Clemens, at the house to which they returned after the ceremony in Scotland; the meeting, as might well be expected, was poignant and reproachful; but when Sappho, in place of a superannuated sentimentalist, presented to him a son-in-law, in whose martial form and countenance he beheld youth, honour, manly beauty, and every attractive grace that could justify her choice, his transports became excessive; and their union, being now sanctified by the blessing of a father, and warranted by love and nature, has snatched a deluded victim from misery and error, and added one conjugal instance to the scanty records of unfashionable felicity.

Let not my young female readers believe the extravagance of Sappho’s conduct is altogether out of nature, or that they have nothing to apprehend from men of Musidorus’s age and character; my observation convinces me to the contrary, ‘Gravity,’ says Lord Shaftesbury, ‘is the very essence of imposture;’ and sentimental gravity, varnished over with the experienced artifice of age and wisdom, is the worst of it’s species,

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## EMBARRASMENTS OF LOVE.

BY MR. MURDOCH.

IN both Sexes, not less various are the effects of Love than are the features of the Face, or rather than are the dispositions of the Mind;—dispositions, which are, indeed, of those effects the necessary cause.

From a text so *sententiously* grave, what a scope for the frigid pen of Insensibility to *prove* a fact which, *self-evident already*, sets farther proofs at defiance, and which, to the eye of philosophic observation, may, every day, be more forcibly illustrated by *scenes in actual life* than it could be by the *learned infidelity of fifty VOLUMES!*

Thus it is with many other truths, in which, the HEART alone being concerned, it were vain to expect instruction but from an attention to the *operations* of the heart.—On the present occasion, then, begone, ye musty *comments!* and ah! begone also—*if it be possible!*—thou Power soporific, who of such comments art the source, *unanimating*, as *unanimated!*

Jack Melville—having bidden a final adieu to the restraints of a collegiate life—had not left Oxford many weeks, nor arrived in London many days, when he saw Miss Julia Howard—saw her, and loved!—Naturally genuine, he instantly vowed to her his passion; and, sanguine as he was, for months and months did he *continue* to vow it, unrewarded with the smallest *apparent* return from the idolised mistress of his affections.

This was too much for the impetuous, the love-untutored, Melville.

'If Julia,' exclaimed he to himself with a sigh, one morning, as he was taking a pensive turn in the Park—'if Julia did but know a thousandth part of the pangs that torture my bosom, she would not—she could not—be thus provokingly silent!—Cruel Julia, from this moment will I forget thee!—will I tear thee from my heart!—will I—'

'Right, Jack!' interruptively cried the gay Sir Charles Frankley, who, gently pacing it behind him, had overheard the impassioned soliloquy—'right, my boy!' cried he—'renounce the

'unfeeling simpleton! leave to me the formation of her infant-manners! and in the mean while—courting in her stead Variety—enjoy those pleasures which alone from Variety can flow!'

In no humour was Melville to relish the coxcomby advice of his dissipated friend.—Love seemed still to insinuate to him, that it was basiffulness, not indifference, which sealed the lips of his Julia; and that, of course, his wishes might, in time, be crowned with success.

To the completion of those wishes, however, there was another obstacle more powerful than he yet imagined.—Miss Howard resided under the roof of a maiden aunt, who, at the sober age of forty, retained all the affectation of giddy fifteen; and who, disappointed in love at that early period herself, seemed ever after to be happy but in proportion as the rest of her sex were disappointed in it also.

'Trust not in the men, Julia—they are dissemblers all!'

Every day did this maxim form the morning-lesson, and the evening-lesson, of Miss Fairfax to her niece; by whom it could not, at length, have been more implicitly believed, had it been a truth sacred as the Gospel.

'Alas!' thought she, 'my aunt cannot be mistaken in a point which she constantly inculcates to me with so much confidence; and though deceived she may have been, when young, yet now, insensible surely to love, against deception she must be proof.'

Here, however, Julia only betrayed her ignorance.—Miss Fairfax—not contented with the ridiculous *tendresses* of Sir Charles Frankley, which he archly lavished upon her, as an indulgence to her vanity, and an amusement to his own caprice—had for some time beheld also with admiration the manly graces of Jack Melville.

'Frankley,' thought she, and, for once, *truly* did she think—'Frankley is a rake whom the charms of no woman can long *seriously* attract; but Melville—Heavens! what a sweet fellow is Melville!—'

'Melville!—Nature formed him for love.'

So watchful was the of this very Melville, that he was rarely blessed with the sight of Miss Howard, without being cursed, at the same time, with the presence of Miss Fairfax.—On such occasions, hardly did Julia dare to raise her eyes from the ground; yet could she not help listening to the soft whispers of her heart, which told her, that as she had for a lover the most amiable of men, so she had for an aunt the most disagreeable of women.

Thus were they situated, one day, when Sir Charles Frankley made one of the party.

'The sweet innocents!' thought he, —'a thousand things have they to say to each other, yet must they not open their lips!—I will withdraw, and contrive to carry Miss Fairfax with me.'

This he accordingly effected, to the no small joy, but perplexity, of Miss Howard.

'Now—' said Melville to himself, full of gratitude for the expedient which his friend had so generously adopted to serve him—'now will I come to an explanation with Julia!'

Hardly had he uttered a word, however, when she moved, in order to retire.—He held her; and her disorder increased.

'Shall there be no period, then, to your insensibility, Julia?—What, not even a look which may revive my spirits!'

'Alas!' replied Julia, in the soft accent of native innocence—'alas! Sir, I seem to be rather at a loss for spirits myself.'

'Ah! Julia, I fear you do not love me.'

Julia blushed, but answered not.

'Ungrateful girl!'

'Indeed, Mr. Melville, I am *not* ungrateful.'

'Then you love me?'

'I have not said so.'

'Heavens!' cried the disappointed Melville.

And up he started in a passion.

'Yes, Madam, I am convinced, that, far from entertaining the smallest regard for me, my very presence is odious to you.—With that presence, however, no longer shall you be offended!—Yes, from this fatal hour, adieu will I bid to you for ever!'

At these words, Julia coloured; and

with eyes fixed upon the floor, speechless she remained with confusion.

How eloquent was her silence!—To Melville, however, it had no charms; nor could aught satisfy him, unless the timid, the artless Julia would unreservedly declare to him her tenderness—declare it, too, in terms enraptured as his own.

This scene of embarrassment was at length terminated by the arrival of Miss Fairfax; who could not suppress a malicious titter, when she found that our lovers had quarrelled.—They now both retired—Julia, that she might give a vent to the anguish of insulted delicacy—Melville, to the fury of ill-requited love.

'How unaccountable is the behaviour of Mr. Melville!' exclaimed Julia, soon as she had reached her chamber.—'Ungrateful youth! what would he have of me?—Have I not already said too much?—Will he leave nothing for Fancy to tell him?—Alas! his motive is too plain: all he wants is, that, having induced me freely to confess to him my weakness, he may afterwards forsake me.—Often has my aunt told me, that the deceiver Man loves not but for his own sake—that of all his actions the wretched object *self* is the unvaried principle.—Ah me! that I should live so *feelingly* to experience, that in speaking thus my aunt said nothing but what is truth!'

As for Melville, deprived before of repose, he was now deprived also of health, by the behaviour of Julia; and already had he been confined for two days with a fever, when Sir Charles Frankley paid a visit to him.

On being told the cause of his illness, Frankley could not help smiling. 'Is that all?' cried he.—'Despond not, Jack—I will myself be your physician.—This instant will I go to Julia—the *cruel* Julia, as you call her:—to her will I describe your love, your despair; and confident I am, that, when she has heard of the condition you are in, she will weary Heaven with prayers for your recovery.'

'This is no subject for banter,' replied Melville, disgusted rather than consoled with the levity of his friend.

More would he have said, but Sir Charles was already gone; nor was it in his power to recall him.

To Miss Fairfax the sudden absence of Melville was a fund of astonishment,

as to her niece it was of distress.—Convinced, that it afforded an undeniable proof of his fickleness, the only comfort of Julia was, that she had not *expressly* revealed to him the secret of her heart.

‘If *assured* of the triumph he had gained over my affections,’ thought she, ‘how would he have acted, since already—*though full of uncertainty about it*—he flies from me in search of new conquests!—My aunt is surely a very *oracle* of truth!’

In this state of mind was she when Sir Charles Frankley was announced to her.—With what a mixture of sorrow and of alarm did she learn the tidings of her lover’s illness!—did she learn, too, that by love it was occasioned!

‘It is *not* true, then,’ exultingly whispered she to herself, ‘that Melville is inconstant!—it is *not* true, then, that vanity is the source of his Love! No: vanity produces not in the bosom effects like those to which my dear Melville is a prey!’

These reflections, however, served only to heighten her distress.—She longed to convey to his wounded mind the balm of consolation; yet could she not devise the *means* by which it might be conveyed.

‘Come, Madam,’ said Sir Charles, ‘there is no time to be lost.—You must endeavour to repair the mischief you have done; and for this purpose it is my advice that you should write to the dying swain.’

‘Fie, Sir Charles!—I write to him!—Indeed, Sir, I cannot, must not write.—Heavens! what would the world think of such a step?’

‘Oh! never think of the world:—think of this, however, that poor Melville is a dead man if he receives not, with all dispatch, a letter from his Julia.—In a word, Madam, either resolve to comfort my friend Jack, in the manner I direct, or resolve, from this moment, to accept the addresses of your humble servant.’

And already was he upon his knees before her.

‘A singular alternative this, Sir Charles; but I will not hesitate about the choice I should make.’

‘Yet,’ thought Julia, ‘to *write* to a man, when my aunt will not allow me to *speak* to one, is to make no good use of her instructions.—If, how-

ever, the disorder of Mr. Melville has proceeded from his unjust doubts about me;—if by a letter those doubts might be removed;—and if, from the denial of so harmless a request, his malady should encrease—my conscience would accuse me!—never more should I be happy!—I begin to think, indeed, that the notions of my aunt are rather too rigid.’

Frankley was at no loss to divine the sentiments of Julia.

‘Come, Madam, every minute is precious—every minute may diminish my zeal for Melville, and will certainly encrease his danger.’

‘Dear Sir, what would you have me write?’

‘Whatever the heart shall dictate.’—‘Alas! my heart, Sir Charles, has never yet expressed itself in favour of any man.—Beside, I know not how to begin.’

‘But you *ought* to know, Miss.—Write, then, what I shall dictate.’

Julia accordingly, with a trembling hand, took up the pen; and thus did Frankley begin his talk—

‘Your absence disturbed me, yet I *know* not the cause of it:—I *know* it *now*, and am more uneasy than ever.’

‘Is not this rather too strong?’ interrupted Julia, though not till she had written the last word.

‘By no means:—the veriest prude would not soften such an expression as this.—Come, Madam, let us proceed—

‘I am told, that, from my supposed unkindness to you, you are unhappy; but be assured, that in thinking so, you wrong me, while you deceive yourself.’

‘Indeed, Sir Charles, these are strange expressions from a woman.’—

‘Strange!—Why from a woman there are none more common.—One other sentence, and we have done—

‘Cease to torment yourself with vain suspicions; and live, if not for your own sake, for the sake of your affectionate JULIA.’

‘Affectionate Julia!—These words shall not pass.—How can you require such a confession from me?’

‘Do as you think proper, but take the consequence.—Behold me, then, once more, at your feet, a suppliant either for Melville or for myself, as you, Madam, shall be pleased to determine.’

Perplexed

Perplexed as she was, Julia could no longer preserve the economy of her features.—Beside, every instant she expected her aunt from an adjoining apartment, where she had been engaged, all the morning, with her lawyers about a suit in Chancery; on the issue of which depended a considerable part of her fortune.—Frankley still insisted, that the words should stand which he had dictated; but at length with the omission of *your affectionate*, the dispute was terminated, and the letter entrusted to his care.

Sir Charles lost no time in executing his commission.

‘Here!’ cried he, with an air of conscious triumph, as he approached the bed of his disconsolate friend—‘here, my boy, is a recipe for your disorder, more effectual than even the prescription of a Fordyce, a Jebb, or a Buchanan!—Here is a letter to you from Julia!’

‘From Julia!’ echoed Melville, eagerly snatching from him the paper, and, as it were, devouring the contents of it.

Presently, however, his ecstasy began to dwindle.

‘Ah! Frankley,’ cried he, sinking back upon a pillow, which he seemed still determined to make to himself a *pillow of thorns*.

And before he uttered another word, on every line he made a sullen, but silent, comment.

‘Ah! Frankley,’ cried he again—‘there is more of pity, or of cold politeness, I fear, than of heart-felt tenderness, in this letter.—She has not yet said, that she loves me.—Alas! Julia, it was all I ever asked, and still, still do’st thou deny it me!’

‘What signifies it whether she says it, or says it not?—Is it not plain, that she *does* love you!’—Jack, I am really ashamed of you.’

Thanks, however, to a good constitution—thanks to the gay admonitions, too, of Sir Charles—our hero, within a few days, was again in a condition to wait upon Miss Howard.—On being ushered in, he accosted her with an air of dejection, blended with indifference—an air, which, reviving the doubts of Julia about his infidelity, pierced her to the soul.

It might reasonably be supposed, that the least Melville could now do was, to express to the young lady his acknowledgments for her letter.—Melville,

however, was unwilling to bestow acknowledgments, where he thought that acknowledgments were not due; and as for Julia—tormented with the idea that she had over-stepped the boundary of decorum in writing to him at all—she assumed, in her turn, a look of frigid *nonchalance*, which, giving the lie to her heart, gave also the lie to every word she had penned.

‘Oh, Heavens!’ whispered to himself the ever-restless Melville—‘is it, then, even so!—It is.—My conjecture is just.—The letter means nothing.—Nothing!—Alas! means it not too much?—Yes!—assuredly must it have been extorted from Julia by Sir Charles; nay, perhaps it is the result of a plot, barely concerted between them to impose upon my credulity.’

At this crisis, to answer for himself, appears Sir Charles in person.

‘Hey-day!’ exclaimed he to the love-embarrassed pair—‘what, still in the dumps?—still dissatisfied with each other?—still in want of my services?’

‘Less of your officiousness, Sir Charles.’

‘More of your *spirit*, Mr. Melville. My labour, I promise you, shall not go for nothing.’

‘What do you mean, Sir?’

‘Mean!—Why, that if Miss Howard and you come not to an immediate *eclaircissement*, I shall think myself in honour obliged to take her off your hands.’

Julia could not help smiling.—Melville saw the smile—saw it, and could have wished never to see more.

‘A mighty laconic declaration this!’

‘It is only a repetition, Sir, of what I have already told the lady in private.’

‘This is too much!’ rejoined Melville.

More would he have said, had he not been compelled to stifle his fury by the entrance of Miss Fairfax from her toilet—her toilet, which, for many years past, had been to her a Sanctum-Sanctorum—a repository of mysteries impervious to every eye but her own.

Sir Charles, who was never tired of bantering, never tired of serving, his friend, imagined that he should do him a pleasure by proposing a party, that evening, to the play.—Julia bowed consent; and as for her aunt, the will of the bewitching Sir Charles was still a law to her.—How great was their astonishment,

ment, however, when they heard Mr. Melville excuse himself, under the pretext of a prior engagement!

Already full of doubts, which he conceived to amount to a certainty, that his mistress was a stranger to *love*, he now determined, whimsically enough, to try if she was susceptible of *jealousy*; and on his adding, that it was with the Countess of Hayman, one of their intimate friends, he was to have the happiness of passing the remainder of the day, Miss Fairfax reddened with envy—Julia—the hapless Julia!—sighed with grief.

The Countess, though a widow, was yet in the full bloom of youth; and ambitious was she to please, as formed to give pleasure. Hardly was there a youth, within the circle of fashionable folly, who seemed not to think it an honour that he was one of the slaves whom she deigned to cherish with her smiles.

Charmed with his stratagem, Melville, alledging that he had business of moment to transact, before the hour of his appointment with the Countess, made a formal obeisance to the company, and retired.

'Mighty odd this!' thought Sir Charles.—'Gad! the young fellow begins already to form—yes, yes, he begins already to conceive what is the *true* method of making love.—For both their sakes, poor things, I am heartily glad to find it!'

Such were the sentiments of Sir Charles; but, alas! the woe-fraught countenance, the heaving bosom, of Julia expressed a different language.—These seemed to say, 'Ah! Melville, Melville, how can you use me thus?'

The curtain was not yet drawn up, when Sir Charles and the two ladies arrived at the theatre.—In dress, as in figure, Miss Fairfax and her niece exhibited a finished contrast; and hardly was there a coxcomb of the one sex, who was not looking at Julia with the leer of impudence—hardly a coquet of the other, who was not tittering at her with the sneer of envy—when Melville and the Countess presented themselves in the opposite box.

With a studied, yet dear-bought, air of indifference did Jack bow to the Misses Fairfax and Howard; nor was their return to the compliment less free from embarrassment.

But for Sir Charles, Julia could not have sustained the conflict—could not

have assumed—what at length, with the help of his lively prattle, she did assume—an air of gaiety, foreign to her heart.

As the countenance of Julia brightened, that of Melville lowered; and the conversation of the Countess, from being insipid, became irksome to him.

'Perfidious scoundrel!' thought he, as with rage he eyed the seemingly-pleased attention of Julia to the soporifics of Sir Charles.—'Sdeath! already does he throw aside all restraint, even in my presence!—already does he *proclaim* himself my rival!—as my rival, then, will I treat him!'

Zara was the play; in the course of which the jealous alarms of Osman afforded a fund of ironical pleasantry to the Countess—of tearful reflection to Miss Howard.—In the distresses of the captive heroine of the piece, ever and anon did she seem to behold a picture of her own distresses.—Still more descriptive of her situation appeared to her the Entertainment; which happened to be that elegant trifle, Daphne and Amintor.—'The enchantress Mindora,' thought Julia, 'will not suffer Daphne to see a man;—my aunt, though she be an enchantress, will not suffer me to listen to one.—The reasons of Mindora cannot, surely be bad, and those of my aunt—yes, those of my aunt, I am convinced, *must* be good.'

Ah! poor Julia—what eye would not look graceful, were it now bedimmed with pity for thee, as thine, wretched girl, was with love for the self-tormenting Melville!

Sir Charles escorted the ladies under his charge home. Melville, however, was doomed to remain, for the evening, the *Cecythes* of the Countess; with whom, to complete his distraction, he found himself obliged to stay supper.—As usual, the visitors of the lady were gay as they were numerous; and our hero, unable to partake of their mirth, because unable to sustain their raillery, made an early retreat.

He went to bed, but went not to repose; and in the morning, after much hesitation, he determined to pay his respects, *once more*, to the *faithless* Julia.—Beyond *description* faithless did he think her *now*; for ah! she welcomed him with a reception as if nothing had happened—a reception, which spoke her incapable of jealousy, and superior to resentment.—The pride of insulted beaut



beauty at length triumphed in the bosom of Julia; and, through that pride, effectually was she enabled to punish her wayward lover with all the airs of a heart-chilling indifference.—Melville, however, imputed every thing to the passion he presumed her to have conceived for Sir Charles: and, unwilling to betray before her an anguish, which it was not in his power for a moment to conceal from her, he departed abruptly; leaving Julia, from that very circumstance, more than ever persuaded of his inconstancy.

In the view of dissipating his sorrows, he proceeded to the Countess of Hayman's; and there he found his imaginary rival in close conversation with Colonel Tomkyns, an intimate friend of both parties.

As he entered the room, 'Upon my honour,' cried the Colonel, 'this Miss Howard is a charming girl.—What can the affected fool, her aunt, mean by shewing herself in every public place with her?—Oh! Mr. Melville, your most obedient!—We are talking about a young lady of your acquaintance:—You, I thought, was the favourite; but our friend here, I find, is at last the *happy* man.'

It would have been an inconsistency in the character of Sir Charles to have declined this compliment. He nodded, but spoke not.—This was enough for Melville, who now thought it high time that matters were brought to an issue; and accordingly, the Countess being absent, and the Colonel engaged in delivering a message to a servant, he whispered to Frankley, that he should be glad, he would follow him into Hyde-Park.

'Sir, in less than five minutes you may expect me there,' replied Sir Charles, still ignorant of his design.

And in less than five minutes they met.

'Well,' cried Sir Charles, with his usual vivacity, 'how goes on your new affair?—Gad, Melville, I congratulate you upon your choice:—you will make more progress with the Countess of Hayman in two months, than with Julia Howard in two years.'

'In one point, Sir Charles, I have made more progress than you, perhaps, are aware:—I have already learned, Sir, to distinguish a true friend from a false one!'

'What!' returned the other, rather piqued at the tone with which this sarcasm

was uttered.—'is this the fruit of your new intimacy with the Countess?'

'No more of the Countess, Sir!—Let us talk of your behaviour—a behaviour, with which I have been repeatedly offended, and for which I now, once for all, mean to obtain satisfaction.'

'One word more in this style, Melville, and I shall no longer think myself at liberty to undeceive you.'

'Undeceive me! it were in vain to attempt it.—Sir, I *know* your perfidy.'

'Then let us retire to a spot of more privacy.'

The gaiety of Sir Charles never forsook him.—He went to fight his friend, as if he had been going to visit some fine woman, his idol for the day.

'It would seem,' said he, 'that the age of chivalry was restored, when young fellows, from a want of better amusement, used perpetually to go attilting it in honour of their damsels.—An arm, indeed, in a scarf—like a suit of red clothes upon a monkey—had always peculiar charms in the eyes of the ladies.'

Having chosen their ground, in an instant forth came both their rapiers, unsheathed; and already had each of the combatants received a wound, when Colonel Tomkyns appeared between them.

'For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what is the matter?'

'Faith I know not, Colonel—ask Mr. Melville:—He, perhaps, can tell you.'

Melville, however, who thought Sir Charles knew too well what the matter was, chose still to be silent. A surgeon was immediately procured; and the wounds of the two heroes being dressed, they were respectively conveyed home.—Thither Colonel Tomkyns accompanied Mr. Melville, whom he considered as the aggressor in the affair; and after having repeatedly, but to no purpose, questioned him as to the rise of it, he concluded, that as they were *certainly* rivals in love, so, *certainly also*, the Countess of Hayman, not Miss Howard, was the object of their competition.

It was her ladyship, indeed, who first suspected the motive for their abrupt departure from her house.—Having, in an adjoining apartment, overheard the whispered appointment of Melville and Frankley, full of womanish alarm, she immediately

immediately dispatched after them their friend, the Colonel.—Hence his sudden appearance upon the scene of action;—a circumstance, which, without an explanation of the means by which it had been occasioned, would to the discerning reader appear as unnatural, as to the combatants themselves it appeared unaccountable.

The Countess, though a coquette both by nature and by habit, was yet deeply enamoured of Sir Charles.—Superior, however, to the childish vanity of her giddy sisterhood, who seem to consider the death of a lover as the most substantial sacrifice that infatuation can offer up to their charms, she sat upon the rack of impatience till the return of the Colonel.

On being apprised by him of the issue of the *rencontre*, struck with the recollection that the challenge had proceeded from Mr. Melville, she no longer *could*, or rather no longer *would*, entertain a doubt but that Miss Howard was the contested favourite.—Her grand fear was, that in her suspicion of Frankley's passion for Julia there was too much truth; and yet, from a certain spirit of intrigue—a spirit not uncommon, *it is said*, in the female world—she contrived secretly to send intelligence to Miss Fairfax of the duel, with a hint, plausible as it was fallacious, that she was herself the *unhappy* cause of it.

The jealousy of a woman, who has advanced into the wane of her beauty, is easily roused.—Long had Miss Fairfax seen the folly of bestowing a thought on Melville; and now, to deprive her of Frankley also, was to deprive her of *shadow as it was*—her All.—Not even from the unpenetrating eyes of her niece could she conceal her despair—her niece, in whom she had, however, reposed a considerable degree of confidence, from the moment in which she thought her neglected by Melville.

Julia possessed a happy talent for painting.—It was her favourite amusement; and, one day, Miss Fairfax, in a fit of unreserved fondness, requested of her a miniature-likeness of Sir Charles, pencilled from memory.

Ever happy to oblige an aunt whom she could not help loving, and by whom—corroded as her temper had long been with the cruel stings of disappointment—she was, in truth, cordially beloved

in return, Julia promised an immediate compliance with her wish.—‘Ah! Melville,’ thought she—‘shall I paint thee also?—I will, perfidious as thou art!’

In the mean while, what through sorrow, that he had, perhaps, quarrelled with Frankley unjustly, what through apprehension, that his resentment was grounded on certainty, Melville was seized with a fever, which not a little retarded the cure of his wound.—Sir Charles, on the contrary, was again well, and abroad, in less than eight days.—Setting aside all animosity, or rather incapable of harbouring any, his soul melted, when he heard of the situation of his antagonist; and, right or wrong, he determined to reconcile him, once more, if possible, with his Julia.

‘What fools!’ thought he.—‘They are actually like two children, who now fondle with, now pout at, each other.—From *my* experience, however, they *shall* learn wisdom:—yes, I will *oblige* them to come to a right understanding.’

Full of this project, he waited upon Miss Fairfax.

‘What, Sir Charles!’ cried she, the moment he appeared—‘abroad already?—Is the lady, who could induce you to brave the perils of a duel, so negligent about your recovery?—Some people, I find, are strangely ignorant of the value of things!’

‘Upon my honour, Madam, I know not what you mean.—I have, indeed, had an affair with Mr. Melville, but can tell you nothing farther about it.’

‘A pretty story, truly!—No, no, Sir! People, in these days, *risque* not their lives without knowing why, or for what!’

Julia happened to be from home; and Sir Charles, unwilling to explain himself but to *her*, presently took his leave.

The next day, he renewed his visit; and favourable did it prove to his wish.—On being told, that Miss Howard was alone in the library, he advanced thither with his wonted familiarity.—The door was opened; and Julia—too seriously engaged to observe him—was seated in tearful silence, tracing with her pencil the well-known features of her faithless Melville.

Sir Charles, with joy, saw that it was his friend's picture—saw that it was for him

him she cried.—‘Those tears!’ thought he—‘ah! Julia, soon, soon, shall they cease to stain those lovely cheeks.’

And away he tripped, as he had come, softly, and without being perceived.

‘Here,’ said he to himself, as he went along, ‘here is a new specifick for poor Melville!—All that remains now is, to contrive the means of communicating it to him—My presence, alas! would only heighten his disorder.’

Presently, turning his eyes to one side, he espied Colonel Tomkyns.

‘Colonel, your most obedient.’

‘Yours, Sir Charles—I am thus far on my way to your house with a message from the distracted Melville.—He longs with ardour to embrace you.’

‘Indeed!—Rejoiced am I to hear it; for I am mistaken if one visit from Melville will not do him more service than fifty potions.—Oh! Colonel, I have such news for him!—Come, let us lose no time!’

On the approach of Sir Charles, Melville eagerly stretched out his arm.

‘Dear Frankley,’ cried he, ‘I am told that all my suspicions were false—nay, I am now convinced, that they were!—Forget what is past, then, and be again my friend.’

‘Again your friend!—Melville, I have not yet ceased to love you; and this very morning I have made a discovery for you, which—’

‘A discovery!’ hastily interrupted Melville—‘Ah! my friend, when—where—how?’

‘Why, just now—in the closet of Julia—by stealth.—To atone for the absence of her Melville, the sweet innocent employs herself in drawing his picture.’

‘Dear Sir Charles!’

And up he sprung from his pillow, as if he could have pressed him to his heart.

‘Dear Sir Charles!’ cried he a second time, checking his emotion, ‘do not—I pray you do not renew your banter. My picture can be of no consequence in the eyes of Julia!’

‘Then must I have lost my senses!—But, however, soon as you have recovered, you shall pay your respects to Miss Howard, and be yourself a witness that it is.—No longer will you have to dread the frowns of her aunt!—She, good soul! is now, every morning, from

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home, employed about—what ought, indeed, to command her chief attention—the *law-suit*, of which you have heard so much.’

Reinvigorated by hope, many days had not elapsed, when Melville declared—though his medical attendants would not declare—that he was well enough to go abroad; and strange did it appear to them, that he should pretend to know what *they*, even at COLLEGE, had been taught to know better!

His first visit was, of course, to the still-adored Julia.—Sir Charles accompanied him; but neither was Miss Howard nor her aunt at home.—The former had just gone into the Park with the Lady Dowager Belmont, one of her distant relations, just arrived from the country; and the latter, as had been predicted, was abroad, bewildering herself in the knotty mazes of the law.

Melville could not be easy till he had prevailed upon Frankley to go in search of Julia, and to prepare her for his visit.—Anxious to have a peep at his *picture*, he then stepped into the Library; but ah! what were his sensations—say, ye Furies, for ye alone can say!—what were his sensations, when he there beheld, instead of his own miniature, the miniature of Sir Charles, yet wet from the pencil of Julia?

‘Heaven and Earth!’ cried he, ‘am I, then, destined to be the unceasing sport of a perfidious villain—of an ungrateful woman!’

And away he flung—vowing, at every step, vengeance upon Frankley—vengeance upon Julia—vengeance upon his wretched self.

Not long after returned Sir Charles, with the ladies, from the Park.—Without once stopping, Julia sprung to the Library.

‘No bad omen this for poor Jack!’ thought Frankley, charmed with the eagerness she expressed.

With all his penetration, however, of this eagerness Sir Charles guessed not the real cause; and conjuror must he have been indeed, had he known—what we, however, can be at no loss to suppose—that the desire of beholding her lover was less predominant in the bosom of Julia, than that of being satisfied whether or not He had beheld a certain *picture* exposed upon her table.

The picture itself she finds, nearly in the position in which she had left it; but,

S

alas!

alas! where is Melville?—Nor in the Library, nor in the House, is he to be found. At length she rings the bell; and by her maid she is informed, that Mr. Melville—with rage and disappointment in his looks—with oaths and imprecations upon his lips—had disappeared half an hour before.

‘Wretch that I am!’ cried Julia, sinking back upon a sofa, ‘he has seen the fatal portrait—seen it, and is, doubtless, more than ever convinced of my falshood!—Ah me! impossible will it be to undeceive him *now*!’

And thus she remained, for some time, in sadful anguish.

During this interval, Lady Belmont was employed in entertaining Sir Charles with a detail of all the news she had brought from the country;—a detail, in-  
fipid enough to one who thought it impossible to breathe—or, at least, *more* than breathe—unenveloped with the smoke of his *dear, enchanting* London.—‘But no matter,’ thought Frankley, ‘while to our lovers the minutes appear short, to me they shall not appear long.’

Presently were heard the footsteps of Julia.—If Sir Charles had been struck with the vivacity of her departure, not less so was he, now with the dejection of her return; and the old lady having, to the joy of both, taken her leave—

‘Well, Julia,’ said he to her, ‘have I not brought back Melville to you, my dear, cured of his follies?—Aukward simpleton, he had not the courage to face you, till I had paved the way for his reception!—But, come, what did he say?’

‘Who?—Mr. Melville?—Alas! Sir Charles, I have not so much as seen him.’

‘Not seen him, and have yet suffered me to yawn all this time in the company of your superannuated lady dowager!’

‘No—gone was he before we returned—His visit I cannot but consider as a *fresh* affront to me.’

‘What,’ thought Sir Charles, ‘can be at the bottom of this?’

Julia could well have told him: but on no account dared she to reveal the secrets of her aunt.

‘The mystery, Madam, *shall* be cleared up, and that immediately,’ cried Frankley, starting up.

‘Hold, Sir Charles!—for Heaven’s

‘*fake*, hold!—I fear left, from some new misfunderstanding, Mr. Melville and you should be again embroiled.’

But to talk to Sir Charles, was to talk to the walls.—On his arrival at Melville’s, he found the lover stalking across his apartment with hasty strides.

‘Upon my honour, Jack, you are one of the most unaccountable fellows in England.—I protest, you render ridiculous every person who is weak enough to be connected with you.’

‘What, Sir!’ returned Melville, darting at him an eye which spoke daggers, ‘mean you to repeat—*dare* you to repeat—your insults even under my roof?’

And he renewed his strides.

‘Let me intreat of you, Mr. Melville, to sit down.—Do be composed!—I see that some fresh mistake has happened.’

‘Mistake! No, no, there *can* be no mistake now.—All my doubts are satisfied.—Yes, yes, I am an *excellent* subject to form the diversion of you, and of your Julia!’

‘Hear me, Melville!—We know each other well.—Tell me, then, what reason can you have to suspect *me* of such meanness; or rather tell me, first, what could induce you to disappear, after I had so cordially prepared Julia for your visit, that, borne away by impatience, the lovely innocent actually *flew* to receive you.’

‘Alas! she flew not to receive Me:—she flew, Sir, to conceal the testimony of her falshood—to conceal thy *picture*, Sir Charles!’

‘*My picture*!’

‘Yes, thine—I saw it, examined it:—unfinished was it left upon her table, not an hour ago.’

‘Gad! this is a singular adventure.’

‘Are you *sure* that it was my picture?’

‘Ah! too sure.—Yes, it is Sir Charles Frankley: she prefers!—Sir Charles Frankley she loves!’

‘Faith,’ replied the arch tormentor of Melville, after a short pause—‘it is very possible that this *may* be the case:—I see nothing miraculous in it.—It is

not the first time that I have gained the heart of a fine girl, without the smallest suspicion of my happiness.—Poor Julia!—Seriously now, Jack, would it not be cruel to disappoint the poor thing?’

‘Do,

‘Do, Sir, as you think proper; but reflect, that this Julia, whom you affect to pity, is dearer to me than life; nor shall you tear from me the one, without tearing from me the other also.’

‘Fie, Melville! you really do not poison at all.—I would rather kill any other man on earth than you.—But how would you have me act?—You know Julia—ah! who would not wish to know her!—Is it in nature, then, to think you, Jack, to treat her with rigour?’

‘Persidious, Julia!—Couldst thou doubt a single instant, that I did not adore thee!’

‘Well—there is no help for it, Melville—at some other altar must you offer your homage now.’

‘No, Sir, I insist upon it, that she shall instantly explain herself—instantly, with her own lips, pronounce before us both the object of her choice.—Then will I at least have the pleasure of beholding her confusion—of beholding her overwhelmed with my reproaches!’

‘By Heaven, no such pleasure you must not shall enjoy.—Consider, Jack, the absurdity of what you propose.—’

‘Love, my boy, is now refined into a mere tacit agreement.—Without dropping a word about the matter, people every day form attachments they know not how, and break them; they know not why.—In such cases, every question is childish—every confession suspicious—every reproach mean as it is unmanly.’

‘But these arguments, and fifty others like these, weighed not a feather with Melville; and at length was Frankley obliged to accompany him, once more, to Miss Howard’s.’

On their entrance, the colour forsook the cheeks of Julia.

‘Come, Madam,’ cried Sir Charles, ‘be not alarmed—our forlorn friend here longs to know his destiny.—He will have it, that your heart has declared itself in favour of me.—will have it, that a certain portrait in your possession was not intended for likenesses of him, but of your humble servant.—This is a strange visit, I confess; but to the caprice of Mr. Melville you are indebted for it.’

Julia spoke not; and visibly did her confusion increase.

‘Sdeath!’ exclaimed Melville—‘there need not words to announce my doom:—’

—the silence, the downcast eyes, of the lady, express *too much*!—But know, cruel Julia, that long will not the favoured Frankley have enjoyed your smiles, ere by Death I shall be kindly relieved from the torture of witnessing *his triumph*!’

Still was Julia silent.

‘Faith, Jack, I begin, in sober sadness, to pity you; and were it not that I scorn to be ungrateful to the loveliest of girls, I really might carry the heroism of friendship to it’s height.—But look at Julia—nay, do look at her, Jack! and then blame me if you can.’

Miss Howard could contain herself no longer.

‘And pray, Mr. Melville, how long is it since you have been so deeply interested in the sentiments that actuate my heart?—There *was* a time, when such trifles as these appeared to be beneath your regard!—The Countess of Hayman, Sir—’

‘Alas, Madam!’ interrupted Melville, ‘too sensible am I that I have deservedly incurred your contempt; but, ah! that I should have lived to incur also your hatred!—Believe me, however, while I *seemed* to shun, I adored you—while I *seemed* to neglect your charms, and to prize those of a pretended rival in my affections, to that rival I never talked but of you.—Yes, blind to the beauties of the Countess of Hayman, hardly could I open to her my lips but to dwell upon those of my Julia!’

‘Oh, Heavens!’ exclaimed Miss Howard—‘to what a pass am I reduced!’

‘Regard it not,’ said Sir Charles.—‘Obey—as I do on all occasions—the dictates of an honest heart.’

‘Alas! no longer are to be resisted those of a faithful one,’ sighed forth the love-bewildered Julia.

And, with a trembling hand, she produced from her pocket the picture of her lover.

‘Adorable creature!’ cried Melville, when to his ravished eyes appeared his own likeness.

‘Adorable creature!’ again exclaimed he, throwing himself upon his knees.—‘What do I not owe to thee!—What do I not deserve for my base suspicions!’

Here, however, intervened a pause.

‘But—hut, Julia—’

The happiness of Melville had already begun

begun to vanish.—The *mystery*, he thought, was not yet *fully* unravelled; and though he longed to hint to her the revival of his doubts, yet could he not tell *how* to hint it.

‘But, *Julia*—forgive me—is there not another picture?’

Julia again changed colour, and trembled, while Melville again also gave a loose to his jealousy—Sir Charles to his astonishment.

Thus were they situated, when Miss Fairfax entered the room, fraught with the news of the happy issue of her projects.

‘Hey day! what is the meaning of all this?’ cried she, lost in astonishment at the perplexity visible in the countenance of each.

‘You, Madam, can, perhaps, best explain it,’ replied Sir Charles.—‘In the possession of Miss Howard there is a certain picture.’

‘*Picture!*’ interrupted Miss Fairfax, ‘what picture?’

‘Here it is, Madam,’ said Julia, unable longer to behold the distress of her lover:—‘here it is, finished agreeably to your request.—To You alone it belongs to dispose of it.’

And without farther hesitation, she put into her hand the portrait of Frankley.

‘Well, Sir Charles,’ resumed Miss Fairfax, rather piqued at the discovery, but willing to put the best face upon the matter—‘people seldom wish to possess the likeness of an object which is indifferent to them.—The picture shall be mine; and, in return for it, at your service are my hand, and my fortune—a fortune, which has to-day received an increase of THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS.’

‘Madam, your most obedient.—In the first place, however, allow me to complete the happiness of my friends—allow me, in a word, to say, I have obtained your consent, that this faithful pair may be united, and that *they* may partake of the fruits of this happy day.’

Miss Fairfax—too much elated to refuse any request which could come from her dear Sir Charles—bowed, and said—

The lovers were in an ecstasy.

‘Dear Sir Charles!’—‘Dear Aunt!’—cried they in a breath.

‘Now,’ said Frankley, ‘every mystery, I think, is cleared up but that of—of my marriage.’

‘*Your marriage!*’ echoed Melville and Julia, with amazement.—‘*Your marriage!*’ echoed Miss Fairfax, with a confusion which surpassed her amazement.

‘Yes, *my* marriage with the Countess of Hayman.—Why we are old in wedlock now.—We have been married—let me see—aye, almost a week!—Her ladyship is now at home, and will be happy to receive this good company to dinner.’

Melville and Julia with pleasure embraced the invitation; but Miss Fairfax, under the pretext of a sudden head-ache, begged to be excused.

She neglected not, however, her promise to Sir Charles.—On the day which gave to Melville the possession of his Julia, she presented the bride with ten thousand pounds; a sum which, indeed, they wanted not, but which induced the world to throw a veil over her foibles, while they pitied the misfortune of which those foibles had been the source.

Soon after, she retired to a village, at a considerable distance from London—a village, long since famous for SCANDAL.—There she lived, contented as an antiquated maiden, like her, *could* live, till about six months ago, when, in consequence of a capital failure in the city, that threatened a material injury to her fortune, her heart broke; and, yielding up her breath to Him who gave it, she yielded up also the enjoyment of a world, which she had literally found to be—what she ever delighted to term it—‘a world of vanity, and of disappointment.’

As for Sir Charles and his lady, happy are they still as an endless round of dissipation can make them.—The joys of Mr. and Mrs. Melville, on the contrary, strictly domestic, are centered in each other, and in a lovely boy and girl, the living images of a father, and a mother, who declare, that though *they* had often *heard* of felicity before they were married, yet, *till married*, felicity they had never *known*.





**THE COUNTRY SQUIRE'S REVENGE.**

plate V.

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## THE COUNTRY SQUIRE'S REVENGE.

## A TRUE STORY.

JOHN Buckhurst, Esq. born in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, in Shropshire, lost almost from his infancy those who had given him life; so that he entered early on an estate of 1500*l.* *per ann.* which they left him. As he was free to dispose of himself as he pleased, and thought he was rich enough to consult only his own inclination in the choice of a wife, he married the daughter of a farmer, who rented from him a part of his estate. She was a fine figure of a woman, had a fresh ruddy complexion, was reckoned an extraordinary beauty; and, on these considerations, he was regardless of the inequality of their conditions, and the smallness of her fortune, which he bestowed upon a younger sister. He was transported with his happiness; and, to taste the pleasure of possessing the person he loved more completely, he had his mansion-house newly fitted up, and elegantly furnished, to which he had her conveyed, in the usual pomp of country festivity, a few days after his marriage.

They lived there in a most delightful union, when the Earl of Wolsingstone, whose seat was near the Squire's, called in one day as he was hunting, to refresh himself at his house. He saw his wife, and fell in love with her; at least the squire thought so; and that which convinced him, was his courting his acquaintance immediately, in a very pressing manner, which before he had extremely slighted. He associated with him in his hunting-matches, forced several presents upon him, and made him wonderful offers of service, particularly of getting him a seat in parliament, without being at the least expence himself for defraying the election-charges.

The Squire, notwithstanding, was greatly alarmed at the Earl's passion. If he had utterly deprived him of all opportunities of seeing his wife, he might have avoided the calamity which befel him; but the confidence he had in her kept him easy. He believed it impossible that a woman, whom he had married without a fortune, and from an obscure rank, should be ungrateful enough to forget his kindness. Alas! how little did he know her. Ambition and vanity, which

are both so natural to women, were her greatest faults.

When Earl Wolsingstone had found means to inform her of his sentiments, she was wonderfully delighted with so important a conquest. The addresses of a man who was styled Noble Lord, soothed her pride, and filled her mind with aspiring notions. She esteemed him more, and loved the Squire less. What he had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, drew on him her contempt. She regarded him as a husband unworthy of her beauty; and imagined, that if this high and mighty Lord had seen her before their marriage, (for his lordship was but lately married himself) he certainly would have espoused her. Elated with these foolish fancies, and seduced by some presents which encouraged them, she yielded to the Earl's secret solicitations.

They wrote to one another frequently, and the Squire never suspected their correspondence; but, at last, he was unhappy enough to be cured of his blindness. One day he came back from hunting before his usual hour, and passed into his wife's chamber, who did not expect him so soon. She had just received a letter from the Earl, and was going to answer it. She trembled, and could not conceal her trouble at seeing him. Observing a pen and ink on the table, his mind told him that she was betraying him. He pressed her to shew him what she was writing; which she obstinately refusing, he was obliged to make use of violence to satisfy his jealousy; and pulled out of her bosom, in spite of her resistance, a letter which contained the following words—

SHALL I always continue in expectation of a second interview with my dear Madam Buckhurst? How cruel are you, to give me the most flattering hopes, and delay to fulfil them so long? Your husband, so little deserving of your charms, goes every day a hunting, and should we not improve those opportunities? Have more regard to the tender flame which consumes my heart. Pity me, Madam, and consider that, if it be a pleasure to obtain what one de-

Sires,

fires, it is a torment to wait long for the possession of it.

WOLFINGSTONE.

The Squire could not read this letter over, without being transported with rage. He had still his horse-whip in his hand, and was tempted to lay it to some purpose on the shoulders of an unfaithful wife, who had ruined his honour; but, reflecting that this would be to revenge himself by halves, and that his resentment called also for another victim, he suppressed his passion, dissembled, and, with as little agitation as possible, 'Madam,' said he to his wife, 'you have done ill to hearken to the Earl. The Justice of his rank ought not to dazzle you; but young people love gaiety and splendor. I am willing to believe this is all your crime, and that you have not committed the last error; and therefore I will excuse your indiscretion, provided you return to your duty; and that, being from henceforth sensible of my affection only, you make it your whole care to deserve it.' So saying, he went out of the room, as well to give her time to recover from the trouble in which she was, as because himself wanted to be alone a little, to appease his choler. If he could not make himself easy, he affected at least to be so for two days; and, on the third, feigning to have an affair of great importance at Bristol, he told his wife he was obliged to leave her for some time, and begged her to take care of her honour in his absence.

He set out; but, instead of going to Bristol, returned home privately, at the close of day, and hid himself in the chamber of a trusty servant, from whence he could see every one that came into the house. He did not doubt but that the Earl had been informed of his departure, and believed he would not fail to embrace this opportunity. He hoped to surprise them together, and promised himself a complete revenge; but he was deceived in his expectations. He was so far from observing any preparations to receive a lover, that, on the contrary, he found the doors kept close shut; and three days having elapsed without the Earl's appearing, or any of his people, he persuaded himself that his wife had repented of her fault, and had broke off all commerce with him.

Possessed with this opinion, he lost all desire of revenge; and, resigning himself

to the motions of a love which had been suspended by anger, he ran to his wife's apartment, and embracing her with transports—'Madam,' said he, 'my griefs and heart are again yours. I have not been at Bristol. I feigned that journey to prove you. You must forgive this stratagem in a husband, whose jealousy was not without foundation. I was afraid that your mind, seduced by illusions of grandeur, was not equal to the task of undeceiving itself; but, thanks to Heaven! you have discovered your error, and I hope nothing hereafter will trouble your peace.'

His wife seemed touched with these words, and letting fall some tears, 'How unhappy am I,' cried she, 'to have given you ground to suspect my virtue! I ought to abhor that which has so justly provoked you against me; I must have my eyes swam in tears for two days; all my sorrow, all my remorse, are in vain; I shall never regain your confidence.'—'I give it you again,' interrupted the Squire, melted with the affliction she shewed; 'I shall never think of what is past, since you repent of it so sincerely.' In short, he had the same love for her that moment as before, and began to taste those pleasures again, which had been so cruelly interrupted. They were, even accompanied with a greater degree of sensibility; for his wife, as it has tended to efface from his mind all impressions of the offence she had committed, was more diligent to please him than ever; her caresses were endearing, and he was almost pleased with the weakness she had occasioned him.

He fell sick shortly after, and though his illness was not mortal, it is inconceivable how his wife seemed to be alarmed. She kept constantly with him, in the day; and in the night, as he lay in a separate chamber, visited him two or three times, to enquire after his health; and was extremely diligent to be the first to lend him any assistance he wanted. Her life seemed to be wrapped up in his; and her on his side, was so much moved with the tokens of tenderness she shewed him, that he could not forbear expressing it. They were not, however, so sincere as he imagined.

One night, when he was pretty well recovered, and had thoughts of refreshing himself by going out a hunting the next day, his huntsman waked him. 'Sir,' said he, with trepidation, 'I am sorry to

‘to break your honour’s rest, but I am  
 ‘too faithful to you to conceal from  
 ‘you what is now passing in your house.  
 ‘Lord Wolfingstone is with my mis-  
 ‘tress.’ The Squire was so astonished  
 with the news, that he looked on the  
 huntsman a long time without being able  
 to speak. The more he thought on what  
 he told him, the more difficulty he had  
 to believe it true. ‘No,’ cried he, ‘it  
 ‘is impossible my wife should be capa-  
 ‘ble of so much perfidiousness. You  
 ‘are not properly, nor fully assured of  
 ‘what you say.’—‘Sir,’ replied the  
 huntsman, ‘I wish to Heaven I were but  
 ‘able to doubt it; but I am not deceived  
 ‘by false appearances. Since your ill-  
 ‘ness, I suspected his lordship was in-  
 ‘troduced almost every night into her  
 ‘apartment: I hid myself to clear my  
 ‘suspicions, and am but too well per-  
 ‘suaded they are just.’

At this the Squire rose in a fury, and  
 putting on his cloaths, took a sword with  
 him, and went to the chamber his wife  
 lay in, accompanied by the huntsman,  
 who carried a light. At the noise they  
 made in bursting open the door, Lord  
 Wolfingstone, starting out of bed, and  
 snatching up a pistol he had laid by him  
 on a table, presented it at the Squire, and  
 fired; but it was with so much perplexity  
 and precipitation, that he missed him.  
 The Squire, finding himself to have  
 escaped unhurt, threw down his sword,  
 and seizing his antagonist by the collar,  
 notwithstanding his weak state from ill-  
 ness, overpowered him, and kept him ex-  
 tended on the floor, crying out to the  
 huntsman to secure his wife, and not let  
 her get away. By this time, most of the  
 servants of the house, roused by the re-  
 port of the pistol, came flocking to the  
 apartment where they heard the racket.  
 Their master ordered them to bring such  
 strong cords as they could find. With  
 these he had the Earl tied neck and heels  
 to one post of the bed, and his wife, to  
 the other. Then addressing himself to his  
 lordship, ‘Base adulterer,’ said he, ‘the  
 ‘disturber of an honest man’s quiet and  
 ‘happiness, what must I think you to  
 ‘be now deserving of? Were not my  
 ‘bosom tainted with the humanity of  
 ‘an Englishman, this sword,’ taking it  
 off the floor, ‘I should have planted in  
 ‘your heart, animated by the phrenzy  
 ‘of a jealous Italian, or Spaniard!—And

‘you, Madam,’ turning to his wife, ‘do  
 ‘not you imagine the like fatality should  
 ‘reach you, for your false demonst-  
 ‘trations of affection, and all the enormity  
 ‘of your treachery? But I shall not be  
 ‘so revenged of either; yet will I heap  
 ‘confusion and shame on both.’ He  
 pitched upon three of his servants to sit  
 up and guard this amorous pair the rest  
 of the night, desiring that bread and wa-  
 ter might be administered to them, as  
 they were in a state of penitence; and a  
 blanket thrown over them, if they should  
 complain of cold, for both were naked.

The Squire left them thus secured, and  
 dispatched some of his people with notice  
 to all his tenants and acquaintance to  
 assist him the next day in a grand stag-  
 hunt, having caught a huge one in his  
 toils. Accordingly, in the morning there  
 was a numerous apparatus of hounds,  
 horns, and horses. The Earl and Squire’s  
 lady were placed on the back of a stout  
 hunter, both strapped about to keep them  
 from falling; and their brows were graced  
 with antlers of the largest dimensions. In  
 this manner they were made to join in  
 the chase of a stag, over hedges, ditches,  
 and five-barred gates, and through va-  
 rious pieces of water, till about four in  
 the afternoon, when they were driven,  
 amidst the rough notes of venatorial mu-  
 sic, into the court-yard of Lord Wolfing-  
 stone’s seat; where the Squire related to  
 the Countess his spouse the particulars  
 of the adventure, desiring her to dispose  
 of the sporting couple as she should think  
 proper.

In consequence of this affair, divorces  
 were mutually sued for and obtained by  
 the Squire and her Ladyship; who were  
 shortly after united in bonds which Death  
 only could divide, and thus nobly com-  
 pleated the Squire’s Revenge.

His repudiated spouse languished a  
 few years on a small pittance, abandoned  
 and despised; while her paramour, hav-  
 ing lost by the decree against him the for-  
 tune he had received with his lady, which  
 had for some time been the whole he  
 possessed, and finding himself unable to  
 pursue those vicious gratifications which  
 from indulgence had become habitual,  
 soon put a period to that existence which  
 extreme turpitude now rendered as in-  
 supportable to himself as it had long  
 been obnoxious to society.

# THE GARDEN OF CONTENT.

## A DREAM.

**T**HERE is nothing which contributes so much to the welfare and happiness of mankind as Contentment, and a calm submission to the will of Providence. It is that alone which pours the lenient balm of consolation into the wounds of poverty; it is that which renders the yoke of captivity light, and supports the mind under all the troubles of adversity and distress. There are few, indeed, who are wise enough to obey the dictates of reason, in encouraging this disposition of mind; but no one has ever been found who without Content could be pronounced truly happy.

I was musing on this desirable serenity of mind, and considering the happiness arising from it in every situation of life—when, falling asleep, I suddenly found myself placed in a most delightful Garden. Every scene about me was calm and composed; every object, I perceived, wore a pleasing and graceful aspect. The azure canopy of heaven, undisturbed by the tumultuous conflict of jarring elements, diffused a serene lustre over the enchanting spot; and the gay verdure of the groves, unmoved by the rude breath of angry winds, afforded a quiet and secure retreat for sober contemplation.

When I had a little recovered from the agreeable surprize with which I was at first overwhelmed, I began to take a more particular and deliberate view of the objects around me. I then perceived, that there was a competence of every thing, without superfluity. The fruits, which presented themselves to my view, though unable to satisfy the cravings of voracious appetites, were, however, sufficient to alleviate the calls of hunger; and the shrill tenants of the warbling shade, while they captivated the ears by the harmony of their voices, did not at the same time overpower the senses by a too numerous concourse of united strains.

I next endeavoured to discover, if there were any traces of human inhabitants; but of these I found very few; and even the greater part of those whom I saw, appeared to consist of the inferior orders of life. I perceived some at a little distance employed in divers laborious works of

art, who supported themselves and their families by the well-earned rewards of their industrious toil. Though clothed in the humble garb of lowliness and poverty, though wearied by incessant attention to their respective trades, they, however, seemed all to partake of some general felicity. In their countenances they bore strong marks of serenity and good-humour; every cheek smiled with satisfaction, and every eye sparkled with delight. Upon this, I resolved to enquire the name of this delightful region; and was informed by the first person I accosted, that I was in the Garden of CONTENT, and that all those whom I saw thus busily employed in different operations were her constant votaries; who, being satisfied with the station allotted to them by Providence——

‘Kept the noiseless tenor of their way,’

and confining their wishes to things within their reach, partook of those lasting joys and blessings which contented dispositions alone can enjoy. ‘The Goddess herself,’ continued he, ‘delights not in vaulted roofs and palaces; she sleeps not in proud alcoves, she reclines not on beds of down. The superb mansions of the wealthy cannot boast of her agreeable presence; you will rather find her in the rural cottage; you will find her in those places where artless Simplicity extends her reign, and honest Industry procures the just rewards of labour and fatigue. Such is this enchanting spot, in which the Goddess delights to dwell; amid these beautiful groves she has fixed her constant residence; and here she dispenses her gifts to her industrious followers with a bounteous hand.’

I turned my sight to a retired arbour on my right hand, where I beheld the Goddess, in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne. Around her lay all the gifts of Nature in a moderate but competent abundance: she wore a perpetual serenity of aspect, and impartially directed her smiles to her delighted votaries. A nosegay of Hearts-ease, which bloomed in her bosom, represented the tranquillity of her

her temper: at her side attended a hand-maid, dressed in white; who was easily distinguished, by the delicate snowdrop in her hand, to be the lovely INNOCENCE.

Such was the delightful recess of the happy Goddeſs; which when I had for ſome time attentively conſidered, I mounted an eminence, from which I had a diſtinct view of the whole place. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the Garden of Content was by a gate, kept by Competence, a ſtrict but juſt portreſs, and who ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories. Thoſe, however, who appeared deſerving of admittance, were without heſitation permitted to enter, and from thence were

led by Wiſdom to the bowers of Content.

I ſaw a crowd of frightful objects, who were in vain endeavouring to gain admittance at the gate, and was informed, upon enquiry, by a perſon who ſtood near me, that they were miſers and ambitious people; who, though continually wallowing in the increaſe of their accumulated ſtore, could never reſt contented with their preſent poſſeſſions. ‘How much to be envied,’ cried I, ‘is the lot of thoſe who can withſtand the deceitful allurements of uncertain Fortune!’

This exclamation rung ſo loud in my ears, that the agreeable viſion quickly diſappeared, and I inſtantly awaked.

## ZILIM AND SELENA.

### AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the pleaſant vale of Arlin, on the eaſtern bank of the river Kyſha, dwelt Zilim and Selena. Their humble manſion ſtood ſolitary, on a riſing lawn: a lofty grove ſheltered it from uncouth winds, and a limpid ſtream meandered through the pleaſant vale beneath. Domeſtick diſcord approached not once their peaceful habitation; and Jealouſy, the frequent bane of conjugal felicity, entered not their doors. Their time fled ſwift on downy wings; for Innocence, with Chearfulneſs, her conſtant mate, opened to them ſtill the gates of the morn, and heaven-born Contentment cloſed their every day. Their views were limited to things within their power; thence were their enjoyments not imbittered by diſappointment. Their friends were few, choſen, and ſincere; their poſſeſſions moderate, but ſo were likewiſe their deſires.

Shymal, who liveth in the third heaven, and to whom the guardian ſpirits that watch the ſons of men, pay due obedience, called unto him the ſpirit Phyla, and ſaid—‘Phyla, the earthly pair, whom in the vale of Arlin thou delighteſt to guard from evil, are doomed to part. ’Tis ſo ordained. Haſte down to earth, and lend thy aid inviſible to ſupport their virtue. They ſoon muſt taſte affliction.’—‘O Shy-

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mal!’ ſaid Phyla, ‘I know thy power on earth. Thy words are truth; for thou doſt execute the will of Heaven. Yet ſuffer me to plead for this bleſſed pair. O Shymal, part them not!’ Their ſouls are like the elm and tender vine, entwined inextricable; to part them were worſe than death.’—‘Ceſſe,’ Phyla, ſaid Shymal; ‘thou knoweſt not what thou aſkeſt. The ways of Heaven are ever juſt. Inferior ſpirits, like the mortals they watch, ſee things darkly. Terreſtrial felicity is often dangerous: affliction is the only true touchſtone of virtue. If the pair for whom thou pleadeſt are virtuous, as they ſeem, their days may yet be multiplied, and their bliſs more exquisite. The great oeconomy of things requires their ſeparation. If they look up with due devotion for aſſiſtance, ſupport their virtue.’ Phyla bowed ſubmiſſive, and departed.

In theſe days the emperor of the Eaſt made war againſt his enemies. On the 20th day of the third moon arrived a meſſenger at the peaceful dwelling of Zilim, and ſaid—‘The enemies of the great king are riſen up againſt him, and all the powers of the Eaſt prepare for battle. Hark, Zilim! gird on thy ſabre, and leave the vale of tranquility, for ſo the great king ordains.’

T

Zilim

Zilim bowed down to the earth, and said—'The will of Heaven be done!—O my Selena! Thou best beloved of my soul! I see thy affliction. Thy beaming eyes are bathed in sorrow. Thy grief is already too mighty for expression. But, O my lovely fair! let us not, by our complainings, offend that kind Providence to which we are indebted for so much felicity; that Providence, whose mandates are irrevocable, and whose dispensations are indubitably just.' The charming Selena fell upon his neck, and hung speechless in his arms. He kissed the gushing pearls from her pale-grown cheeks, and used every tender expression of his love to mitigate her grief: but all his tenderness served only to increase her affliction for his departure, and anxiety for his safety. Alas! she sunk down lifeless on the couch. Zilim, like one frantic with despair, called her faithful female slaves to her assistance; who no sooner beheld their beloved mistress pale and motionless on the couch, than they were all bathed in tears of sincere affection; for they adored her, because of her universal benevolence and affectionate condescension. They used every effort in their power; but, notwithstanding all their endeavours, one dreadful hour passed before they could recal her departed senses. At last the returning sun of life began again to beam through the dark cloud which had overwhelmed her lovely form—she looked—she beheld her dear Zilim, with his eyes uplifted to Heaven, in gratitude for her revival. She started from her couch, and grasping his right-hand, she said—'O my beloved Zilim! thou saidst the ways of Heaven are ever just; and so in truth they are. I have seen a bright celestial spirit; he spake delightful words; he called himself our guardian angel. "Selena," said he, (methinks I hear him still) "be of good comfort: thy Zilim shall return, and ye shall yet be happy; but remember, O remember, not to offend thy Creator by thy distrust of his power and promise to protect the virtuous." O my beloved! we shall surely meet again! No, no, I will not call down judgment upon us both by my complaining. Depart, my dearest Zilim. It is the will of the Almighty, and I am satisfied.'—'My ever-charming Selena,' said Zilim, 'thy words are more reviving to my soul than the morning dew of heaven

to blooming nature. Yes, we shall surely meet again in peace and lasting joy. Farewel, thou best-beloved of my soul! May the great Alla grant thee health and serenity of mind!' They embraced with inexpressible tenderness, and Zilim began his journey towards the East. Selena, also, unwilling to continue in a place where every object would renew her grief, left her delightful villa, and travelled westward to the house of her father.

Mustapha, the great king of the East, had now collected all his dreadful host, and the boundless plain glittered with various instruments of war. The numerous enemy drew near, and all the hostile field breathed slaughter and destruction. The battle joined; victory wavered, and seemed long irresolute; many thousands were slain, and many were led into captivity: at length the arms of Mustapha prevailed, and his enemy fled in confusion.

Now Fame, with a thousand trumpets, flew quickly through the land, and spread abroad the news of victory.—Selena heard it, and trembled. 'O my Zilim!' said she, 'What, no intelligence from Zilim? no assurance that Zilim lives? Eternal God!—But be calm, my fluttering heart.' She then was silent; nor opened her lips till the going down of the sun. Her eyes were often raised toward heaven in fervent ejaculation. She now retired to rest; and balmy sleep, the only friend of the unhappy, at length wrapt her anxious mind in sweet insensibility. But when the morning dawned, she rose and bowed to earth, then lifted up her hands to heaven, and thus addressed her God—'O great, eternal Being! Creator and Preserver of this universal world! Thou, mighty Father, gavest me life, and thou alone canst make me happy. Accept, O God of truth, my humble, my imperfect gratitude, for all thy mercies past; and O inspire my soul with sentiments to thee most acceptable, and most becoming a creature whom thou hast been graciously pleased to endow with reason. O great Omnipotence! if ever thy poor servant hath found favour in thy sight, shield, O shield my Zilim! Restore him to my soul; and, in thy good time, peace and tranquillity to mankind.' So prayed the angelic fair; and straight her prayers were borne on seraph wings to heaven.

She

She then walked serenely forth: for conscious faith in Heaven had glowed her cheeks, religion soothed her soul, and all within was peace. So walks the gentle shepherd o'er the lawn, composed, nor dreams of evil hour; when on a sudden, lo! the welkin gathers, darkens, and the unexpected storm breaks furious over his head. She saw the approaching messenger, and in his aspect read his horrid tale. In one hand he bore the well-known turban, and in the other held the sword of Zilim. 'Speak,' she cried, 'my Zilim is no more. Ah! did I say no more? Just Heaven! By all the powers above, my Zilim lives!' He bowed, and thus began:—'Hail! fairest of thy sex! This turban and this sword I found scattered on the bloody field. No more I know. I saw him not; but much I fear thy Zilim fell.'—'My Zilim lives,' she cried, 'by Heaven, my Zilim lives!'

Her guardian angel heard her wondrous faith, and joyfully fled in search of Zilim. He found him in captivity. In the midst of the battle, his sword was dashed out of his hand by a javelin thrown with incredible rapidity. The warriors, seeing their leader disarmed, fled; and Zilim, preferring slavery to an ignominious flight, was taken by the enemy. Now the invisible Phyla entered the tent of Zilim, and beheld him pensive and alone, sitting on his couch. It was the dead of night; when lo! the beautiful Sarcasta, loose and unattired, gently lifts the canvas, and thus she speaks—'Well mayest thou seem surprised, O captive stranger, that in this silent hour a female, as thou seest, of no mean degree, should thus break in upon thy peace. I come to give thee liberty.'—'Ah, liberty!' cried Zilim. 'Yes, stranger, liberty! I saw thee when thou wert first led in triumph through our camp. I saw, and wished thee well. When last our king, the great Barossa, questioned thee alone, I saw thee through the veil that hangs between the king and me. I beheld thee with a feeling that much exceeds compassion. Yes, gentle stranger, thou hast raised a sense within me, that makes me wish to give thee happiness. Methinks I read within thy breast a tender heart. Say, didst thou ever love?' Zilim, like one who sees, or dreams he sees, an angel, (for Sarcasta was exquisitely beautiful) remained for some time dumb with astonishment.

He gazed, and doubted all his senses. At length he thus replied—'Fair mortal, or fair spirit, for such I deem thou art, methinks thou speakest of liberty. Some generous heavenly power hath heard my prayer, and haply sent thee to redeem a slave.' She then drew near to Zilim, and seized his hand; then fixed her wanton eyes upon him, sat down upon the couch, and said—'Yes, thou shalt soon be free.' She raised his hand, and pressed it to her lips. Zilim trembled, and was all amazement. She then displayed her snowy bosom, and used every female art to seduce him to her will. The spirit Phyla saw, and dreaded the event. Alas! what virtue could resist such bewitching beauty; what wonder if, for a moment, Zilim had forgot his sacred vows? But Phyla wrote upon the wall the word SELENA. Zilim raised his eyes, and caught the golden characters. He gazed a while, then started from the couch, and said—'Go, go, perfidious beauty! Who thou art I know not: 'tis enough, that I know thou art not mine.' She rose with all the rage that ever swelled the breast of disappointed woman.—'Vile slave,' she said, 'this very hour shall be thy last. By our great Prophet I swear thou hast not yet an hour to live!' Just as she spake, the king Barossa rushed into the tent, seized her by the neck, and stabbed his poniard to her heart.—'Die, strumpet,' he cried; 'I have heard thy perfidy, and am now revenged. Hadst thou, captive, yielded to her lewd desire, this steel had now been sheathed within thy breast.' He scarce had left the tent, when on a sudden a loud alarm spread through all the camp: Mustapha, with ten thousand chosen men, had found means to surprise the army of his enemy, and advanced unopposed even to the tent of king Barossa, who no sooner saw himself surrounded, than he fell upon his own sword, and thus put an end to the war.

Now Phyla rose to heaven, and hailed the holy spirit Shymal. He blest the great God, that Zilim and Selena had proved themselves deserving his protection. 'Thou seest,' said Shymal, 'that Providence is ever merciful to man. The mansion where the pair thou watchest dwelt, hath even now been swallowed by an earthquake; and thence thou seest, it was meet they should be removed, else they had both been buried in its ruin. Moreover, it was ordained that war should rage throughout the

' eastern world, to punish sin, till the  
' most faithful and virtuous person up-  
' on earth should pray for peace. That  
' prayer Selena lately sent to heaven, and  
' the eastern world is blest with peace.  
' If Zilim had forgot his marriage-vow,

' he surely then had died; and if Selena's  
' faith had failed, her prayer had never  
' been heard. They now shall meet  
' again, their days be prolonged, and  
' they shall taste as much of happiness  
' as is consistent with mortality.'

## MALEVOLENCE DEFEATED;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF MRS. WINIFRED WORMWOOD.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

**M**RS. Winifred Wormwood was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive avarice, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendor. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life; and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection. The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing many suitors discarded; and, by the insatiate avarice of her father, she was naturally led into habits of artifice and intrigue. Possessing an uncommon share of very shrewd and piercing wit, with the most pro-

found hypocrisy, she contrived to please, and to blind, her plodding old parent; who perpetually harangued on the discretion of his daughter, and believed her a miracle of reserve and prudence, at the very time when she was suspected of such conduct as would have disqualified her, had it ever been proved, for the rank she now holds in this essay\*. She was said to have amused herself with a great variety of amorous adventures, which eluded the observation of her father; but of the many lovers who sighed to her in secret, not one could tempt her into marriage; and, to the surprise of the public, the rich heiress of Mr. Wormwood reached the age of thirty-seven without changing her name. Just as she arrived at this mature season of life, the opulent old gentleman took his leave of a world in which he had acted a busy part, pleased with the idea of leaving a large fortune, as a monument of his industry, but wanting the superior satisfaction which a more generous parent would probably have derived from the happy establishment of a daughter. He gained, however, from the hypocrisy of Winifred, what he could not claim from her affection, the honour of being lamented with a profusion of tears. She distinguished herself by displaying all the delicate gradations of filial sorrow; but recovered, at a proper time, all the natural gaiety of her temper, which she had now the full opportunity of indulging, being mistress of a magnificent mansion, within a mile of a populous town, and enabled to enliven it with all the arts of luxury, by inheriting such accumulated wealth, as would safely support the utmost efforts of provincial splendor. Miss Wormwood now expected to see every batchelor of figure and consequence

\* This History is extracted from Mr. Hayley's celebrated Essay on Old Maids.



a suppliant at her feet: she promised to herself no little entertainment in sporting with their addresses, without the fear of suffering from a tyrannical husband, as she had learned caution from her father, and had privately resolved not to trust any man with her money; a resolution the more discreet, as she had much to apprehend, and very little to learn, from so dangerous a master! The good-natured town, in whose environs the rich Winifred resided, very kindly pointed out to her no less than twenty lively beaux for her choice; but, to the shame or the honour of those gentlemen, they were too timid, or too honest, to make any advances. The report of her youthful frolicks, and the dread of her sarcastic wit, had more power to repel, than her person and her wealth had to attract. Passing her fiftieth year, she acquired the serious name of Mistress, without the dignity of a wife, and without receiving a single offer of marriage from the period in which she became the possessor of so opulent a fortune.

Whether this mortifying disappointment had given a peculiar asperity to her temper, or whether malevolence was the earlier characteristic of her mind, I will not pretend to determine; but it is certain, that from this autumnal, or rather wintry season of her life, Mrs. Wormwood made it her chief occupation to amuse herself with the most subtle devices of malicious ingenuity, and to frustrate every promising scheme of affection and delight which she discovered in the wide circle of her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness which the found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast it's success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendor in which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary: her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting-house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged

by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own; yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit, supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with wanton innuendos of so subtle nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them: she had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually disguised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of Lady Macbeth—

Bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it!

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure.

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and the beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification, which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer; who, closing a laborious and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an old

old maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother: she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum, and a relation whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any low order of life: she gave her the education of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope that her various attractions must supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia settled happily in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty which was her only inheritance. Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource; and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector. A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the

parties assented; and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. 'Amelia,' they cried, 'is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?' Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered the painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends by whose generosity she subsisted; she wished, a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres: but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to effect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt; and, without any prospect of marriage, she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen than at any other season. This, indeed, was true; and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart

smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance full sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim—

'He hurts me most who lavishly commends;'

and she therefore made use of lavish commendation, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste, and ridiculed the choice, of every new-married man; and declared herself convinced, that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman. To more than one gentleman she said, 'You *must* marry Amelia:' and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event; and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a beautiful young lady, when the house in which she resided was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins. Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her, whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of be-

nevolence, in the prosecution of which he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames. Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also, in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distresses by that calamity to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister. Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution; and nothing, she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia; she saw nothing that authorised such an idea

in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues, of Mr. Nelson; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection. Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly, engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of that gentleman, and with the most perfect imitation of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner-time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant, Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed in reading the note; and, in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood, who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to

all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertain of an imaginary lover; but finding these remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia; and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent enquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Nevil was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends. Mr. Nelson observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood; who immediately

immediately flew to the chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person, whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia had, indeed, retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood, and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural to a delicate mind in arraigning itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that lady engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk for the purpose of composing her spirits: but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity; and as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was, indeed, in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, 'Good Heaven! my dear child, for what have you been crying?'—'Because,' replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears, 'because I am a fool.'—Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper—'There,' says she, 'is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson; it is a forgery of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real.' The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. 'Do not fancy,' replied Amelia, 'that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence, in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector.'—'Those arms are now open to receive you,' said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia

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started at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased on seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who, entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification: she was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak:—and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation.

Mr. Nelson had observed the sarcastic manner of Mrs. Wormwood towards Amelia; and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. 'I am acquainted,' said he, 'with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Nevil, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support a servant.' Mrs. Melford was transported at this idea; and, recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and, suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow-window, which commanded the street in which she lived, 'Thank Heaven,' she cried, 'here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness.' Nelson, who delighted most in doing good

an establishment as was suited to his fortune and the rank he held in life.

After remaining about a year in this situation, his choice still unhixed, a brother officer in the East invited him to pass a few days with him at a villa which he had purchased within half a day's journey of the metropolis; and in his return from this visit, in a post-chaise and four, attended by two servants on horse-back, he was overtaken, about fifteen miles from town, by one of those dreadful tempests which are seldom felt in this moderate climate.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the rain descended in torrents, the thunder rolled most tremendously, and the pitchy darkness of the night was only interrupted by the repeated flashes of lightning which served to render the returning gloom more horrible.

The storm seemed rather to gain strength than to diminish, when the carriage reached the middle of a large common; and, stopping suddenly, one of the servants came up to the side of it, and acquainted his master, that his drivers would not venture to go on, as they had lost the road, and one of them recollected that the common they were on was full of gravel-pits, and that the impetuosity of the winter torrents had worn deep and dangerous gulphs in several parts of it.

To a man, the greater part of whose life had been spent 'in the tented field,' a difficulty like this could occasion no perturbation of mind. On the receipt of this information, Colonel Taplow directed his eyes round the common, and soon discovered a light at a distant part of it; towards which he directed his servants to proceed, ordering the horsemen to alight by turns, and walk before the horses, which were to draw the chaise gently after this harbinger, and stop upon his giving notice of any obstruction.

In this manner they proceeded without danger, till they approached the light, which they now discovered to be in an elegant house situated on the edge of the common.

Though this was not a moment for ceremony, yet Colonel Taplow well knew he could better apologize for his intrusion in person than by message; and he therefore leaped from the carriage, and flew across a small green which was separated from the common by posts and a chain, intending to solicit shelter for

himself, his equipage, and his servants, during the continuance of the tempest.

But as he drew near the door of the house, his ears were invaded with such piercing female shrieks, as set the storm at defiance, and added horror to the tumults of the night.

His solicitude to obtain admission now changed its object: no longer anxious to procure a retreat from the storm, eagerness to afford assistance to distress prompted him to thunder at the door, not in the stile of a suppliant for shelter, but of an avenger of injuries; and a second powerful application to the knocker succeeding the first almost instantaneously, the door opened, and an elderly servant in livery demanded of Colonel Taplow his business.

But the colonel was not in a humour to hold a parley: the shrieks still continued; and, rushing by the servant, he followed the sounds, which led him through a large hall, to the door of a parlour, which he opened without hesitation, and even, at first, unperceived by a genteel looking, middle-aged man, who was brutally engaged in making repeated blows with a whip at a young and beautiful lady.

Thus interrupted, the enraged assailant turned to his unwelcome guest; and, with fury in his countenance and voice, demanded of him, if he was one of those daring gallants who had invaded the honour of his bed, and made prize of his wife's virtue.

The tale was now unfolded; and our adventurer was about to reply to the infuriated husband, in such terms as might have disarmed his wrath, and restored him to reason and a sense of his unworthy conduct; when he cast his eyes on the lady, who had fainted, and now lay prostrate on the floor without life or motion.

At this moment two of the colonel's servants (who had also listened to the cries, and, apprehensive for the safety of their master, had returned to their horses, taken their pistols from the holsters, and demanded admission in terms which would not bear refusal) had reached the parlour, the door of which still remained open; and were no sooner observed by Colonel Taplow, than he ordered them to deliver their arms to him, and to bear the lady to the chaise; a service which was instantly performed, their retreat being covered by the colonel: and the lady being

being placed in the carriage, the owner of it followed; and, in spite of the outcries and menaces of the husband and his servant, neither of whom chose to make manual opposition, he ordered his drivers to follow the road which led from the house, no matter whither, and carried off his fair prize, who was still in a situation which rendered her wholly unconscious of this disposition.

As the storm was now abated, they soon regained the great road; and the lady having recovered from her fainting-fit, the colonel found means to prevail on her not to oppose accompanying him to town, whither he ordered his servants to conduct them as fast as the horses could gallop.

Meantime, the astonished husband, who we shall hereafter mention by the name of Mr. Marwood, ordered his horses to be got ready; and dispatching his servant one road, proceeded himself another, in hopes at least to trace, though he could not expect to stop, the supposed plunderer of his honour, and the actual robber who carried off his property.

But the darkness of the night, the storm, and the mistake of the road, had effectually precluded all hope of intelligence in the approach to the house; and the celerity with which the fugitives pursued their journey to London, rendered it equally impossible to gain the least information on the road which led to the metropolis; so that both the master and his scout returned at midnight, without having made the smallest progress to a discovery either of the name or person of the ravisher, or his route, after he had possessed himself of the lady.

Early in the morning of the succeeding day, Mr. Marwood departed for the capital, where he consulted lawyers and magistrates, and set on foot every species of enquiry which could afford the most distant prospect of his recovering his wife, or at least finding her in such a situation as might enable him to acquit himself of all future concern either about her person or conduct.

But every effort proved abortive; and upwards of a month had elapsed, when one of the myrmidons of magistracy, who had been tempted to keep a sharp look out, by the advertised reward of twenty guineas for intelligence, gave Mr. Marwood information that the lady was now at the house of Colonel Taplow, in Berkley Square; that he was the gentleman who had carried her off; and

that he had drawn the whole history from one of the servants, with whom he had contrived to make an acquaintance over a bowl of punch.

The remedy was now obvious; and the first step was the obtaining a warrant from a judge to apprehend both the parties, which was immediately put in execution; and Colonel Taplow and the lady being conducted to his chambers, Mr. Marwood attended, with his witnesses and his lawyer, to make good his charge, and demand justice for an injury of so extraordinary a nature.

The information having been read to Colonel Taplow, that gentleman admitted that the transaction had been stated fairly and truly, as far as the relation proceeded; but one particular circumstance, that of Mr. Marwood's brutality, having been wholly omitted, he proceeded to explain that part of the affair with great precision and energy.

When he had finished his narrative, he was informed by the worthy judge, that however meritorious it might appear to a man of spirit and gallantry to rescue from brutal violence suffering and unresisting beauty; and however cruel and unmanly the conduct of the husband had been, a charge which he allowed in the fullest extent, yet it did not belong to him, as a perfect stranger, to be the personal avenger of the lady's injuries in a way of all others the most severe; much less could he justify the detention of another's wife, however blameable the husband might have been, and wounding his public reputation in the most tender and sensible part. He told him the laws had provided means by which ladies might secure themselves from the violence of brutal husbands; and that the administration of those laws was committed to proper hands, who could neither be blinded by prejudice or misguided by passion; and he therefore exhorted him to surrender the lady to her husband, and leave to the laws her future protection, which he would take care should be amply afforded to her, under the eyes of her nearest relations, who he desired might be immediately sent for: and, in the mean time, he told Colonel Taplow, that it would be proper for him to withdraw; though he wished, for his own satisfaction, that he could give him the assurance of a gentleman, that he had in all respects acquitted himself as much like a man of honour in certain particular

cular respects, as he had like a man of bravery and humanity.

To this liberal hint the colonel replied, that he had the highest satisfaction in being thus called upon to affirm, which he could do upon the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, that the virtue of the lady, and the honour of her husband, had never received from him any injury even in thought; and that whatever might be the sentiments of the husband after such a declaration, he trusted the upright and worthy judge, who had led him to make it, would do justice to the candour with which he had met this part of his wish, and acquit him of every act derogatory to the character which his inclination, as well as his profession, made it his duty to maintain.

But he begged leave to offer his reasons for peremptorily refusing to quit the lady, or retire from her presence, till some steps had been taken for her future security, not only from stripes and bruises, but from insults and ill-treatment; which, though short of actual violence, might be sufficient to render completely miserable the life of a lady for whom he thus publicly acknowledged he had the highest, the tenderest regard.

He was now interrupted by Mr. Marwood; who assured him he might spare himself the trouble of any explanation on that head, as he should immediately pursue legal measures to obtain redress from him for the injury he had received at his hands, and to ground those proceedings which would effectually relieve the object of his *tender regards* from all apprehension of future ill-treatment from him; for he was not such a sot as to be duped by the protestations of a man capable of breaking into his house, and carrying off his wife by force, concealing her in his house a month, and then, after avowing his passion for her, to pretend to delicacy, sentiment, and honour.

But Colonel Taplow was not to be diverted from his purpose: he determined to be heard; and addressing himself to the judge—'My lord,' says he, 'it is my duty to offer to you my reasons for refusing to comply with your injunctions to abandon the lady I have had the honour to protect. My lord, I am now well acquainted with the lady's

'amiable and excellent qualities; I know her to be virtuous, mild, gentle, and inoffensive; and as incapable of giving cause for the injuries she has sustained, as she is of resisting the repetition of them. Her husband I know to be groundlessly jealous, absurdly suspicious, and brutally cruel; and, under such convictions, will your lordship think me impertinent or assuming, if I assert, that not even you, authority, nor all the united powers of the law, shall force me to surrender into such hands my dearest, my beloved Maria—my sister?'

It is impossible to express, nor is it necessary to attempt describing, the astonishment of the company, and in particular of the still-doubting Marwood. An éclaircissement, however, took place, which completely convinced even him that his lady had found a brother in her protector, and that this discovery had been made by the colonel the first moment he beheld her, even during the deprivation of sense and motion.

And that the husband should be unacquainted with the name of Taplow, was accounted for by the lady herself, who informed him, that she had assumed that of West, by which he had known her in her unmarried state, at the request of a female relation, who had received her at the death of her mother; and having at her death left her the bulk of her fortune, had enjoined her to continue to use that name only, which she had prevailed upon her to take for several years before.

The highly delighted judge now earnestly intreated the colonel, his sister, and her more than half-converted husband, to accompany him to his house, where his excellent advice paved the way for a total reformation in Mr. Marwood's temper and conduct, and a perfect reconciliation between him and his wife: both which have since taken place; and past injuries are never remembered, but in the pleasantries of the colonel, who now and then reminds his brother-in-law to take care of a relapse, as he is very certain his lady's next champion will appear in a different character from that of a brother.



LOUISA VENONI;  
OR, THE FAIR PIEDMONTESE.

BY MR. M'KENZIE.

**S**IR Edward Archer, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of

Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident: but after some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage, (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house: there she was taught many things of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age, and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.'

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and

and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness, he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself: he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That,' said she, 'nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits, I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against

this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—'To marry, where one cannot love—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!—It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned  
—and

—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. ‘Are you not well, Sir Edward?’ said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.—‘I am ill, indeed,’ said he, ‘but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation: This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy; happy in your duty to a father; happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility. I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a lifeless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.’

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward’s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner—‘This,’ said he, ‘if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.’

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. ‘Oh! Sir Edward!’ said she, ‘What—what would you have me do!’ He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it; and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fide-

lity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and, when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country; there she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter’s disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter’s elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward’s whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to

her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered, as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave it's melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to ac-

complish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute, and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—‘I come not to upbraid you,’ said Venoni; ‘I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die!—When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy—else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear; and those

‘ those tears, which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?’—‘ But she shall shed no more,’ cries Sir Edward; ‘ you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call

‘ up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem.—Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back it’s peace to your mind, and it’s bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni!’

## SERGIUS AND ARANTHE;

### OR, THE SEPARATION.

BY MRS. HAYWOOD.

**S**ERGIUS is a very handsome man, but of so unaccountable and peevish a disposition, that though he married Aranthe, a celebrated beauty, merely for love, she had not been his wife two months before he gave her cause to think herself the most unhappy woman breathing. He, on his side, was no less discontented; all the passion she long had felt for him, and which was not at all inferior to that which induced him to make choice of her, could not enable her to support his treatment—she returned his ill-humour with interest—there was a fatal parity in their tempers, which would suffer neither of them to agree to any thing but what was first proposed by themselves—both took a pleasure in contradiction; both were equally impatient under it; each thinking the right of being obliged was solely in themselves, neither of them would condescend to oblige the other. Sergius, as he was the husband, thought he ought to be obeyed; and Aranthe expected the same complaisance from him, as when he was a lover: and this mutual disappointment seemed to have extinguished all manner of tenderness on both sides. Not only the world, which saw the contentions between them, believed they heartily hated each other, but also they themselves imagined so, and wished, with no less ardency, that there was a possi-

bility of breaking the bands which joined them, than they had formerly done to be united in them.

In fine, their animosities at length arrived to such a height, that there were no longer any rules of decency observed between them; and the ill life they passed together, became so notorious, that the friends on both sides thought it much better to separate, than continue to distract all about them with continual clamours.

The thing was proposed to each apart from the other; and both testifying their approbation, Sergius consented to allow Aranthe, who brought but a very small fortune, an annuity out of his estate for her support—and she entered on her part into an engagement, for the fulfilling of which one of her kindred became surety, that she should contract no debts in his name, nor any other way molest him.

Thus they were parted with all the form that could be, exclusive of a divorce, which neither of them had any pretence to sue for.

For a while they seemed highly satisfied with what they had done, and declared in all company wherever they came, that the day which separated them afforded a joy more exquisite, as well as more reasonable, than they felt on that which joined them.

Each really thought that the being  
X 2 freed

freed from their late disagreeable situation, was the greatest blessing that Heaven, as they were circumstanced, could have bestowed upon them; but how little they knew of themselves in this particular, a short time evinced.

The rage and the disgust which both had imagined they had reason to conceive against each other, being evaporated by mutual revilings, and hatred no longer finding any fuel to support its fire, sunk, by degrees, into a calm, which had the appearance of indifference; but, in effect, was far from being so—their cooler thoughts enabling them to reflect on all that had passed between them, those offences which before had seemed of enormous size, now lost much of their magnitude, and still decreased as they the more considered the provocations which excited them.

Both having leisure to examine into their own conduct, each found enough in it to condemn, and consequently to excuse that of the other; and abience fully convinced them of that, which it is hardly probable they would ever have been sensible of had they continued together.

Good sense, which neither of them was deficient in, now they had leisure to exert it, having utterly conquered those little peevish humours, and unruly passions, which had occasioned their disagreement, memory and recollection brought the hours of their first courtship back: every tender pressure—every soft concession—each fond desire—each agonizing fear, which either had experienced, returned to the respective breast. Sergius would often cry out to himself, 'How charming was then Aranthel'

'Why did I urge her once gentle nature, and by my harshness become the destroyer of a happiness I would have died to purchase!'—'Why,' said Aranthel, sighing, 'did I not consider the worth, the honour of my husband's soul! Why did I provoke him to renounce that love he once had for me?'

In a word, the mutual tenderness they at first had felt for each other, still lived in both their hearts, though it had seemed dead; and recovering the same strength and energy as before, made both now doubly wretched in a too late repentance, since neither knew the other was possessed of adequate sentiments, and despaired of ever being a second time able to inspire them. Sergius now knew he loved Aranthel, but believed himself the ob-

ject of her hate; and Aranthel was too sure she doated on Sergius, who, she doubted not, thought on her with contempt and detestation.

This opinion, which indeed seemed reasonable enough, prevented all attempts on either side for a reconciliation: on the contrary, they shunned all places where there was a likelihood of their meeting, and chance had not yet befriended them so far as to bring them together without their seeking it.

It was indeed just they should have some time of penance for the follies they had been guilty of; but at last the hour arrived which was to put a final period to their anxieties, and render them much more happy, not only than they could ever expect to be, but also than they would have been had never any rupture happened between them.

Self-convicted of their errors, the reflection how madly they had thrown away all that could give them any satisfaction, made both of them extremely melancholy. Sergius, to conceal his from the observation of the world, passed most of his time in the country; and when he was in town, pretended business kept him from going to any of those gay diversions he had been used to frequent. Aranthel, taking no longer any pleasure in the living, grew fond of conversing among the dead, and went almost every day into Westminster Abbey, amusing herself with reading the inscriptions on the tombs.

Sergius one day happened to wander into that famous repository of the pompous dead, and before he was aware, came up close to Aranthel, without seeing or being seen by her, till they even jostled as they met, so deeply were both involved in contemplation. Each started at the unlooked-for presence of the other, but had not power to draw back above two or three paces, though, as they have since confessed, both had it in their thoughts to do it.

'Aranthel!' said Sergius, in the utmost confusion. 'Sergius!' cried Aranthel, with a faulting voice. No more was said on either side; but their eyes were fixed intent upon each other's face, till Aranthel, too weak to support the violent emotions which that instant overwhelmed her soul, was ready to faint, and obliged to lean against a pillar of the church, near which it was her good fortune to stand. Sergius observed the condition

condition she was in, and, quite dissolved in tenderness, flew to her, and took her in his arms.—‘O Aranthe!’ cried he, ‘is it possible that the sight of me has this effect upon you!’—‘O Sergius!’ answered she, ‘we once loved each other!’ ‘How happy was that time!’ resumed he; and would have said something more, if the rising passion had not choaked the utterance of his words; but the tender grasp, with which he still held her inclosed, was sufficient to inform her how much he regretted that time she mentioned had ever been interrupted.

Aranthe, far from opposing his embrace, reclined her head upon his breast, and wetted it with tears. ‘O Aranthe!’ said Sergius, as soon as he had power to speak, ‘it was no fault of thine that parted us.’—‘Nor of your’s,’ cried she, sighing: ‘I confess myself the sole aggressor.’—‘That is too much,’ replied he, ‘for it was I alone that was to blame.’

Some company who were coming to see the tombs, appearing at a distance, obliged him to quit that endearing posture; and they adjourned to a more retired part of the cathedral, and sat down together on a stone, where each condemning themselves for what had happened, and entirely absolving the other of all errors, never was a more perfect reconciliation.

They went together to the house of Sergius, and the unexpected return of Aranthe filled all the servants with a surprize which they were not able to conceal. The now happy pair presently observed it, and remembering with shame

how much the family had suffered by their quarrels, doubted not but they were alarmed at the apprehensions of being again involved in the same confusion.

To put an end, therefore, to all their anxieties on this score.—‘Be not uneasy,’ said Sergius; ‘I knew not the value of the treasure I possessed in this lady, till I had lost it; but it shall now be my endeavour to atone for all my past inadvertencies, and, by making her perfectly contented, render all about her so.’

‘Forbear, my dear,’ rejoined Aranthe, ‘to lay those accusations on yourself, which are alone my due. I was too ignorant of my happiness, as well as of my duty; but my future behaviour shall convince you, our servants, and all who know us, that I now am truly sensible of my mistakes.’

The next day Sergius ordered a fine collation to be prepared, to which all the friends on both sides were invited, to do honour to this reconciliation, which was called his second nuptials; and both he and Aranthe repeated over and over to the company what they had before avowed in the presence of their servants, to the great satisfaction of every one, as well as to themselves.

Each was now indeed too sincerely sensible wherein they had done amiss, to relapse into their former errors—and they have ever since taken more pleasure in condescending to whatever they perceive to be the inclination of each other, than ever they did in opposing it.

## THE LOVES OF ZOELLO AND AGRIPPINA.

### AN ITALIAN NOVEL.

A Young gentleman of the city of Genoa, whom we shall introduce under the appellation of Zoello, having compleated his course of belles lettres and philosophy at the college of Genoa, was sent by his parents to the university of Pisa, in the territories of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to study the civil law.

On his arrival at Pisa, he happened, unfortunately for himself, to take up his residence at the house of a citizen, who had only one child, named Agrippina; a young lady as amiable for the superior

charms of her person, as for the solid and lasting accomplishments of her mind. Her parents, though their circumstances were extremely limited, had spared no pains to bestow on their dear child a genteel education, hoping they might thus be able to provide for her in the family of some lady of distinction, to whom the accomplishments she possessed would prove a considerable recommendation. They had also the prudence, well knowing how susceptible young bosoms are apt to prove to the softer passion of love, to keep her

her as much as possible from the sight of those young gentlemen who, for the convenience of their studies, lodged in the house; nor ever suffered her to be in their company. Zoello, however, had not been there two days, when he happened, by some accident or other, to see her. The gracefulness of her deportment, and the superior lustre of her charms, pierced to his very soul. He resolved, in the first transports of his love, to ask her father's consent to make his addresses to her in an honourable way: but pride soon checked that thought, and made him determine to attempt gaining her as a mistress. He had now recourse to every artifice he could think of to obtain an interview, but without effect; till at length gold, that great surmounter of difficulties, procured him the wished-for opportunity. By a considerable present, he at length corrupted the fidelity of the servant-maid; who, one day, when her master happened to be gone out, and her mistress was busied in her domestick concerns in some other part of the house, informed Zoello that her young mistress was then alone in her chamber. Zoello resolved immediately to improve the happy opportunity his good fortune had thrown in his way. Having knocked gently at the door of her apartment, Agrippina opened it; but was so surprised at so unexpected a visit, that she had no power either to speak or to move. Zoello cast himself at her feet, and intreated her pardon for the indecorum he had been guilty of, to which nothing but the violence of his love, and the despair of ever meeting with an opportunity of informing her of it, could have urged him. It was some time before Agrippina could recover her spirits sufficiently to make a reply; for the arrow that had pierced the heart of Zoello, had instantly rebounded, and inflicted a deep wound in the bosom of the fair object, to whose chains he had yielded up his liberty; and she had heaved the secret sigh ever since that fatal moment when she had first beheld him. 'Leave me, I beseech you,' Sir, said the beauteous maid, heaving, at the same time, a most profound sigh, and looking at Zoello with eyes melting with tenderness and love, the emotions of which she in vain attempted to hide; 'consider the fatal consequences that may attend, should my father or mother find you here: consider both my reputation and future peace of mind

'are at stake.' She uttered these words with such a mixture of softness and dignity, as completed her conquest over the heart of Zoello. 'I obey, Madam,' replied he; 'hut, oh! consider, in your turn, the pangs that rend my soul: soften at least the rigour of that stern command with some lenient word of pity; though you despise my passion, deign to soothe my sufferings with a dawn of hope, that may keep me from sinking into absolute despair.' Agrippina having summoned all her fortitude to her assistance—'I am not so credulous,' Sir, said she, 'to believe that a few superficial charms can make impression enough on a man of sense, to render him desirous of forming an engagement for life. I am also sufficiently apprized of the great disparity between us, in birth and fortune. I cannot, therefore, without cailing your good sense in question, consider your declaration of love to me as founded on the solid basis of virtue and honour; and believe me, Sir, though my birth and fortune are mean and obscure, I have imbibed that grandeur of sentiment, from a virtuous and liberal education, which will never permit me to deviate from the sacred path into which virtue has directed my footsteps.' She now renewed her solicitations to Zoello to quit her apartment, who was so overpowered by that air of dignity with which Agrippina had delivered these heroic sentiments, that his speech failed him for some moments; after which, he took his leave, entreating Agrippina to think of the torments he must endure, till she should graciously condescend to favour him with another interview.

Zoello having retired to his chamber, passed the remainder of the day in the greatest perturbation of mind. Pride and love had raised a conflict in his breast, and it was some time before he could determine in favour of either.—'Cruel, cruel Fates!' would he exclaim, 'why did ye not either place me in a more humble station, or raise the dear object of my wishes to a more elevated rank in society! But what reason have I to form such a wish? Were her quality ever so exalted, could she possibly be mistress of more perfections than she at present possesses? Ought I not rather to thank indulgent Heaven, who has put it in my power at once to build my own happiness on so firm a basis, and

raise



raise to much excellence from that obscurity in which it must otherwise languish? Why should I submit to tyrant custom, when reason is so plainly against it? No!—she shall be mine: I will convince her how very dear she is to me, and sacrifice all to love.' In this generous resolution, which nothing but innate worth and true grandeur of soul could have inspired, he wrote thus to his beloved Agrippina—

DEAR, LOVELY MAID!

**H**OW difficult is it for interest to eradicate a passion founded on the superior excellences of the object beloved—a passion which, elevating itself above the transient gratifications of the senses, can adore those sublime perfections which shall flourish in eternal bloom, beyond the power of sickness, age, or misfortunes, to impair—perfections which shall rise in glorious triumph over the spoils and devastations of time! Oh, how difficult is it for one who loves as I do, to find expressions adequate to the big thoughts that labour in his breast! I melt!—I die!—Again I revive!—Methinks I now contain thee in my love-sick arms, melting over thee in a profusion of tenderness; repeating protestations of that eternal and inviolable fidelity which shall still be the virtuous and faithful guide of all my actions; and kissing from those bright eyes the tears, so amiably expressive of love, and that timidity so natural to the foster sex! Inclosed, I send you a ring, the sacred pledge of those bands which shall for ever unite our hearts, and yield completion to our bliss. As you regard my happiness, be speedy in appointing an interview, that we may settle every thing to our mutual satisfaction.

This letter was conveyed to her by the maid, whom he had entirely engaged in his interest. Agrippina read it over and over: she was pleased to find the breast of her lover animated with such sentiments of honour; but would by no means agree to carry on any clandestine correspondence, without the knowledge of her parents. She had experienced their tender concern for her welfare, and had no reason to doubt of their joyfully embracing any opportunity of ensuring her future happiness, by consenting to a match so advantageous in point of interest, and so agreeable to her own inclination: she

therefore communicated the contents of his letter to her father. 'My dear child,' said the affectionate parent, 'I am sure you will believe me, when I assure you that nothing in this life could yield me such exquisite satisfaction as to see you settled agreeable to your wishes; of which, however, I can at present see but little prospect. Signor Zoello, I believe, is a young man of strict honour, and would disdain the idea of ever becoming the betrayer of virtue and innocence: I know he is of a noble and opulent family; but should he disoblige his friends by a match so unequal, so very much beneath him, I tremble for the consequences that may ensue. He has no estate in his own power; his fortune wholly depends on his regulating his conduct by the will and advice of his parents. Besides, how can I reconcile it with the principles of honesty, to be instrumental in bringing about a union so much to his disadvantage? No, dearest Agrippina, let not our poverty fascinate our eyes, and render us insensible to those pleasing sensations that arise from a consciousness of having acted with integrity, and of which all the riches in the world could never put us in possession. Summon now to your assistance that fortitude, that firmness of soul, on which I have often with pleasure heard you expatiate; and if you really entertain for Zoello that virtuous, generous passion, you profess, oh! save him—save yourself—from the misfortunes that must inevitably follow a match so unadvised; which will not only draw on yourself and him the just resentment of his relations, but expose at the same time to the censure of the world the reputation of your parent, which has hitherto remained unimpeachable.'—'Alas, Sir,' replied the beautiful Agrippina, the tears softly stealing down her lovely cheeks, 'I feel too sensibly the truth of what you have uttered. Pardon the violence of a passion—a passion I need not blush to own, since it is founded in virtue—that concealed from my sight a truth, of which your calmer reason has fully convinced me. Yes, my dear father, however difficult the task, I will endeavour to stifle the growing affection in my breast. I will be deaf to all the arguments he can use: nor shall it ever be said, that Zoello owed his ruin to her whom he so generously condescended to love. I will

will write to him immediately, and acquaint him with the resolution I have taken never to see him more: for, ah! I dare not venture to expose my yet bleeding heart to so severe a trial; nor rashly attempt to oppose reason against the more powerful rhetoric of love. One tender word, one kind regard, would overthrow the tottering edifice of my heroism, and gain too sure a victory over that fortitude in which even now I hardly dare confide.' Having retired to her chamber, the virtuous Agrippina wrote the following letter to Zoello—

SIR,

YOU will undoubtedly be much surprised that I should requite the generous declaration you have been pleased to make in my favour, by forming a fixed resolution never to see you again—yet so it is. We must never, never meet again! Our mutual peace, the peace of both our families, depends on my persevering in this resolution: for what fruits can you propose to yourself to reap from an alliance with a person of my obscure birth, who can command no fortune?—None, surely! But you will be certain to incur the displeasure of your friends, and insure mutual ruin to us both. Oh, forbid it, Heaven! that in requital for that love, in which a princess might glory without a blush, I should prove the fatal cause of exposing you to inevitable ruin; and to a misery still more insupportable to a person of your noble mind, that of beholding her, whom you was pleased to honour with your esteem, the sad partner of your sufferings! Besides, the censorious world would not fail to proclaim, that you had been betrayed into a match by the artifice of my parents; which would involve them in a disgrace by so much the more fatal, as their support depends on the character of their house. Adieu, Sir: be assured I shall ever retain a grateful sense of the honour you so generously intended me; and, that some lady more worthy of such superior merit may crown your felicity, will be the constant prayer of

AGRIPPINA.

Agrippina, after a painful struggle between love and reason, sent this letter to Zoello; but it must be confessed she entertained a secret hope, that he would not take her at her word: for, in despite of all that

reason can suggest to the contrary, we are still too apt to sacrifice every other consideration to that softer passion which nature, for the wisest purposes, hath ordained should rule our bosoms with despotism. It is impossible to say whether joy or despair had the greatest ascendancy over the mind of Zoello, when he read this letter. He could not but admire that sublimity of thought, that noble grandeur of sentiment, which displayed itself so amiably in every sentence. 'Dear, lovely maid!' exclaimed he, 'how I adore your virtues! Yes, the constant study of my life shall be, to render myself worthy of so excellent a woman. But—"Never, never see thee more!" Cruel, racking thought! more keen to the heart of one who loves like me, than the starpest-pointed dagger: Can, then, my Agrippina banish me for ever from her sight—can she treat with so much rigour a lover who would sacrifice the world for her? But, alas! am I so blind as not to perceive that it is my happiness she is consulting? She dreads lest I incur the displeasure of my parents; and would, in violence to the mutual flame which glows in her own bosom, sacrifice all, rather than hazard ruining the man she loves.' Zoello now resolved to break the matter to her father, ignorant as he was that she had already acquainted him with the correspondence. For this purpose he waited on him in the evening, and was not a little surprised to find that he was no stranger to the business he intended to communicate. Geronimo, the father of Agrippina, made use of the same arguments to dissuade Zoello from persisting in the prosecution of his suit, as he had before urged to his daughter. But, alas! the good man's passions had long since subsided: he had forgot what it was to love; nor once reflected that he might, with as fair a prospect of success, command the blustering winds to silence; the raging seas to be smooth and placid, or the savage tiger to forego his prey, as attempt to restrain the impetuous torrent of love within the weaker boundaries of reason. 'Sir,' replied Zoello, 'you cannot but be sensible how weak the soundest argument must appear to a lover who feels he can never be happy but in the possession of the dear object of his regards. This is exactly my situation. What are riches to me, unless I can enjoy them? and how can I possibly enjoy

• enjoy them, while I am deprived of her  
 • who can alone give me a relish for life  
 • and fortune, and remain overwhelmed  
 • in despair, and racked with those tor-  
 • ments attendant on unsuccessful love?  
 • Why should you hesitate to promote  
 • the happiness of two lovers, whose pas-  
 • sion, founded on the strictest virtue, has  
 • rendered them worthy of each other?  
 • Why object to me the inferiority of  
 • Agrippina's birth and fortune? What  
 • is birth, but a vain phantom of the de-  
 • luded imagination? Her innate good-  
 • ness reflects a splendor, which far out-  
 • shines the merit of illustrious ances-  
 • tors, for whose worth we vainly ima-  
 • gine that the world is indebted to us.  
 • Does not Agrippina possess every ami-  
 • able qualification with which the most  
 • compleat education can adorn the mind  
 • of a lady? In what, then, is she my in-  
 • ferior? In fortune only; which, instead  
 • of lessening, serves only to increasè my  
 • esteem for her. Yes, I acknowledge  
 • myself indebted to Fortune, for having  
 • placed her in so humble a station, that  
 • I may prove by my disinterested passion  
 • the excess of my love. As to the cen-  
 • sure, of the world, which you seem so  
 • greatly to dread, believe me you need  
 • be under no apprehension on that head.  
 • Our nuptials shall be solemnized private-  
 • ly; nor shall my friends ever know of our  
 • union, till I am settled in some lucra-  
 • tive employment in the republic, which  
 • they are now soliciting for me, or in  
 • course of time come into possession of  
 • the paternal estate. I shall then be en-  
 • abled to maintain a glorious independ-  
 • ency, and produce to the eyes of the  
 • admiring world a jewel I shall for some  
 • time be obliged to keep concealed from  
 • public view. Nor need you be under  
 • the smallest anxiety about the mainte-  
 • nance of your daughter: the allow-  
 • ance I receive from my father for my  
 • private use is more than genteel; it is  
 • indeed so ample, that I, who am not  
 • accustomed to those extravagances  
 • which are so apt to involve unthink-  
 • ing youth in expences often prejudicial  
 • to their future fortunes, can scarcely  
 • use one-third of my yearly stipend.  
 • When I return to Genoa, which I ex-  
 • pect to do very soon, I will take with  
 • me my beauteous bride, and place her  
 • in a country village, not far from my  
 • native city, where she may live pri-  
 • vately and retired, and where I shall  
 • have frequent opportunities of visiting  
 • Vol. I.

• her without laying myself open to su-  
 • spicion.'

The rhetoric of the amorous Zoello  
 was so persuasive, that Geronimo could  
 no longer resist; and, calling for Agrip-  
 pina—'You behold here, my dear  
 child,' said he, 'a youth who loves  
 you with the purest and most generous  
 flame that ever glowed within the hu-  
 man breast. I am persuaded that Hea-  
 ven intended you for each other; and  
 it would be impious any longer to re-  
 sist it's decrees. Be his, my dear  
 child; and may that Power who so  
 benignly created you for each other,  
 add increasè of blessing to your future  
 days!' Agrippina found no great  
 difficulty in yielding obedience to the  
 command of her parent; and Zoello,  
 who felt a something flutter about his  
 heart which the most eloquent pen is  
 inadequate to the task of describing,  
 seized gently her hand, which might vie  
 with the lily in whiteness, and pressing  
 it to his lips, with a look expressive of  
 the raptures which elevated his soul, ex-  
 claimed—'I am too happy!' He could  
 pronounce no more, for now the crystal  
 drops stole apace down the lovely cheeks  
 of his mistress, and Zoello wept by sym-  
 pathy. The nuptials were fixed for the  
 ensuing morn, when this happy pair  
 were united in that state which, to hearts  
 like theirs, is productive of the most  
 sublime felicity that mortals are capable  
 of enjoying.

A few days after the celebration of  
 their nuptials, Zoello received letters  
 from Genoa, by which he was ordered  
 to repair thither immediately, as some-  
 thing of consequence was then in agita-  
 tion for his benefit, and would in all pro-  
 bability be soon brought to a happy issue.  
 Zoello was greatly elevated with this  
 piece of intelligence, imagining his  
 friends were on the point of obtaining  
 for him some post of consequence in the  
 republic, which might put it in his  
 power openly to acknowledge his bride.  
 He communicated the contents of his  
 dispatches to his father-in-law and bride,  
 who received the tidings with as much  
 joy as it was possible for people to re-  
 ceive whose happiness depended on the  
 same thread. Zoello, having prepared  
 every thing requisite for his journey, took  
 leave of Geronimo, and set out for  
 Genoa, accompanied by his beloved  
 Agrippina. When he arrived at that  
 city, his first care was to provide a lodg-

ing for his dear consort, in a little village about three miles distant from the capital. He then went to his father's, where he was received with every demonstration of the warmest paternal affection, naturally shewn to an only son, on whom the hopes of the family depended. The remainder of the day was spent in mirth and festivity; nor did a syllable transpire, that night, of the consequential event which had rendered it necessary to recal him with such precipitation to Genoa.

The next morning, soon after Zoello had risen, his father came into his chamber. 'Son,' said he, 'I have news to communicate, which will not a little surprise you. The animosities so long subsisting between our family, and that of Signor Cherubino, nephew to our present most serene Doge, are at length happily accommodated; and he has agreed, in order to knit the bands of friendship still closer between us, that his daughter Blanche shall be given to you in marriage; a lady who will be heiress to an immense fortune. Why do you start? she has beauty; and, though I must admit that the accomplishments of her mind are less amiable than I could have wished, so rich an alliance is not to be lightly rejected. Signor Cherubino is now in the mind: I will therefore take care to forward your nuptials with all the expedition possible, lest he should alter his resolution, or some other accident should intervene to deprive us of so eligible an opportunity.'—'Alas, Sir,' replied Zoello, ready to sink into the earth at these unexpected tidings, 'I have yet had but little leisure to think of matrimony; which I consider as an affair of too great importance to be hastily concluded on. The lady may disapprove of me as a husband; and I may, possibly, have a little inclination to her as a wife; in either of which cases it would be the height of imprudence to enter on a state in which the union of souls is quite as necessary as that of the bodies.'—'You talk,' replied his father, 'like a young man who has seen nothing of the world. Marry for interest, and love will follow of course: and, after all, should it even fail, there will be little room for regret; you may find more worthy occupations than wasting the prime of your days in sighing at the

feet of a woman. The first departments in public affairs are reserved for you: and you must render your name illustrious, by unwearied vigilance and care for the interests of the republic; nor do I by any means doubt that I shall yet live long enough to see you Doge. I will this afternoon introduce you to your mistress, with whom I have no doubt that you will so conduct yourself, as to render it the height of her ambition to form an alliance with our family.'

Zoello had no opportunity to reply; for his father, having thus expressed his sentiments, instantly retired, and left him to ruminate at leisure on what he had heard. The youth remained in the utmost perplexity; and it was some moments before he recollected he was alone. At length, starting from his reverie—'To what a wretched situation am I reduced!' exclaimed he. 'I know not how to act, or whither to turn me. Far from acquainting myself with my marriage, I dare not even drop a hint that I am under any prior engagement; for, oh! I know too well the violence and inflexibility of his temper. I must even determine to place all my trust in the generosity of Blanche: perverse as her disposition is, she will not, surely, take delight in my ruin, when it cannot be attended with any advantage to her. I will inform her of my engagement, and concert with her the best method to break off the intended match, without giving my father any suspicion of the real cause.'

Zoello, now, under pretence of taking an airing, paid a visit to his bride, with whom he spent about three hours, and then returned to his father's.

In the afternoon, Zoello went, accompanied by his father, to pay his respects to the daughter of Cherubino. He had taken as much pains as possible, by neglecting his dress, and wearing such colours as ill suited his complexion, to appear as little pleasing as possible in the eye of Blanche. But Fortune, who had given him to taste the most exquisite of her favours, had reserved in store a proportionable share of calamities. Blanche, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to render himself disagreeable, was quite enchanted with the beauty of his person, and that natural air of affability and good

good humour which it was impossible for him to conceal; and her heart fluttered at the thoughts of being united in the bands of wedlock to so accomplished a cavalier. Zoello was at length left alone with her. He immediately approached her with the utmost respect; and, kneeling at her feet, gently took one of her hands, which he pressed between both his own. A crimson blush instantly overspread the cheeks of Blanche, as conscious of the suit he was about to prefer: but what pen can paint her disappointment, when instead of the declaration of love she expected, she had the mortification to be informed, from his own mouth, that he was already married! Indignation and revenge at once took possession of her soul: but she knew so well how to dissemble, that the generous, unsuspecting Zoello, perceived not her emotions. She promised him that the secret should not only remain faithfully deposited in her breast, but that she would also take care the match should be broke off without his incurring the displeasure of his father. Zoello, however, had scarcely taken his leave, when she dispatched a letter to his father, informing him that a mistress with whom his son had connections, and of whom he was so passionately fond, that he even talked of marrying her, appeared to her the only obstacle that prevented the desired alliance between the two families.

Zoello, little imagining he had been thus betrayed, went again next morning, under pretence of taking a solitary walk, to visit his dear Agrippina, and comfort her with the joyful tidings of the success he had met with in his suit to Blanche. 'Alas,' cried that beautiful creature, the tears starting from her eyes, 'Blanche may prove faithful; but yet, I know not how it is, my heart forebodes we shall certainly be betrayed. I had last night a most alarming dream. Methought I found myself in a chamber, where every thing was dark, and confused: you appeared to me all pale, and wan; and, when I hung round your neck, and asked you if you were well, you drew a poignard, and raised it as if you were going to plunge it in my breast. I shrieked, and waked; but the dream made so deep an impression on my fancy, that I yet shudder while I relate it.'—'My dear Agrippina,' re-

plied Zoello, tenderly embracing her, 'let not your thoughts be disturbed by empty visions of the night. Oh! dost thou think I could ever lift this hand against her tender bosom, for whose sake I voluntarily relinquished the gifts of Fortune; for whose sake I scrupled not to hazard the displeasure of my friends; and for whose dear sake I would still sacrifice the empire of the world, were it in my possession?'—'No, Zoello,' replied she, 'I do not think it: I am too well assured of your love. But forgive the fears of a silly woman, whose weaker intellects are apt to be disturbed by those visions, and vain apprehensions, which the more solid judgment of your sex is proof against.' Agrippina, then, though still heavy at heart, assumed as much cheerfulness as she was able; and Zoello, after a very long visit, which to him seemed a very short one, took his leave of Agrippina, promising to renew his visit next morning.

Zoello repeated his visit, according to promise, but found the house in the utmost confusion; and all the tidings he could learn of his Agrippina, were, that she had been forcibly carried away, soon after he left her the preceding day, by a party of soldiers, who took the road to Genoa with their fair prisoner. Zoello was distracted at this heart-piercing news. He now too plainly perceived, that Agrippina's apprehensions were well founded, and that the envious, disappointed Blanche, had betrayed him to his father, who had taken this cruel method of testifying his displeasure. And, indeed, those suspicions were but too just: for his father, in consequence of the information received from Blanche, had caused his son to be narrowly watched, by which stratagem he had discovered Agrippina's retreat; and had procured an order from the Senate for her imprisonment, as a loose woman who had corrupted and seduced his son. Zoello returned as expeditiously as possible to the paternal mansion; and, casting himself at his father's feet, related the whole history of his marriage; expatiating, with all the eloquence love could inspire, on the superior virtues of his wife, and begging she might instantly be released from a confinement she so little merited. His father, at first, imagined this a mere evasion, to procure the liberty of a cour-

‘esan to whom he was unfortunately attached; but when Zoello produced, as an indubitable proof of the veracity of what he had advanced, the certificate of his marriage, authenticated by the chief magistrate of Pisa, it is impossible to express the indignation that swelled in his bosom. He reproached his son, in the most opprobrious terms, for having contaminated the noble and ancient blood of his family, by mixing it with that of a vile burgher; and declared he would not only apply to the Senate that they might instantly annul a marriage contracted without his consent, and into which it was evident his son had been inveigled by the artifice of designing persons; but would also employ all his interest to transport the unfortunate object of his vengeance to some distant corner of the earth, where she should never be again heard of, nor bring disgrace on the lustre of his family. It was in vain that the distracted Zoello pleaded his cause with such affecting terms as might have softened the savage heart of the tyger, and caused him to relinquish his prey: the relentless father was deaf to entreaty; and, being himself a senator, and one who had the greatest interest of any person in Genoa, he soon procured a formal divorce, and obtained a decree of perpetual banishment against the unfortunate Agrippina. Zoello was now confined under a guard in his father’s house; a measure judged necessary to be pursued till Agrippina should be removed from Genoa, lest Zoello should try the strength of his friends, and attempt her rescue.

On the eve of that fatal day when Zoello was to lose his Agrippina for ever, he begged to see his father; and, assuming an air of the greatest composure—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I am now sensible of my past folly; and intreat your pardon for the indiscretion of which I have been guilty, in suffering myself to be deluded into a match so dishonourable; and to inform you I am ready to give my hand to the fair Blanche, as soon as our nuptials can conveniently be solemnized: but I have one request to make.’—‘Ask! ask!’ exclaimed the father in an extasy, ‘your suit is granted.’—‘Sir,’ resumed Zoello, ‘it is this: when, urged by youthful heat, and amorous folly, I exchanged my liberty for the possession of Agrippina’s charms, she gave me

this ring, as the dear pledge of her truth, and that everlasting tenderness the fair deceiver promised to retain for me. This present, which I now as much detest as once I valued, I could wish to return to her with my own hands, and convince the world that Zoello boasts a grandeur of soul, a nobleness of sentiment, worthy of his illustrious ancestors. I desire no private interview. Yourself and our friends shall be present, that all may be convinced Reason has again resumed her empire in the breast of Zoello, whence the inadvertency of youth had awhile banished her.’ The father of Zoello immediately consented; greatly approving the method his son had chosen of justifying himself to the world: and, having assembled his friends, they all proceeded to the prison.

Here a most tender scene ensued. Agrippina seized the hand of her husband, which she bedewed with her tears. ‘Oh!’ cried she, ‘will no kind angel interpose, and prevail with those stinty senators to change this cruel sentence of banishment into the milder one of death? Must I yet live a wretch, and linger out a weary life of misery, beneath some unknown sky, far from my husband, my parents, my kindred?’—‘And would death, then, be more eligible?’ said Zoello; ‘could that soft, that tender bosom, formed for love and soft delights, meet the keen poignard of the executioner without trembling?’—‘It could,’ Zoello replied: she, ‘far from entertaining any fear, I would bless the friendly point that should restore me to my liberty, snatch me from the malice and tyranny of the world; and open for me the gates of everlasting repose, where I should hope to be one day again united with my beloved Zoello, my dear, dear husband! never to be parted from him more.’—‘Then be it so, my Agrippina,’ said Zoello; ‘thou shalt die. Thy husband’s cruel hand shall seal the sentence. One last embrace, and then—’ Here he embraced Agrippina with the utmost tenderness; then, turning to those who were present—‘Bear witness, Sirs,’ said he, ‘that Zoello boasts a noble soul. This is my dear wife, the lawful and virtuous partner of my bed. Tyranny may exercise its malice on the body, but the more noble mind sits enthroned beyond

beyond the reach of Fate. Your serene, intimidated with threats—stimulated by rewards—or licking, like servile dogs, the hand of superior power—have not scrupled to violate their honour; and, against all truth, reason, and justice, have declared my marriage void; but thus Zoello reverses the infamous decree.' So saying, he drew

a poignard, which he had concealed in his bosom; and, having first plunged it in the heart of Agrippina, instantly sheathed it in his own. Thus died those virtuous lovers, as amiable in their deaths as in their lives; and the cruel and revengeful father of Zoello lamented, too late, the fatal consequences of his unhallowed vengeance.

## THE CHOICE OF EUGENIO; OR, GENEROSITY AND AVARICE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

**A**N old man, who was in possession of a large estate, had on his death-bed advised his only son Eugenio to walk constantly in the paths of virtue, and never to let any opportunity escape him in which he could make a good and charitable use of his riches. Eugenio, being a man of great sensibility, and having arrived at that season of life, when youth

figure suddenly advanced towards him. She was dressed in the fordid garb of Penury; her countenance was pale, and full of wrinkles; her eyes were deep sunk in her head; and her whole frame plainly shewed, that she scarcely allowed herself sufficient food for her support. Her figure indeed gave Eugenio no very favourable opinion of her. As soon as she came near, with a weak and trembling voice, she addressed him in the following manner—

“ Follows unrestrain'd,  
“ Where passion leads, or prudence points  
“ the way,

retired to a solitary arbour to consider in what manner he should make the best use of his fortune. Full of this consideration, he cast his eyes on the beautiful shrubs and flowers which encompassed him on every side. ‘Observe,’ said he to himself, ‘these blooming flowers, which now diffuse their ambrosial odours through the fragrant groves! Attend likewise to the enchanting warblers, who fill the air with their melodious notes, and vie with each other in harmony! Let me come to this delightful spot some short time hence, and I shall see the ground white with snow; the flowers pale, with drooping heads and faded hues; and the little songsters seeking for shelter, or shivering with cold on the leafless trees.’ This, continued he ‘is an exact emblem of the life of man. How many do we see to-day at the point of death, who were yesterday in the full bloom of youth, and surrounded with pleasures of every kind!’

Whilst he was thus engaged in silent meditation, and surveying in his mind the future conduct of his life, a female

‘As you have now attained that critical period of youth, when you must launch out into the wide ocean of life in your own bark, and be entirely answerable for the future management of your affairs; I am come, as a friend, to give you some prudent directions, by which if you continue to regulate your conduct, you will never have reason to repent of having followed my advice. I doubt not but you have frequently seen the indigence to which many people are reduced by a wanton and ostentatious prodigality. Confine therefore your expences within the narrowest limits. Do not attend to the tales of beggars, or people who put on the appearance of distress: you will too late find they are unworthy of your pity, and that you have been the good-natured dupe of their deceitful artifices. Do not then be drawn aside from following these maxims by any impostors, who are many in number, and will endeavour to deceive you by fraudulent practices. Beware particularly of the false insinuations of Slander, who so wrongfully calls me Avarice, though my real name is Oeconomy. Happy are those, who

can see through the alluring veil of Deceit, and reject the golden baits which are so temptingly thrown in their way!

After having for some time endeavoured to seduce Eugenio to become her votary, she withdrew, exulting in the victory which she soon expected to gain over him. A second female now advanced, superior to the former in gracefulness and dignity of person, and with a modest freedom thus delivered her sentiments: 'I am come, Eugenio, and I hope not too late, to save you from the wiles of a deceitful being, who has just now endeavoured to take possession of your heart. I mean not again to lay open the wounds of sorrow by calling to your remembrance a loss still recent in your memory; but only to remind you of the maxims which your virtuous father gave you on his death-bed concerning a prudent and useful disposal of your money. My name is Generosity. The female, who under the assumed name of Economy has endeavoured to persuade you to attend to her directions, is in reality that odious fiend, Avarice. She has treacherously advised you to

hoard up your riches, to turn a deaf ear to the distresses of your fellow-creatures, and treat them, as unworthy of your pity, with a contemptuous harshness. On the contrary, though I do not recommend unnecessary expences, I would advise you to allow yourself whatsoever is consistent with the exalted station in which Fortune has placed you. At the same time I intreat you to bestow your charity on fit objects of distress; nor unkindly to steel your heart against the complaints of Poverty, which will for ever bring upon you the despicable character of an avaricious man. I do not wish you to make a hasty choice; as I am confident that, the longer you deliberate, the more you will be inclined to favour my entreaties, while at the same time the native deformities of Avarice will be more clearly exposed to your view.'

Generosity now bade Eugenio adieu; and was retiring into the wood, when her conduct appeared so amiable in his sight, that, without hesitating, he immediately followed her, and readily determined his choice in her favour.

EUPHROSIA

## SASSOONAN;

### OR, THE SPECULATIVE SAVAGE.

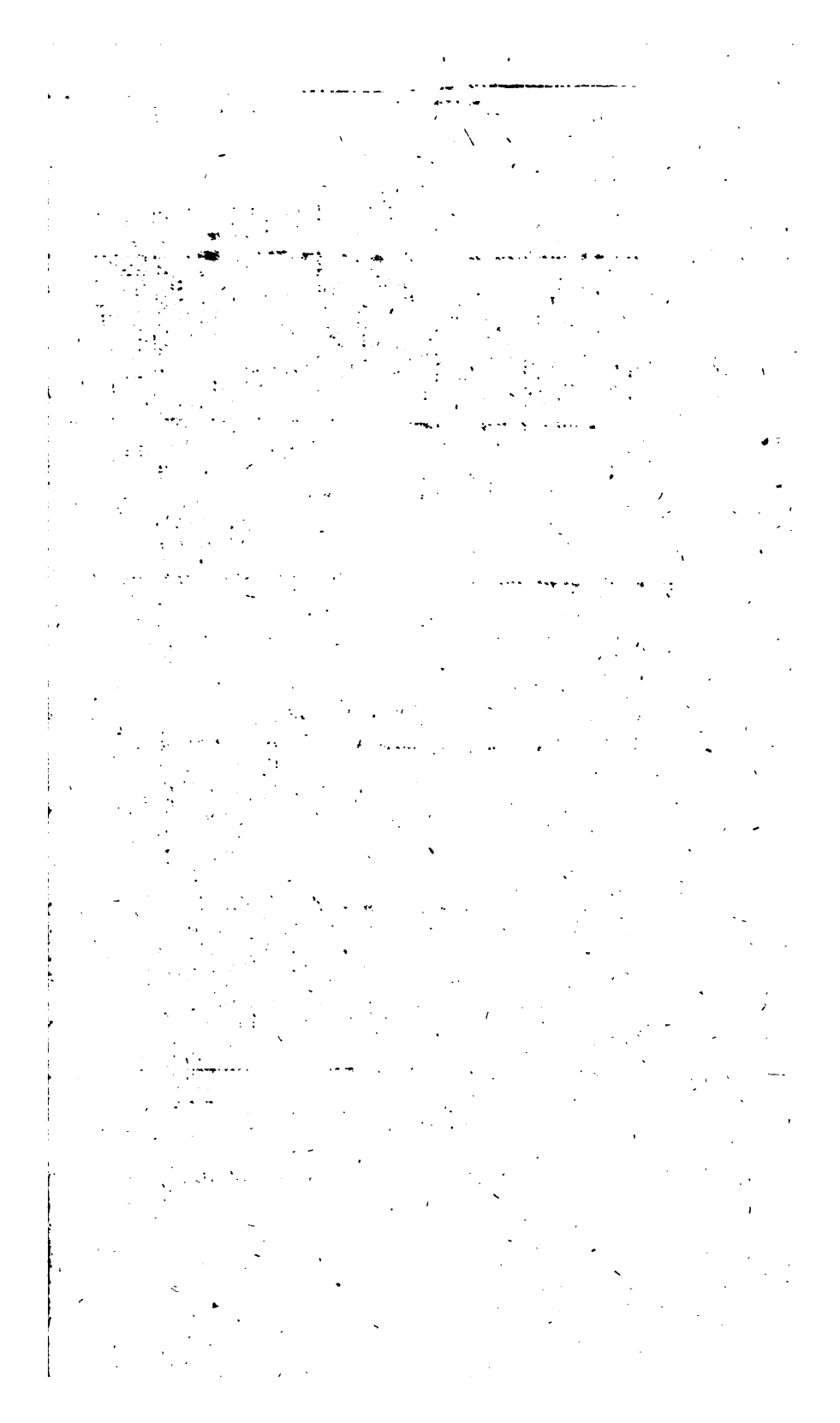
BY MR. WATSON.

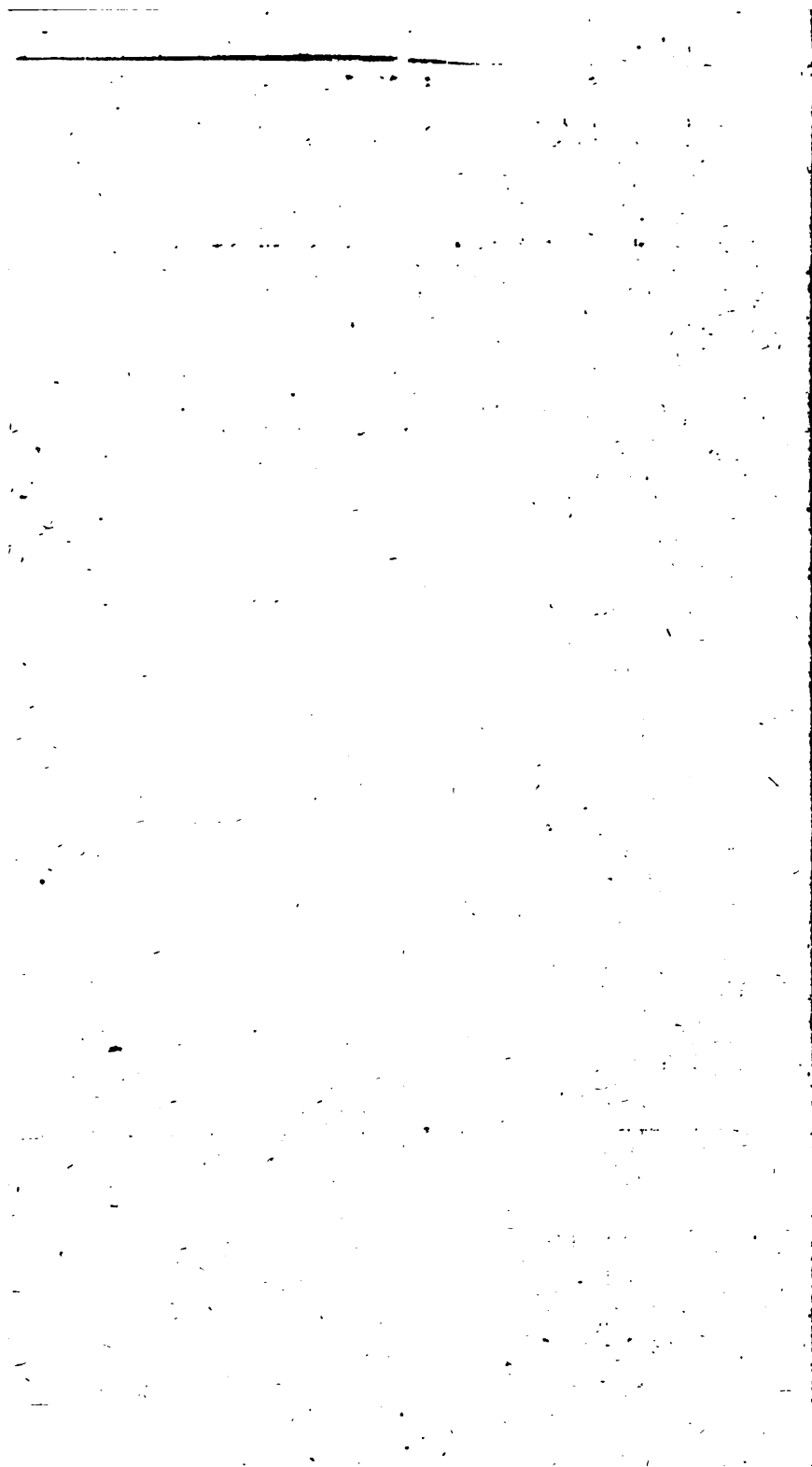
IT is not in societies only where the sciences and arts of life extend the views of men, and give a polish to their minds, and where knowledge is easily accessible, that men attain a capacious reach of thought. Sometimes, in rude ages, and among herds of barbarians, there will arise spirits of a loftier cast, that often exceed the growth of happier times. There is an energy, a fire of the soul, which education cannot give, but which it can often quench. Pines shoot with the greatest vigour from a barren soil; and Genius, that struggles with difficulties, in that circumstance gains an accession to its strength, which perhaps compensates for the want of assistance from the skill and experience of others, which tends to weaken the mind's reliance on itself. Europe can display

the mind in all the magnificence of science, and elegance of polished manners; but the rude, though manly virtues, may rise with lustre amidst the forests of America.

Sassoonan was born among the people who are called Chickasaws. The natural activity of his mind created in him an insatiable ambition; which could alone be gratified by the honours of war. He was ever the first of his young countrymen in prosecuting the hazardous actions suggested to them by the older Indians. He was impatient of superiority, and eagerly caught at every opportunity by which he might obtain the praises of the old warriors; but as his exploits originated in a desire of eminence, rather than in a natural cruelty, his ferocity was tempered by more humanity than is commonly

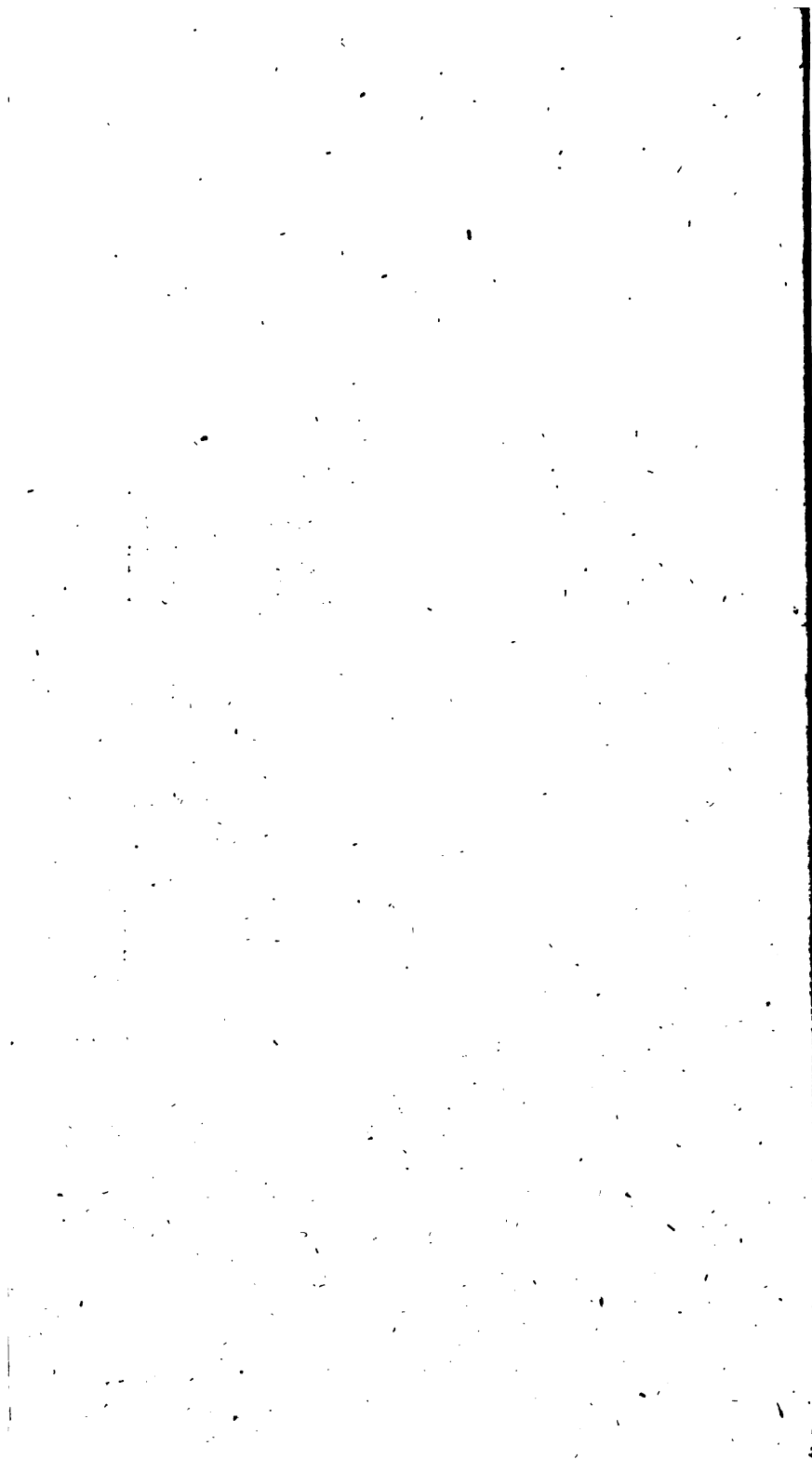








**SASSOONAN; or the SPECULATIVE SAVAGE.**



commonly found to mitigate the horrors that attend the animosities of the American Indians.

As he soon gained, by his intrepidity, a first rank among the warriors of his nation, the current of his passions began to abate of its violence; and as he drew near to the possession of the glory that had been so long the object of his desires, he was less agitated by its impulses, and his ingenuous mind had time to expand, and turn itself to other pursuits. His countrymen had long been at war with a people who lived on the south-west borders of the Lake Ontario, and who were nearly equal to the Chickasaws in their reputation for bravery. One of the warriors of this nation had often penetrated into the country of the Chickasaws; and had been so successful in his depredations, eluding his pursuers with so much dexterity, and opposing them with so much valour, that Sassoonan held him in the highest admiration, and was desirous to make him his friend; to which end he endeavoured to conclude a peace between the two nations. The interest that Sassoonan had with the wisest sachems, and the influence he exerted over the rest of the people by his eloquence, (for he was esteemed the most eloquent of any among the neighbouring nations) soon enabled him to undertake a treaty with their antagonists. Sassoonan set out with two sachems, and thirty of their young men. As he went, he mused with pleasure on the hope of increasing the number of his brave friends; but, before he reached the enemy's country, his expectations were frustrated by an accident that changed his wonted love for war into disgust.

In their progress, his young companions amused themselves with hunting, but were less pleased with such exercise than with the real dangers of war. They had not yet been sated with the blood of their enemies, and the praises of their countrymen; but, notwithstanding, really acquiesced in the purposes of Sassoonan, and when they set out intended nothing but peace. The unpolished minds of these young savages, however, were not governed by the motives that actuated Sassoonan in making peace with his enemies. The passions, in an uncultivated state, are constantly put in motion by the circumstances of the passing minute, and are too tumultuous to be checked and turned from their course by the slight

impression that any thing distant makes upon them. As the young men were pursuing their sports at a distance from Sassoonan and the two chiefs, they met by accident, not far from Lake Erie, with a party of their enemies; who, unapprized of the purpose of their coming, and imagining their intention to be hostile, put themselves in a posture of defence. The young Chickasaws, at sight of their enemies, almost forgot the command of their leader, that they were to forbear every provocation, should they by accident meet with any of their foes; but when the strangers shewed themselves prepared for an attack, and even provoked them to the fight by their menaces, they could no longer refrain from the battle, and gave a loose to all the rage that had begun to burn within them before they were stimulated by defiance. The numbers being nearly equal, the fight was carried on with their wonted fury; and many were killed before Sassoonan and his friends reached the place. At sight of an increase of numbers to the Chickasaws, their enemies fled, leaving the wounded where they fell. The young men, on perceiving Sassoonan, were as much ashamed as if they had been defeated, and he reprehended them with the utmost severity for overthrowing his plan of reconciliation. Under a tree, at a little distance, he observed one of the youths preparing to scalp his enemy, who lay wounded, and unable to resist. Sassoonan ran to stop his hand; when, to his utter astonishment, he found it was the gallant man whose friendship he had so long wished to conciliate, and who had unfortunately headed the party that had thus encountered the Chickasaws. He trembled with passion and disappointment; and, in his fury, was about to strike his tomahawk into the body of the young man who had slain him. But his hand was restrained by one of the chiefs: 'Do not,' said the sachem, 'break the chain of love that binds the Chickasaws together. Shame, O Sassoonan! is a greater punishment than death to thy countrymen!' The dying warrior began to tell of the actions by which his name became celebrated, and boasted of his invincible fortitude. Sassoonan seized him by the hand, and told him how he loved the brave—told him how he had come, for his sake, to unite the two nations—that he desired to be no longer his enemy, but his friend—  
that

that they would hate each other's enemies, and love each other's friends—that the same bear should fall by the hands of both, and their names should be united in the mouths of both their nations. —But his words were spoken to the air, for the eyes of the warrior were already closed. He stretched out his body in the agonies of death; his hand fell from the hand of his friend; and he expired, unconscious of the generous wishes of Saffoonan!

The chiefs urged him to retire with speed, before their enemies could return to revenge the death of their first war-leader; and, since blood had been shed upon the paths of peace, and accident had planted the bitter root of hatred where they expected to have gathered the blossoms of kindness, to hasten home, and consult what conduct would be required of them. Saffoonan refused to go, till he had paid due respect to the body of the dead warrior. He accordingly raised it on a bier of wood; and, after his companions had assisted him to over-arch it with wicker and leaves, and he had enumerated the great actions achieved by the deceased hero, he consented to quit the spot, and accompany them into his own country.

As they returned, the impetuosity of Saffoonan's temper vented itself on the brutality of war, that impelled men of mutual good qualities, in the delirium of rage, to cut each other off in the midst of their glory. He therefore determined to enter no more into the wars of his countrymen, when they arose only from the idle motives which are usually the origin of contention between nations.

He had often heard, with eagerness, the tales which the Europeans, who lived amongst the Indians, were wont to tell them of the affairs of their countrymen, and the knowledge and abilities which they possessed, superior to the people of the woods. He therefore conceived the design of crossing the Great Sea; and accordingly repaired to one of the ports of North America, accompanied by many of his friends. He found a ship ready to depart for England: his friends commended him to the Great Spirit, and returned to their wonted pursuits of war or hunting; while Saffoonan set sail, to learn the customs of polished nations, and to improve himself by the wisdom of long established societies.

Saffoonan was at first very much perplexed with the complicated scene that a great nation presented to him; and it was long before he could understand the nature of its internal regulations. The mode of its external defence, the manner in which it carried on its wars, were objects that particularly attracted his attention. He imagined that each individual, and every circumstance that aided in the operations, should be not only adequate to the performance of its own part, and useful in its proper sphere; but that it should also have a share of grandeur suitable to the compacted force of the whole, and proportioned to those powerful exertions which had so greatly excited his wonder.

But he was deceived in his opinion. He observed, with chagrin, the whole going on by a kind of animated machinery. He saw that the surprizing phenomena of a great state were performed by powers that derived their value solely from their mutual relation; and that it required a blind and implicit direction of capacities, faculties, and powers, by some superior will and intention. In the wars which he saw prosecuted, he observed the armies and fleets were as large bodies inspired by single minds; and from thence their power was united, and the effects were adequate to the force. But then the extraordinary greatness and dignity which he had expected to find in each individual in the society, was confined to the power that overlooked and ruled the whole; and the rest were sunk to the level of unconscious mechanism, their mental abilities being useless or contracted, and either withered by inactivity, or wasted on trifles incapable of affording any praise which Saffoonan did not blush to hear bestowed upon men.

It was otherwise among the Indians, whose affairs being more narrow and confined, required no extraordinary capacity to direct them. They did not admit of much complication or intricacy from the extent of their operations, nor could they be greatly entangled by unforeseen accidents. Their wars arose not from any such remote interests as to require schemes of policy which should effect their purpose, amidst the opposition of motives and interests, from a skilful foresight into the tendency of natural circumstances. Their conduct in making war was so simple

the

that very little depended on the leader; the success rested chiefly on the dexterity and intrepidity of single men. Their exploits almost wholly consisted in ensnaring their enemies in subtle wiles, or in darting into their villages and castles unawares; and their fame was proportioned to the fierceness of their depredations, their skill in this man-hunting, or the sagacity with which they eluded the foe. Sometimes they met in equal parties, and contended in what is called by Europeans a fair and honourable engagement; but it was done without order, and scarcely required the management of a leader.

From this narrow plan of action each one was enabled to comprehend the full scope of the enterprize, and they shared equally in the honour of performing heroic actions from heroic motives.

In the comparison between the apparatus of war among the Indians, and that of an European nation, Sassoonan was immediately struck with the minuteness and feebleness of the one, and the magnificence and energy of the other; but when he began to consider the principles which put them both in motion, the inequality was in a great measure removed, and the uncivilized state appeared to greater advantage.

Objects of gigantic structure, or that display a dangerous might, agitate the mind of a spectator with greater violence than the rectitude of the power that governs them. It is only from a closer view, and a more cool enquiry, that we learn to disavow the influence that uncommon external appearances have over us, and estimate the value of things by the rationality of their principles. It is natural for youth and enthusiasm to be influenced by the more obvious characters of grandeur, and admire whatever is vast and elevated in nature or in art. The striking effects of Power raise in them stronger emotions than the capacious reach of Wisdom, or the calm purposes of Virtue; which do not obtrude themselves immediately on the senses, but are discovered by reflection.

It is impossible to withhold that admiration which rises involuntarily in every mind, on first beholding the ships of war which defend this country. Sassoonan saw, with infinite surprize, the havoc made by those enormous structures; and blushed, for a moment, to

look back on the harmless wars of his countrymen, and to reflect that he had gained his fame by such inconsiderable actions as the storming a few little huts, or contriving stratagems which should only be employed against wild beasts. He felt like a man who had been long accustomed to pride himself on the deeds he has performed, as placing him at the height of glory, and at last perceives them shrink and fade away before an eminent superiority.

This emotion was yet more increased, when he became acquainted with the wisdom displayed in the European art of war; in the ingenuity with which their schemes are planned and executed; in the discipline and subordination that renders the force of vast multitudes capable of being employed without confusion; and in the support of them, through many seasons, without impoverishing the nations on whom they depend.

But as Sassoonan grew familiarized with these affairs, his admiration began to abate; and, on a more intimate consideration, he formed other opinions.

The appearance of mere strength, or of ingenuity which can add to it's power by the manner of it's application, may oblige us for a while to admire; but it is only a knowledge of the power by which it is governed, it's intention, and utility, that can secure our applause.

The misapplication of power shews an error and weakness in the governing mind; and ignorance and imbecility are incompatible with a rational admiration. When the emotions any thing singular raise in us die away from the habit of beholding it, or when the imperfect views that captivate enthusiasm and youth are rendered more distinct, men judge and admire according to the impulses of the ruling intellect, and overlook the capacities and brutal power of external things, as not being objects of a reasonable approbation or dislike. Therefore, the magnitude, extent, and superior force, of the European operations of war, as being only extraneous, when compared with the lesser scale of the Indians, could cast no just contempt upon them; for the want of power is not meanness, nor the possession of it dignity.

The true criterion, then, of warlike merit—if any merit it has—is in the sentiment with which it is pursued, and the

the causes from whence it arises. It is according to these that we ought to form our opinion of the state of war, as practised among civilized and barbarous nations.

The Europeans, Saffoonan learned, on the commencement of their wars, were careful to screen themselves under the forms of equity, and the sanction of the laws of nations. They displayed to the world their plausible pretences, complained of the violation of treaties, and professed to expect the assistance of the Deity against their treacherous enemies. But it was seldom that their contentions did not originate in interest or ambition. Their schemes were brooded in the cabinet of the state, and opportunities were made to begin hostilities. If some nations were careful how they entered into a war, it was not often to be attributed to the uprightness of their principles. Weakness and fear prevented the lesser states; and the greater were deterred by the expectation of more advantage in refraining, than they might hope to derive from violence. In the republican form which Europe maintained, it was evidently too much the interest of each state that an equilibrium of power should be preserved, for any one to expect great superiority in consequence of a war. Some inconsiderable acquisitions of territory, some commercial advantage, or some honourable punctilio, Saffoonan found, were the motives which involved this polished world in their destructive wars.

When the views of ambition are opposed to the avaricious expectations of interest, there are few who will not be dazzled by the splendor of the one, rather than attracted by the sordid gain of the other; and account the former of the two the most honourable incitement to war. On a comparison of the practice of war among the Indians and among the Europeans, in the question, Which is the most entitled to our respect? if we omit, on the European side, the interested motives, and take only those of ambition, it will be sufficiently favourable to the polished world.

Indeed, the wars to which avarice has prompted the Europeans, will ever remain, in the annals of the world, as a blot on human kind. We are taught to dishonour the ravages committed by Cæsar, Alexander, and the Tartarian conquerors; but we return to them with

some complacency, after viewing the cruelties committed by Europeans on nations too rude and unskilful in war to afford them any honour from their conquests. The wars that have arisen among the Europeans themselves from objects of gain, if they be less execrable, they from thence enable us to regard them with the contempt and ridicule that is due to the meanness of their quarrel.

When a war is begun by two powerful nations about some acres of sugarcane, or indigo; about a piece of ground convenient for a factory; which shall be most in favour with the princes of China or Japan, that they may receive their commodities at a cheaper rate; or about some trifle which may enable them to outsell their neighbours in the markets of Europe; whatever be the skill or valour of the combatants, or how terrible soever the force employed, we must still despise the contest, though it may present to us some scenes which raise in us admiration and astonishment.

Commerce and merchandize are the chief sources of strength in cultivated nations, and give not only power to societies, but disperse among men the products of nature and art; adding to the conveniences of life, and enlarging the circle of our enjoyments: yet commerce and merchandize belong only to peace. It is their boast to connect the several regions of the globe, and to diffuse over it an extensive spirit of sociality; but they can afford no commendable motives to war.

The objects of private gain, when opposed to the distresses and desolation occasioned by the contention of communities, shew that their advantages are an insufficient counterbalance to misery. It must ever create abhorrence, to see dispensable conveniences, and factitious wants, purchased with the blood of men.

It is the heroic passion, or the love of glory, that appears to be the natural incentive to war, and is more adequate to the evils that attend it than the meaner views of interest. Though, in effect, ambition, as well as interest, is a selfish passion; to love the one is the mark of a generous spirit, while attention to the other tends only to narrow the mind: the one ever excites our approbation; but, prudent and necessary as some regard to interest undoubtedly is, even that commendable degree of

economy



economy will barely escape censure. To make enemies, and to seek to destroy them, for the good they possess, is wholly vicious: the emulation that seeks not only the praises of friends, but a reputation from the foe, if it be unhappy in its consequences, is yet in its foundation virtuous.

But war, even from a love of glory, can be justifiable only when it is begun on equal terms, and when both parties are inspired by the same sentiments, accounting the recompence of success an equivalent to the dangers of battle. In such cases alone men may begin a war without the imputation of cruelty or inhumanity. It is on this principle that the wars of uncivilized people are more commendable—or, perhaps, only more excusable—than those of the Europeans. In civilized societies, we can expect to find a pure ambition only in the rulers of states. In every inferior station, the martial spirit is mingled with interested expectations, or motives less commendable than the love of glory. It may be suspected, that most military men do not oftener desire preferment for the honour, than for the emolument that attends it; and the soldiery, which are the most numerous, are generally driven by necessity into the profession of spilling blood for their daily sustenance. The most disinterested profets to be incited by the honour of their king or their country; but if the wars of their king or country be not begun on the principles of justice, their patriotism or loyalty cannot be justly applauded.

With the kings of Europe the love of martial fame must ever be an inexcusable passion. It requires that all parties engaged in a war of honour should be fired by the same ardour, and esteem the glory adequate to the hazard; but this can never be the situation in Europe. The greater numbers will always be inclined to peace, either from

their dispositions or from the nature of their occupations; and on such the distresses of a war which does not arise from necessity will be absolute oppression. It will also be seldom that the heads of different states find themselves in circumstances so nearly equal as to indulge with prudence their love of war: so that a prince, who is actuated by a desire of conquest, will be driven to the necessity of beginning unjust wars, under false or frivolous pretences; and true glory can never arise from inferior and unequal competition.

It is, then, only among the Indians, that warlike emulation can escape being totally disapproved. With them the love of glory is the ruling passion; and it is so general, that the war of a nation becomes the war of each individual, and never does one part suffer for the partial fame of the other. The miseries of war are placed in a balance with a good which is to them of equal consequence, and the lot is decided by intrepidity or accident. Therefore it is with an uncultivated people, like the Indians, and with them alone, that the love of war can be admitted as a laudable emulation.

These were the reflections of Sassoonan, the Speculative Savage, as his comprehensive mind grew intimately acquainted with the full scope of European policy, and European customs. He had been prepared to bestow admiration, and he had expected to receive improvement: he had admired, and was improved; but his improvement served only to change his admiration into disgust, and to increase his natural affection for his own country, and its more simple but less guilty customs. He therefore soon quitted Europe, and again sought the land of his nativity; where he spent the remainder of his days in studiously avoiding the cruel practices of war, and in persuading the Chickasaws to avoid them,

## THE STORY OF MARIA FRIENDLESS.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HERSELF.

BY MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

**M**Y parents were people of some repute, for my father enjoyed a place under the government of upwards

of two hundred pounds a year, besides a small estate in the country, which brought him in about a hundred and

fifty pounds a year more. As I was their only daughter, they naturally took the best care of my learning that their income would permit; and, I was sent early to a boarding-school, where I received the rudiments of a polite education, and made as great progress in French, music, &c. as could reasonably be expected.

I was in my thirteenth year when my father died of a fever; and, as he had been no great economist, and the estate which he enjoyed was to leave our family at his death, my poor mother and I were left without the least resource. Grief for the loss of a tender and affectionate husband, soon put an end to my mother's distress; and I was now the only one left to suffer for the faults of my poor father's imprudence. It happened I had a near relation who was married to a gentleman of fortune, who pitying my situation, took me home with her to be a companion. By the cheerfulness of my disposition, and my universal assiduities to please, I ingratiated myself so much in the favour of my cousin and Mr. M——, and received for it such convincing proofs of their friendship and desire to make me happy, that I soon forgot the loss I had so lately sustained. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were extremely good-natured and affable, and I enjoyed every felicity I could wish for in my dependent state. Unluckily for me, Mrs. M—— was threatened with a consumption, just as I had attained my fifteenth year, which daily increasing, in about six months, terminated a life, the loss of which I have now the utmost reason to lament; but not before she had recommended me to the care of Mr. M—— in such terms that none but a wretch abandoned to all manner of villainy could have ever forgot.

I felt every emotion of grief which a heart truly susceptible of gratitude could experience at such a shock; but my concern was soon alleviated by the assurances I received from my surviving benefactor of a continuance of that protection and esteem I had hitherto met with. By his generosity I was rendered sole mistress of his house, and had every indulgence granted which I could expect. As he had no children, he took me frequently with him, for an airing in the chariot; and though I observed his fondness for me daily increase, I did not suffer the

least suspicion to enter my breast. Being of an age in which young women are initiated in company, and as I was to move in a more genteel sphere than formerly, I was no longer to be supported in my present character, but at a considerable expence, so that he spared no cost to make me appear suitable to the rank in which he placed me.

By this stratagem, which I did not at first understand, he filled me with additional tenderness and gratitude; compelled me to repose on him as my only support; and, by my sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisances. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to attempt the ruin of an orphan, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority had subdued. Shocked at the baseness of his designs, I summoned all the courage which a weak woman could employ, and resented his behaviour with a becoming indignation. But, instead of recoiling at the deed, he upbraided me with ingratitude, and mingled his artifices with menaces of total desertion, if I should continue to resist.

I was now compleatly depressed; and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, and examine by what means I might escape perpetual mortification. The loss of my indulgent parents and kind cousin were now severely felt; and I only reflected that, had I been taught a more useful kind of learning than a boarding-school produces, I might still have lived secure under the consciousness of an unblemished reputation. Unaccustomed and unexperienced to earn my bread in a menial capacity, I had no hopes left but such as might proceed from his future honour and generosity. I soon found myself cruelly deceived; no art or cunning was left untried to accomplish his purpose; the most subtle protestations of protection and maintenance were made use of, and a solemn promise of marriage to silence all my fears.

Oh! Woman, woman, thy name is frailty!

Young and credulous, I swallowed the glittering bait, and fell an easy victim.

tim to the unruly passion of an ungrateful wretch.

But, alas! when he found the consequences attendant on our crime, which I tremble to relate, he not only refused to fulfil his promise of marriage, but soon abandoned me to all the pangs of recollection, and the frowns of a merciless world. Yet, villain as he was, he did not turn me out of doors, till he had given me money to support me in those moments of perturbation which his passion had forced me to suffer; and an untimely birth at length relieved me from the anxieties of a mother, though it left me under the severe pressures of infamy, and the painful prospect of approaching poverty.

Friends and acquaintances have now forsaken me; and I am reduced to the lot of those unhappy beings, from whom

many, who melt at the sight of all other misery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to suffer without complaint, and perish without regard, and whom I myself have formerly insulted, in the pride of reputation and security of innocence.

Let others, who read my story, be warned by my example; and, however specious the pretence, avoid the consequences. Let them consider, that however secure they may think themselves, they will have need of all their fortitude when put to the test. Whatever they may think of me, let them judge as favourably as possible; and, as it is out of their power to assist, let them at least pity, a wretch destined to suffer for the faults of an ungrateful monster.

## THE HISTORY OF A VIRTUOSO.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

**I**T was observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition; and there appeared in me very early tokens of genius, superior to the bulk of mankind. I was always an enemy to trifles, and threw away my rattle at the time when other children but begin to shake it. I was particularly fond of my coral, but would never suffer my nurse to ring the bells. As I grew older, I was more thoughtful and serious; and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural rarities; and never walked into the fields without bringing home stones of remarkable forms, or insects of some uncommon species. I never entered an old house from which I did not take away some painted glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convents and monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites; and, having no pleasure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, fashions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with

incessant diligence, and had amassed more stones, mosses, and shells, than are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greatest part of young men are studying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, possessed of a small estate in land, with a very large sum of money in the public funds; and must confess that I did not much lament him; for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wise; and once fretted at the expence of only ten shillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the sting of a hornet, though it was a cold moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen. He often recommended to me the study of physic, 'In which,' said he, 'you may at once gratify your curiosity after natural history, and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind.' I heard him with pity, and as there was no prospect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, suffered him to please himself with hoping that I should some time follow his advice. For you know that there are men with

with whom, when they have once settled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpose to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and contented myself no longer with such rarities as required only judgment and industry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to exoticks and antiques, and became so well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with visitants, some to see my museum, and others to encrease it's treasures, by selling me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt of that narrowness of conception, which contents itself with cultivating some single corner of the field of science; I took the whole region into my view, and wished it of yet greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to his will. I was forced to proceed by slow degrees, and to purchase what chance or kindness happened to present. I did not, however, proceed without some design, or imitate the indiscretion of those who begin a thousand collections, and finish none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to collect the maps made in the rude and barbarous times, before any regular surveys, or just observations; and have, at a great expence, brought together a volume, in which, perhaps, not a single country is laid down according to it's true situation, and from which, he that desires to know the errors of the ancient geographers, may find ample information.

I did not suffer myself, however, to neglect the products of my own country; but as Alfred received the tribute of the Welch in wolves heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed them to the pursuit of other animals, and obtained, by this easy method, most of the grubs and insects, which land, air, or water, can supply. I have three species of earth-worms not known to the naturalists, have discovered a new ephemera, and can shew four wasps that were taken torpid in their winter quarters. I have, from my own ground, the longest blade of grass upon record; and once accepted, as a half-year's rent

for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been seen before upon a single stem.

One of my tenants so much neglected his own interest, as to supply me, in a whole summer, with only two horse-flies, and those of little more than the common size; and I was upon the brink of seizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white mole in his way, for which he was not only forgiven, but rewarded.

These, however, were pretty acquisitions, and made at small expence; nor should I have ventured to rank myself among the virtuosi without better claims. I have suffered nothing worthy the regard of a wise man to escape my notice. I have ransacked the old and the new world, and been equally attentive to past ages and the present. For the illustration of ancient history, I can shew a marble, of which the inscription, though it is not now legible, appears, from some broken remains of the letters, to have been Tuscan, and therefore, probably, engraved before the foundation of Rome. I have two pieces of porphyry found among the ruins of Ephesus, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the inscriptions at Persepolis; a piece of stone brought from the Areopagus of Athens; and a plate without figures or inscription, which was found at Corinth, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which the ancients valued before gold. I have sand gathered out of the Granicus; a fragment of Trajan's bridge over the Danube, some of the mortar which cemented the water-course of Tarquin, a horse-shoe broke in the Flaminian way, and a turf with five daisies dug from the field of Pharsalia.

I will not raise the envy of unsuccessful collectors, by too pompous a display of my scientific wealth; but cannot forbear to observe, that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with some memorial in my cabinets. The Persian monarchs are said to have boasted the greatness of their empire, by being served at their tables with water from the Ganges and the Danube: I can shew one phial, of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of Caucasus, and another that contains what once was snow on the top of Teneriffe; in a third is a solu-  
tion

tion of the ice of Greenland; and, in another, water that once rolled in the Pacific Ocean. I flatter myself that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country, and therefore I shall tell you that Britain can by my care boast of a snail that has crawled upon the wall of China, a humming-bird which an American princess wore in her ear, the tooth of an elephant who carried the Queen of Siam, the skin of an ape that was kept in the palace of the Great Mogul, a ribband that adorned one of the maids of a Turkish Sultana, and a scimitar that belonged to a soldier of Abas the Great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have been careful to chuse only by intrinsic worth, without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of Cromwell's hair in a box turned out from a piece of the Royal Oak; and keep, in the same drawers, sand scraped from the coffin of King Richard, and a commission signed by Henry VII. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth, and the shoe of Mary of Scotland; and should lose, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a stirrup of King James. I

have paid the same price for a glove of Louis, and a thimble of Queen Mary; for a fur cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune, for I was so well known to spare no cost, that at every sale some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for malice; and, if I asked the price of any thing, it was sufficient to double the demand. For curiosity, trafficking thus with avarice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my closet: here I was inclined to stop, and live upon my estate in literary leisure, but the sale of the collection shook my resolution; I mortgaged my land, and purchased thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository; I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of an age will not re-assemble; I submit to that which cannot be opposed; and shall, in a short time, be under the dreadful necessity of declaring a sale.

## THE UNGENEROUS BENEFACTOR.

RELATED BY A LADY.

I Am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who by a train of unavoidable misfortunes was obliged to sell his commission; and, from a state of ease and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children. Alas, that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born. The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. Oh! he is a dear and dutiful child; and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was, in the eyes of a fond father and mother, lovely to an extreme! Alas, she was too lovely! The times

I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with me till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country, (who had lately buried his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us long to hesitate about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months, it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to

us,

us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money on his own bond, to free him from some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, Sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion us any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we heard from her at all; and, while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words—

MADAM,

**F**OR reasons which you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post-chaise, and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you, and that I am, &c.

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not, inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband, indeed, had a fatal guess at its meaning; and in a fury of rage insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and set out alone.

I travelled all night; and early next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey. O, Sir! am I alive to tell you? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swooning and confusion of the unhappy creature

at this meeting, nor my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that, finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity; and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond and distracted father, at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago caused him to be arrested on his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my griefs in my own bosom. Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of my daughter's shame, and his own impulsion; conjuring him, as he has confessed to me this morning, by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thoughts of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who in defiance of the law will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries which Heaven only should punish.

I have written to him on this occasion, in all the agonies of a fond mother's distresses. But, oh! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, or what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence,

violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whose distresses already are near sinking to them the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is, the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

## FANNY;

OR,

## THE FAIR FOUNDLING OF ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

BY MR. MACNALLY.

**I**T was in the month of June, at about five in the morning, when the sun having risen considerably above the horizon, his beams emanating from their source, danced over the face of the earth: they wanted on every object; but, as if attracted by the beauty of Fanny, played and sported about her eyes, till they had broke her golden slumber.

Fanny was about ten years old, and lay upon the verdant bank of a green-mantled stagnate pool, in St. George's Fields. Rubbing her eyes as she awoke, and finding herself alone, she set up a horrid shriek; which alarming a clergyman, who was taking his morning's walk, he approached the wailing innocent, and enquired into the cause of her sorrow.

'Alas! your honour,' said Fanny, sobbing as if her little heart would burst; 'my father and my mother have left me, and I have neither house nor home to go to, nor any bread to eat.'—Here grief stopped the organs of articulation, by a swell of passion, till Nature kindly opened the sluices of little Fanny's eyes, and calmed the storm by a plentiful shower of tears.

'What can be done with her!' said the honest clergyman to himself, gently rubbing his brow. 'What can be done!' said the clergyman—looking towards the left, and taking the Magdalen Hospital in his eye. 'Alas! if something be not done, the very beauty which should protect her virtue, will lead her to prostitution and ruin!—What can be done!' said the clergyman—looking towards the right. 'I have it! I have it!' he exclaimed—at that instant seeing the Asylum for

Female Orphans. 'Come, my girl,' said the good man, taking Fanny by the hand; 'you shall have a house and a home, and enough to eat, and enough to drink.' And he led her to his lodgings, which were within the rules of the King's Bench.—He had lent his security to a relation in trade; who, failing, was liberated by a commission of bankruptcy, and left his friend to answer an inexorable creditor. Now the parents of Fanny loved her with as warm and natural an affection, as if she had been a princess royal. Her father was an itinerant tinker, and her mother was remarkable for restoring a vigorous respiration to the worn-out lungs of old bellows; their whole property consisted of a jack-ass, and the implements of their trade.

Unfortunately for this couple, the country they had travelled through for the day preceding their bailing in St. George's Fields, had no culinary utensils out of repair, nor any consumptive bellows wanting wind; so that not having any opportunity to exercise their art, they were reduced to their last penny.

To dispose of this last penny, in procuring a breakfast for Fanny, they had issued to the Borough, and entered a baker's shop. The hot loaves smoked enticingly; and the mother of Fanny, considering that a pennyworth of bread would scarce give a mouthful to her child, and being impelled by her own hunger, and the hunger which she knew was gnawing the stomach of her husband, slipped a loaf under her cloak.

A pawn-broker on the opposite side of the street saw the transaction—he was a conscientious man, and informed the

baker. The baker being rich, was strongly attached to strict justice: and poverty, which was urged in extenuation of the offence by the culprits, was with him an aggravation; it was, in his opinion, the worst of all crimes. The tinker and his wife were dragged before a justice: and the justice—which is not very usual with justices—knowing something of law, discharged the woman, as having committed the theft in company with her husband; but, to please the baker, with whom he kept a long tally, committed the man.

The mob finding the law insufficient to punish the woman, became the instruments of justice; they dragged her through the kennel, pelted her with filth, and plunged her into a ditch. In this deplorable situation the must have immediately perished, if the parish-officers, knowing that the expence of her burial would fall upon their treasury, had not ordered her to be taken up, and passed to the parish adjacent—from whence she would have been passed to the next, if she had not given the overseers the slip—by making a sudden escape to that country, ‘from whose bourne no traveller returns.’

The tinker lay in gaol till the next quarter-sessions; when, being fully convicted of stealing a loaf he never touched, he was ordered to be publicly whipped: and not having money to bribe the executioner, he got so severe a scourging, that a fever ensued, which sent him to the other world after his wife.

The jack-asses would have been seized by the justice's men; but some chimney-sweepers having got possession of the wretched animal, while the tinker was under examination, three of them mounted, and rode him till he fell, when they dispatched him with paving-stones.

While the tinker, his wife, and their jack-asses, were under the different preparations for the different fates which awaited them, Fanny was enjoying such ease and happiness as she had never before experienced. The clergyman's wife had her cleaned and clothed, and she was put into the Asylum.

Here she lived in content and innocence for three years; at the expiration of which time the young wife of an old gentleman took her into her service. Fanny's old master was devoted to his bottle and his evening's club; his wife, to pleasures of another kind: and his ab-

sence in pursuit of his favourite amusements, furnished his wife with convenient opportunities to gratify herself in the enjoyment of her's.

When Fanny was about fifteen, a young gentleman, ward to her master, came on a visit from the University of Oxford. He cast an evil eye upon Fanny, and the mistress of Fanny cast an eye of infidelity upon him. Fanny defended her virtue against his attacks, like a heroine: her mistress attacked the virtue of her husband's ward, like an experienced general; and, discovering that his passion for Fanny was the great impediment to the indulgence of her own, she applied to a friend and associate, for advice how to protect the youth and inexperience of Fanny from the powerful attacks of the young Oxonian. This worthy friend of the lady's was not wholly insensible to the charms of variety. He advised her removal to a private lodging, and offered to take upon himself the task of lecturing her on the temptations of the flesh. This was accordingly executed; and for three days did this zealous reformer paint to Fanny's imagination, in language of the warmest description, the wretched state of those who devote themselves to love. His lectures had their effect upon the mind and constitution of Fanny; but they increased her dislike to his person.

Fanny had been taught to write. She procured a note to be conveyed to her lover; he flew to her on the wings of joy; and the consequences were—such as might naturally be expected.

Fanny lived with her lover during his minority, in rather an humble sphere; and an evening's walk, with tea at the Dog and Duck, was among the highest of her amusements. But no sooner did he get into possession of his fortune, than a phaeton was purchased, and Fanny had an elegant chariot for her own particular use. They drove here and there, and every where; till at last her lover, having drove out every thing, was driven into the King's Bench Prison—whither Fanny, not being his wife, was permitted to follow him.

Her lover kept reflection at a distance, by a continued course of intoxication; and as he obliged Fanny to participate in his excess, she soon became a proficient in a vice destructive to all, but most to it's female votaries. A young officer, the intimate friend of her lover, having



having surprized her one day when wine had overpowered her reason, she surrendered to him that fidelity which for three years she had inviolably preserved; and an intrigue commenced, which was pursued with ardour on both sides, till the death of her first lover, which happened about eight months after.

Poor Fanny was now reduced to the efforts of her own genius, to procure her bread. The relations of her deceased lover seized every moveable he had left behind him; her cloaths, which were not very valuable, were the whole of her property; and her second admirer had no inclination to take her under his protection.

Being thus abandoned, she left the prison; took lodgings on Vauxhall road; and, having made up weeds in gratitude to the memory of her lover, they displayed her charms to such advantage, that she soon attracted a considerable train of admirers.

In this situation she remained for some time; till meeting with a misfortune which is the constant attendant on indiscriminate amours, the means of subsistence failed, and she was reduced to the last stage of indigence.

Returning one night into St. George's Fields, where she had repeatedly slept on the ground for want of a lodging, she was apprehended by the constables, and committed to Bridewell as a vagrant; and, being unable to work, repeatedly suffered the usual severities of the place: till, at length, her term of confinement being expired, she was again turned out upon the world, and consigned to all the accumulated horrors of wretchedness, poverty, and disease.

For two days the once beautiful Fanny was without food! Urged by pain and hunger, she took the desperate resolution to end her existence; and was crawling toward the very ditch where the good clergyman had formerly found her—when, on lifting up her eyes, she beheld at some distance her good genius, who was contemplating her miserable appearance.

He approached, and offered her money; and, having no recollection of her, was about to depart—when the mentioned his name, blessed him, and fainted—

The clergyman, calling an old woman who was passing by to his assistance, left Fanny in her care, and hastened

to procure her some refreshment. She soon revived; and was conveyed to the house of the old woman, who lived near the halfpenny hatch, where a physician attended her, and in a few weeks perfectly re-established her health.

The good clergyman had long since quitted the rules of the King's Bench, having settled the debt by an annuity charged on his living; and now possessed a comfortable vicarage in Cornwall, from which place he had arrived in town but a few days before. His first resolution, on seeing Fanny recover, was to take her into the country; but, as his wife was a lady tenacious of domestic prerogatives, he determined, upon second thoughts, not to proceed without consulting her: however, that Fanny might be out of the way of temptation, he procured, in the mean time, her admission into the Magdalen.

In this situation she remained for eighteen months; the clergyman's wife considering that time as a necessary probation. She was here perfectly weaned from every vicious habit: her amiable conduct gained her the good opinion of the matron, who instructed her in the oeconomy of house-keeping; and, by her pious conversation, instilled into her heart the principles of morality, and the necessity of a virtuous life.

At the end of eighteen months, the clergyman being again in town, paid her a visit, accompanied by his lady. This worthy gentleman was delighted at the excellent character given her by the matron; nor was his wife less pleased with the account of her behaviour. They took her with them into the country, where she was soon after addressed by a young wealthy farmer, who solicited the interest of her protector in his favour. The good clergyman, disdaining every species of deception, frankly acquainted the honest farmer, in general terms, with so much of Fanny's story as related to her first seduction. This intelligence alarmed the young man's delicacy; but love soon prevailing, he made a formal declaration of his passion, and being favourably received, was in a short time married to her.

Fanny has proved a blessing to her husband: her industry has added to his fortune; and her modest, humble, and conscious deportment, has endeared her to his affections. The births of three little ones have added to their felicity;

and as Fanny's worthy protector has no children, nor any relations whom he regards, and has been used to fondle the offspring of Fanny as if they were his own, it is not improbable but he will

make the eldest, who is his favourite, the heir of his property; which, as he lives much within his income, may one day be very considerable.

## THE HONOURABLE MOOR.

### A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

A Spanish cavalier in a sudden quarrel slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. 'Eat this,' said the Moor, giving him half a peach; 'you now know that you may confide in my protection.' He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him, as soon as it was nigh the would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had but just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but as soon as it was dark retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then accosted the Spaniard, he said—'Christian,

' the person you have killed is my son, ' his body is now in my house. You ' ought to suffer; but you have eaten ' with me, and I have given you my ' faith, which must not be broken' He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said—' Fly far, while ' the night can cover you, you will be ' safe in the morning. You are indeed ' guilty of my son's blood: but God is ' just and good, and I thank him I am ' innocent of your's, and that my faith ' given is preserved.'

This point of honour is most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa, and by them was brought into Spain; the effects of which remain to this day: so that when there is any fear of a war breaking out between England and Spain, an English merchant there, who apprehends the confiscation of his goods as those of an enemy, thinks them safe if he can get a Spaniard to take charge of them; for the Spaniard secures them as his own, and faithfully re-delivers them, or pays the value, whenever the Englishman demands them.

## ORASMIN AND ALMIRA.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY MR. KELLY.

SON of man, learn resignation to the appointments of Providence, nor dare to drop a murmur at the dispensations of the Most Just. Think not of disputing with the wisdom of Infinity; nor dream of wresting the vindictive thunderbolt from the dread right-hand of God.

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the sages of antiquity, lived Orasmin, the son of Ibrahim, whose name was an Aromatic that perfumed the remotest corners of the East. His person

was as noble as the rising oak in the forest, and his mind as unfilled as a meridian beam from the sun; his bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of the fatherless, nor did the mourning of the widow ever pass unregarded at his gate. To sum up his character at once, complacency and benevolence were always seated on his brow, and humanity was a virtue so natural to his heart, that it formed the very core, and twined round the strings. Thus amiable, it was no wonder, that by all who saw him he should

should be instantly admired; and thus deserving, no way strange, that by all who knew him he should be cordially respected and beloved.

Among a variety of virgins who languished for Orasmin, Almira, a damsel of Balfora, newly arrived at Bagdad, was the only person blest with a reciprocal esteem. The blush of the morning was less rosy than her cheek, and the diamond of Golconda not so brilliant as her eye; her bosom was as white as the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the midsummer murmur of the stream. How oft, O ye groves of Balfora, have ye echoed with the fame of her beauty! How oft, O ye vallies of Bagdad, have ye resounded with her praise! You know that her voice would chain the tiger of the desert, and unnerve the wild stag as he darted from the hill; you know that the spices of Ormus could not equal her in breath, nor the daughters of Paradise excel her in dignity and grace.

Orasmin and Almira were not more distinguished for their merit, than remarkable for their loves; and as neither had any parent living to oppose their wishes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the universal satisfaction of their friends. Orasmin, all impatient for possessing the only object that had ever engrossed his heart, longed for the happy hour with the utmost anxiety, and feasted his imagination continually with the raptures he was to experience in the arms of Almira. She, not less impatient, though more confined in her expressions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy the uninterrupted enjoyment of all she held dear, and counted over the weeks, the months, and the years, she had a probable expectation of passing in the tenderest intercourse with her adored Orasmin. But, alas! while our lovers were thus enhancing the present, by reflecting on the future, an order arrived for Almira to attend the Caliph, who had for some time been entertained with various reports of her unparalleled beauty, and wanted to see if the encomiums lavished so frequently upon her were just. Neither her religion, nor her allegiance, could allow her to form any excuse for not attending the *commander of the faithful*, much less admit of a resolution to disobey; he was worshipped with an implicit reverence,

as a successor of the holy Mahomet, by all his people, and his word was ever looked upon as the irrevocable voice of Fate. Almira therefore was immediately carried with a bleeding heart to the palace, and the moment she was beheld by the Caliph, declared the most favourite of his queens.

It is not in language to tell the distraction of the two lovers, at being thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each others arms. The moment Orasmin heard that his Almira had captivated the Caliph, he looked upon the business of life to be entirely over; and, unable to support the inexpressible agonies of his own mind, considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose: for two whole days and nights he wandered through the various rooms of his house in an absolute state of phrenzy, calling out at every interval, in the most passionate tone, on the name of his ravished Almira. On the third day, growing somewhat calmer, he began to reflect on all the circumstances of his past life, in order to find out in what particular he had given Mahomet such unpardonable offence, as to meet with so severe a chastisement at his hands. After revolving a long time, and finding nothing but some youthful indiscretions to answer for, which were infinitely overbalanced by a number of meritorious actions, he insensibly dropped upon one knee, and began to expostulate, in the following manner, with his God—

‘Thou great Creator of the universe,  
‘who sittest enthroned above the seven  
‘heavens, where even the conception of  
‘no prophet but the holy Mahomet  
‘can dare to soar: look down in mercy  
‘on a wretch, who numbers himself  
‘with the most unhappy of human be-  
‘ings, though he has constantly main-  
‘tained the deepest reverence for thy  
‘laws; tell him, O thou Infinitely  
‘High! inform him, O thou Inexpres-  
‘sibly Just! why he, who has ever made  
‘it his unalterable study to deserve thy  
‘awful sanction on his deeds, is deemed  
‘to suffer what the most impious pro-  
‘phaner of thy divine will would look  
‘upon as a severity, and confidently ex-  
‘claim, was too great a punishment for  
‘the most enormous of his crimes.’

Orasmin had scarcely ended, when a clap of thunder shook the house, and an unusual brightness lightened the room, where he still continued on his knee,  
astonished

astonished at this apparent message from the Deity. When he recovered himself a little, a voice, as awful as the trumpet of heaven, desired him carefully to attend, and thus went on—'Cease, O mistaken man, to doubt the mercy and justice of the Supreme Being, who, though he acts by unknown springs and seeming severities, is ever watchful for the happiness of the virtuous, and perfectly consistent in all his laws. Consider, Orasmin, that this world is a transitory bubble, which must shortly burst upon the ocean of time; that it is at best but a short voyage, in which every passenger must meet with some disagreeable gales, in order to prove his dependence on the hand of Infinite Goodness, and shew that he is worthy of entering into an everlasting port. Without some adverse storms to ruffle the sea of life, the tide of prosperity would frequently swell the creature into a forgetfulness of the Creator, and reduce him to a more dangerous situation than the bitterest blast he can experience will ever bring him to—a total indifference of his God. Out of mercy, therefore, a variety of shoals and quicksands are thrown in his way, which keeping the sense of his dependence on the Divine Being constantly alive in this world,

puts him in a capacity of steering his bark in the proper channel, and enables him to arrive at endless happiness in the next. But, abstracted from this general order in the state of things, know, Orasmin, that because thou wert a particular favourite of Heaven, it was decreed to snatch Almira from thy arms: she was, O man, thy sister. Ibrahim, thy father, journeying to Balsora, was admitted to the Cady's wife, and the product of their guilty commerce was Almira. Here again observe the kindness of Heaven in its very severities, which, in order to deter the parent from the commission of enormities, denounces a judgment against what he values more highly than worlds, his race. Orasmin, be comforted; I have visited Almira, and informed her of these things; she is at ease, remain thou so too, and remember never again to doubt the goodness of Providence, which in its own time will reward those who place their confidence in its hands.' Orasmin after this lived many years in happiness, and left many children, who succeeded to his virtues and fortune, the eldest of whom was grand vizier to the Caliph Haroun Al-raschid, and ordered these matters to be recorded in the histories of Bagdad.

## PARENTAL INDISCRETION.

BY DR. FORDYCE.

**I**N a family where I lately spent some days on a visit, I observed a very remarkable instance of the untoward management of two children. Young master is a boy of strong, ungovernable passions, of no mean capacity, and an open liberal temper; add to this the disadvantage that he is brought up to the prospect of a great estate. The girl is of surprising natural parts, but pettish, fullen, and haughty, though not without a considerable fund of native goodness. Both of them are excessively indulged by their parents. The father, who jumped into the estate by means of his relation to a wealthy citizen, is a strange, ignorant, unpolished creature; and having had no education himself, has little notion of the importance of one, and is neither anxious about theirs,

nor meddles in it; but leaves them to the chances of life, and the ordinary tract of training up children. The mother, a woman of great goodness, but who never had any of the improvements of education, is, you may very well believe, but little versed in the arts of forming young minds; yet she thinks herself qualified by her natural sagacity, of which, indeed, she has a considerable share, for directing and managing her own children. But though she were better qualified than she is, her immoderate fondness would baffle the nicest management. Her son is her favourite, in whom she sees no fault; or, if they are too glaring to be hid, she winks at them: and if any of the family, or friends, complain of them to her, she is ready to put the fairest colouring on them.

them, and is ready to ascribe the complaints to some unreasonable partiality or prejudice against her darling boy. The young gentleman, finding himself so secure of mamma's favour, takes all advantages, and stretches his prerogative to the utmost. The servants of the family he disciplines with all the force his fists and feet are masters of; and uses strangers who come to visit the family with the most indecent familiarities; some he calls names, others he salutes with a slap, or pulls off their wigs, or treads on their toes, with many such instances of rough courtesy. He is indulged, and, if I may use the expression, trained in the love of money. It is made the reward of doing his task, and the end of all his labours. His pockets are generally full; at least, money is never denied him, when he either coaxes or cries for it: and indeed I have seen him do both with great dexterity. He is allowed to play as much as he pleases at cards, draughts, or any other game; and it is always for money. I have been diverted to see how the chances of the game have roused all his little passions. If he won, he triumphed over his adversary with immense eagerness and joy; if he lost, he cried, stormed, and bullied, like a petty tyrant, and parted with his money with infinite regret. If the mother was provoked at any time to take notice of his irregularities, she did it with so little judgment, and so much heat, that it had little or no influence. Perhaps she frowned, and fired, and made a thundering noise for a while; but this was soon over, and master's tears, or sullen silence, soon brought on a perfect reconciliation. She shewed no care, and steady indignation, such as would have been sufficient to produce a lasting effect; nor were her rebukes seconded with any substantial marks of displeasure, so as to make a deep impression on such a perverse child.

The young lady's temper is a little

softer; but not less imperious: she is brought up with a high opinion of the dignity of her rank, and contempt of the vulgar; therefore the little thing imagines herself already a very considerable personage, takes state upon her in all companies, swells with rage at every little imaginary affront, and never thinks she is treated with respect enough; the servants must pay her uncommon homage; she must be helped at table before strangers of an ordinary rank. Her pretty features must not be discomposed by crossing her; in short, humoured she must be in all things; and when her ladyship is dressed in all her finery, she is admired, caressed, and exalted into a little queen. This makes her vain and insolent to a degree of extravagance. She and her brother have pretty nearly the same tasks set them; they read, write, dance, and play together; but will only read, or write, or do just as much as their little honours think proper. They go to learn as to some terrible task; are restless and impatient till it is over; and mind their tutor almost as much as the maid that puts them to bed; for his authority, not being duly supported by their parents, has no weight. In fine, they are so much humoured, so little restrained, and kept under proper government, that he must have more than the patience of a man who can bear with their insolence; and almost the capacity of an angel to shape and improve them into any tolerable figure: though with the genius and temper they have, they might be taught any thing, or moulded into any form, were they under the influence of proper discipline and authority. Upon the whole, I could not help thinking them an instance of the indiscreet conduct of parents in the management of their children, whom, by an ill-judged fondness, they expose to the contempt and derision of mankind, and perhaps to irretrievable calamities.

## TQUASSUOW AND KNONMQUAIHA.

### A HOTTENTOT STORY.

**T**QUASSUOW, the son Kquaf-somo, was conqueror or chief captain over the Sixteen Nations of Caffra-ria. He was descended from N'oh and

Hing'n'oh, who dropped from the moon; and his power extended over all the kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess

prowefs and activity: his speed was like the torrent that rushes down the precipice, and he would overtake the wild afs in her flight; his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his lance drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking-holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassuow was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pit-falls for the elephant, he received information that a tiger, prowling for prey, was committing ravages on the kraals of the Cham-touers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roe-buck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin; and, aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer: but, when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms; he was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hog of Hessaqua; he was ravished with the pressed gristle of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the kouquequa, or leader of the kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex: she was fed with the entrails of goats; she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince, in great transport, embraced the soles of her feet; then ripping up the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tiger of his skin; and, sending it to the kouquequa her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nup-

tials of Tquassuow and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence in which the bridegroom was arrayed amazed all Caffraria: over his shoulders was cast a krosse, or mantle, of wild cat skins; he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the intestines; and the bladder of the beast he blew up and fastened to his hair.

Nor was Knonmquaiha less employed in adorning her person: she made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with foot, with which she anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun; her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of buchu; her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars. She sprinkled her limbs with wood-ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of the stinkbinsem; her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of an heifer; from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid; the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind; and, before, she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees, in token of reverence. In the centre, the illustrious prince, with his sable bride, reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the surri, or chief-priest, approached them, and, in a deep voice, chaunted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the Gom-gom; and, at the same time (according to the manner of Caffraria) bedewed them plentifully with his urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with extasy; while the briny drops trickled from their bodies, like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigriqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquassuow and Knonmquaiha, when the kraals were surprized with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage, that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately

fixed

fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight except his face and hands. Upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond-tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram; his lips and cheeks resembled the red ochre, and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle; his language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts: nor could Tquassuow discover his meaning, till an Hottentot (who, at the first coming of these people, had been taken prisoner, and had afterwards made his escape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from his fellow countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickerstee.

Tquassuow, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence: he spread a mantle of sheep-skins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and, for his food, he boiled in their own blood the tripe of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger, in return, instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with sending fire from a hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder: nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knonmquaiha. He bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass; he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy: he also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of dacha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the forests of Stinkwood, bounded by the Palamite river.

Tquassuow and Knonmquaiha continued to live together in the most cordial

affection: and the sorris every night invoked the great Gounja Tuquoa, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of H'oh and Hinga'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy: her waist enlarged daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the wise women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain; and, to facilitate the birth, gave her a potion of the milk of wild asses, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of childbirth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil. The kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations, and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a monster.

The offspring of her womb was white. They took the child, and washed him with the juice of aloes; they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls: but his skin still retained its detested hue, and the child was still white. The venerable sorris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy; and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the demon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snickerstee.

The adulterous parent, with her unnatural offspring, were judged unworthy to live: they bowed a branch of an olive-tree in the forest of Lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels, and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knonmquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The kouqueas, who scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death: they were collected in a circle, each of them wielding an huge club of cripplewood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquassuow in vain assayed to perform the said office; thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropped it ineffectual on the

ground. At length, from his reluctant arm, descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose, whose flatness and expansion had first captivated his heart. The kouquegas then rushing in, with their clubs, redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knonmquaiha lay as an heap of mud which the retreating flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were enclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fastened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquassuow remained inconsolable for her loss: he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigiqua, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he

descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knonmquaiha, dancing on a wave, and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, "Bo, bo, bo!" then springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle soaring on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore; and Tquassuow was enveloped in the mass. He was heard of no more; and it was believed, that he was snatched up into the moon.

Their unhappy fate is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage rites have ever since concluded with a wish, That the husband may be happier than Tquassuow, and the wife more chaste than Knonmquaiha.

## THE UNNATURAL FATHER.

BY SIR JOHN HILL.

**R**EADER, I had once a friend: if you have one too, you feel the due force of the word; if not, I must explain myself to you, by adding, that I do not mean by that name what it's general prostituted sense expresses, a common acquaintance, but a man whom I loved because he deserved it, and whose fond partiality made him suppose he saw as much reason to esteem me.

He was the only son of a country gentleman, who, though he found all the neighbourhood fond of him, and heard every body full of his praise as a youth of understanding, of distinguished learning, and a valuable heart, never admitted him to the rank of a companion, never honoured him with a moment's conversation, but issued his commands to him, which were generally unreasonable enough, with the same brow of sullen severity, the same harsh tone of voice, in which he started at a dog that offended him.

The youth's obedience was perfect; but it was not always that he could understand the orders he received: if he mistook them, a blow was the return; if he understood as perfectly as he obeyed them, he was to suppose the old gentleman was satisfied by his silence; for he never was honoured with any higher mark of approbation.

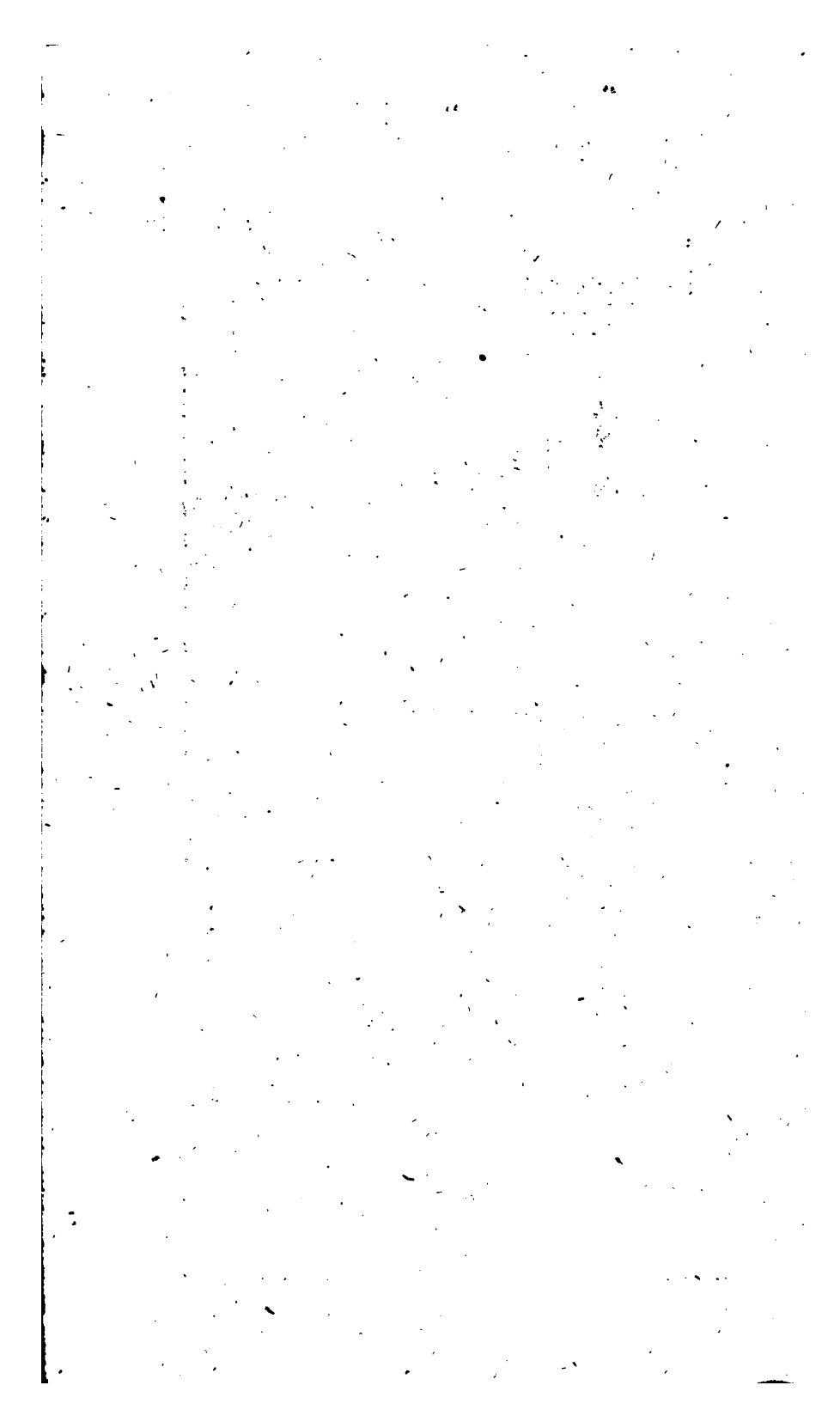
This behaviour to a man of three

and twenty, and the heir to a very considerable fortune, was what only my worthy friend could have borne; but he endured it without reply or murmuring. Every body who visited in the family saw it; and if they loved him for supporting it, they adored him for not complaining of it. A neighbouring man of fortune, with whom he dined one day, took him into the garden in the afternoon, and spoke his sentiments on the subject: "So good a son," continued he, "I am convinced, must make an excellent husband: my daughter, if you approve her, is at your service, and I shall think myself honoured as well as happy in the alliance."

The youth expressed his gratitude and compliance in very endearing terms: the father would have carried him immediately to the lady; but he prudently declined entering into any advances towards a treaty in which he could not engage for the compliance of his father. "I am most sensible, Sir," said he, "of the honour and advantage of this match; but shall I, in return for such generosity, involve your daughter in difficulties which, perhaps, it may never be in my power to get the better of?"

The parent could not but applaud him very highly: he took his leave without seeing the lady after this conversation.







ANNETTE.

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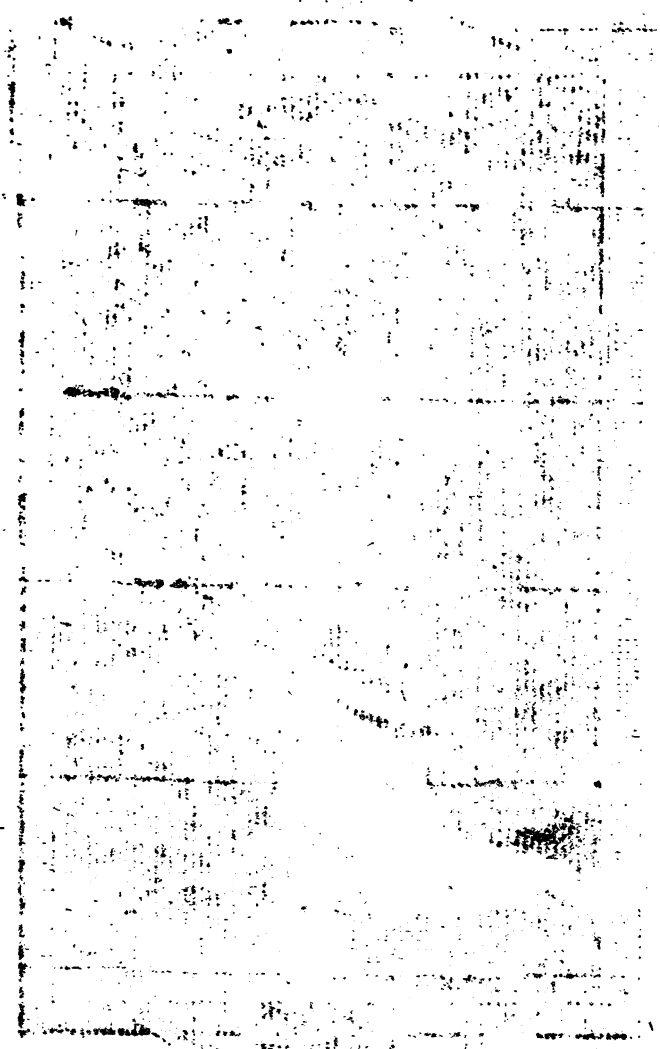
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variation: he proposed the alliance to his father; but though it was an advantageous one in point of fortune, and what the old gentleman must have liked extremely, if he had thought of it himself, all the reply the son received was the being knocked down at his feet, for daring to think of marrying before he spoke of it.

All possible endeavours were used, on the part of the lady's relations, to bring on the match; but in vain. The father, though he owned the fortune greater than he could expect, and the lady's character unexceptionable, would never listen to any overtures, because his son had dared to think of it without his advice.

The period of my worthy, generous, virtuous friend's slavery, was continued two years after this, with additional rigour: he had, soon after the absolute refusal of the first offer, met with a lady of great merit, and of considerable expectations, in the hands of a father of much more humanity than his own: he loved her; he raised a mutual passion in her breast, and obtained her promise of marrying him; but he never dared to open his lips on the subject either to his own father, or to her's. Four months since, he married her; and immediately afterwards brought her to town. He applied to her father for his pardon; and

intreated some small portion of her fortune might be settled on her: the answer was, That she should not have married without his consent; but that, as the families were acquainted, and his expectations were equal to what his daughter might expect, he should overlook the disobedience; and, as it was over and irrecoverable, would settle on her in proportion to whatever his father would do for him.

The husband, with great joy, wrote now to his own father. He received for answer, that he had disinherited him, and would never look on him again. A thousand entreaties could make no change in his resolution; and the father of the lady, thinking himself sufficiently excused to the world by the offer he had made, refused to do any thing for them under any other conditions.

The event has been dreadful: yet I scarce know how to blame my unhappy friend, even for the greatest of all crimes. He visited his father a few weeks since: what passed between them, that guilty wretch can only tell. The youth was found in the morning dead in bed, with a pistol by his pillow; and his distracted widow is following him.

I have no motive for writing this, but that it is true. What ought to be said of such conduct, of such consequences of it?

## ANNETTE.

### A FAIRY TALE.

BY MASTER GEORGE LOUIS LENOX.

AS the newly-married wife of an opulent country farmer, in the ever memorable reign of Henry the Great, was strolling through the delightful valleys of Vincennes, a stag pursued by the hounds flew for protection to her feet; and, looking in her face with eyes streaming in tears, seemed to implore her pity and assistance. Annette, whose tender and humane disposition was expressed in every line of her engaging countenance, raised the poor animal in her delicate arms; and, the hunters now approaching, addressed herself to him who seemed the principal, in these words.

'The poor stag you are looking for, has flown to me for protection; but,

'as I am unable to afford him that, all I can do is to become a petitioner in his behalf: I will not presume to ensure your diversions—but let me entreat you, gentlemen, instead of sacrificing the poor trembling animal to your dogs, to bestow him upon me; and, be assured, I shall always remember your kindness with gratitude.'

The young hunter, who regarded the blooming Annette with that admiration which a young pleasing woman always inspires, immediately replied—'Be under no apprehensions, Madam, for your dumb client: whatever you protect must be sacred; and I shall think the loss of our diversion amply repaid by an opportunity of obliging you.'

Annette, perceiving the young gentleman wished to improve this opportunity, made no other reply to his compliment, than a respectful curtsy; and, hastily striking into a grove of poplars, was out of sight in a moment. As soon as she arrived at the farm, she was met by her husband, with looks full of the most anxious solicitude, her long stay having alarmed him. Annette excused her absence, by her adventure; and, having seen the poor stag taken proper care of, sat down to a light repast: after which she retired to enjoy the united blessings of Hygien and Morpheus, in the fond arms of her enraptured Beauville.

The sun darting his beams through the white curtains of Annette's bed, roused them next morning from their innocent slumbers to their different employments. Beauville, with a tender kiss, left his fair bride, to attend the labours of the vintage; while the cares of the dairy and farm demanded the presence of Annette: but first, with her lap full of acorns, she hastened to that spot in her garden which she had allotted for the stag. But how great was her surprise, when, instead of her quadruped friend, she beheld a beautiful young lady, of a most majestic figure, who held in her hand a silver wand! 'Approach my presence,' said she; 'and behold, in the stead of that poor stag whom your humanity rescued from a painful death, the Fairy Orinda, who longs to convince you of her gratitude and affection: ask, therefore, your reward, and enjoy it to the utmost of my power.'—'For myself, gracious lady,' returned Annette, 'when she had recovered herself a little, 'I desire nothing; my wishes are few, and those amply gratified by the blessings I at present possess: but I find,' continued she, with a modest blush, 'there will be others for whose happiness I must provide. Let me therefore intreat, that whatever kind intentions you have formed in my favour, may be extended to my infant.'—'Beauty, wealth, power, and virtue, are in my disposal,' replied the Fairy; 'choose wisely, and be gratified.'—'Oh, Madam!' exclaimed Annette, casting herself at the feet of Orinda; 'since you have given the rein to my wishes, pardon the fondness of a mother that dictates them. If my child proves a daughter, endow her with the inestimable blessing of

beauty; let her be the object of universal admiration; powerful from her charms, and great by her marriage: if a boy——' 'Your wishes are accomplished,' interrupted the Fairy; 'for the child with which you are pregnant, is a daughter, who will live to repent, in bitterness of soul, her mother's ill judged choice! and to convince the world, that the united advantages of beauty, rank, and power, may increase, but cannot procure happiness!' At these words the disappeared, leaving Annette more pleased with the promise that her desires should be complied with, than alarmed by the prediction that accompanied that promise. Her mind was full of a thousand agreeable ideas, when she perceived her husband approaching, and flew with the utmost alacrity to acquaint him with the metamorphosis of her stag, and the future greatness of her daughter, whose matchless beauty, she assured him, would raise her to the most exalted station, Beauville, who possessed an excellent understanding, could not be persuaded to believe his wife's story; and, fearing her head was a little disordered, advised her to retire to her apartment, and take a little rest. Annette, provoked at her husband's incredulity, which she saw it was in vain to combat, complied with his request, that she might be at liberty to indulge her own agreeable reflections; as she plainly perceived she could derive no additional pleasure from communicating them to Beauville: and, during the remaining months of her pregnancy, she resolved never again to speak to him on the subject, but let time prove the truth of her assertion.

At length the wished-for time arrived, and Annette was delivered of a girl, whose dazzling beauty almost staggered the faith of Beauville with regard to what his wife had told him. Highly as the expectations of Annette had been raised, and extravagant as her wishes were, the beauty of the little Eloisa exceeded both. Often would she exclaim when she hung with rapture over her cradle, or pressed her to her bosom in an ecstasy of delight.—'If my girl is thus lovely in infancy, what will she be as she grows up, when all the advantages of education are added to her charms! Well might the Fairy promise her greatness; the throne of Henry is hardly worthy of her! Beauville,

too, beheld his little girl with admiration, and wished her mind might be as perfect as her person.

Annette was now far advanced in the eighth month of her second pregnancy; and, walking one evening with her husband in that valley where her adventure commenced, she beheld Orinda approaching them; 'Well,' said the Fairy, 'your wishes have been complied with; it is but just, the same indulgence should be granted to your husband, whose good understanding will no doubt instruct him to make a better choice.—Behold in me,' continued she, addressing herself to Beauville, 'who stood torpid with amazement, the Fairy Orinda; who promises to bestow upon your second daughter whatever you shall think most conducive to her happiness.'—'Great lady!' returned Beauville, recovering himself a little; 'when mortals are allowed the privilege of chusing for themselves, their choice generally proves how unfit they are to be trusted: what my child may think happiness, I know not; with some it consists in riches—with others it centres in beauty, and with some in power—but of this I am certain, that, if she is good, she never can be unhappy: he pleased, therefore, to bestow upon her the love and practice of virtue. I ask no greater blessing; convinced that, in that, she possesses the means of attaining every other.'—'How wisely you, Beauville, have used the privilege of chusing,' replied the Fairy, with a smile of pleasure, 'every action of your daughter's life will prove!' Saying this, she disappeared; and Annette, with an air of triumph, asked her husband if he would now suppose her a visionary. 'Indeed, Annette,' returned he, 'I know not what to think; my senses are bewildered: and I can hardly believe but what I myself have been witness to is an illusion!'

Soon after this, Annette was delivered of another daughter; not, indeed, so exquisitely beautiful as Eloisa, but possessed of just charms sufficient to render her engaging and agreeable. Though Beauville felt the fondest affection for both his children, it is not surprising he should attach himself particularly to Adelaide; the meekness and docility of whose disposition appeared even in her infancy, and promised to fulfil all

the expectations Orinda had raised. As soon as she was of an age to profit by his instructions, Beauville dedicated every leisure moment to the improvement of his favourite's mind; whilst Annette was absorbed in equal cares for the person of Eloisa: the morning sun was not suffered to dart his beams on her fair face, lest he should sully the delicacy of her complexion; while Adelaide was taught to preserve the bloom of health by early rising, and moderate exercise. No expense was spared for the education of both the girls; though the manner in which they received it was different. Eloisa was instructed to consider the accomplishments of music, drawing, and dancing, as the only parts of education she ought to attend to; Adelaide was taught to prize them only as they contributed to embellish the far more valuable endowments of the mind. Eloisa was told she was a divinity; that Paris was the sphere in which she ought to shine; and, that her beauty would raise her to a principality: Adelaide was taught, that perfect happiness was only to be found in private life, and domestic pleasures. Both parents succeeded in their endeavours: for, at the age of sixteen, Eloisa was a finished coquet; Adelaide a perfect mistress of every useful and elegant acquirement, alike fitted to shine in a court or adorn a cottage. It was at this period of time that the young Countess De St. Martin arrived at her seat near Vincennes: and, having heard the most extravagant praises of the beauty and accomplishments of Eloisa De Beauville, she resolved to cultivate an acquaintance with her; and accordingly dispatched a billet, requesting hers and her sister's company at an entertainment the proposed giving to some people of fashion, at her seat. The invitation was respectfully accepted, and the time she named impatiently expected by Eloisa; who, as well as her mother, considered it as the opening to her future greatness. At length, the important day arrived; and, after four hours spent at the devotions of the toilette, Beauville handed his daughters into the chaise, which the countess had politely sent to conduct them to her house. Upon their arrival at the Hotel De St. Martin, they were met by a young gentleman of a most elegant appearance, who conducted them into a magnificent saloon, where the countess and her friends were sitting:

sing: 'Sister,' said the young gentleman, leading Eloisa and her sister towards the countess, who rose to receive them, 'I have the honour of presenting to you two young ladies, of whom you have heard so much and so little: so much, that curiosity was raised to the highest pitch; yet so little, when compared with their deserts!' The countess, with an elegant compliment, acquiesced in the justness of his remark; and conducted her fair visitors to a seat, where the eyes of the whole company were immediately turned upon them. Eloisa, conscious of her charms, and triumphing in the effect she knew they would produce, bore the gaze with an easy, unembarrassed air; and contrived, by every look and gesture, to discover some new grace. Adelaide, whose cheeks glowed with modest blushes, cast her eyes upon the ground; and, by that evident appearance of innocence and sensibility, interested every heart in her favour: Eloisa, it is true, was regarded with admiration; but Adelaide, the sweet blushing Adelaide, excited tenderness, respect, and esteem. Among those who particularly distinguished Eloisa, was the Duke De Biron, and the Chevalier De Versorand. The duke possessed few advantages besides his high rank and princely fortune; the chevalier was young, noble, and charming in the highest degree, but his fortune very little above mediocrity. Both were enamoured with Eloisa; and both languished to possess her, but in a different manner: the duke resolved to solicit her for a mistress; and, from her situation, had no doubt of success. Versorand, who fancied her all perfection, could not admit a thought that implied a doubt of her virtue; and would have thought himself the happiest of mankind in the title of her husband.

Such were the gentlemen who surrounded the chair of Eloisa, and by a thousand nameless assiduities discovered the passion she had inspired them with.

While these were offering up incense at the shrine of beauty, Monsieur De Bercy, the brother of Madam De St. Martin, no less captivated by the modest charms and unassuming merits of Adelaide, was endeavouring to inspire her with a passion which, from the first moment he beheld him, had been gaining ground in her bosom; and never, ~~but~~ was any one more worthy a tender

and sincere attachment than Monsieur De Bercy: possessed of every requisite to please, he had youth, elegance, wit, and high birth; with the most noble, tender, and benevolent disposition. Being the youngest of a numerous family, he had not, indeed, a great fortune to offer; but what he possessed was sufficient to answer every purpose of ease and happiness. Adelaide was too prudent to acknowledge an affection so rapidly conceived; but while he was breathing the most tender vows in her ear, a few unguarded sighs convinced Monsieur De Bercy that he was not totally indifferent to her: but it was now far advanced in the evening, and both sisters heard the carriage announced with concern.

Madam De St. Martin, equally delighted with both, promised soon to return their visit; and gave them a general invitation to her house during her continuance at Vincennes: the Duke De Biron and Monsieur De Bercy conducted them to the chaise; where they left them with sighs of regret.

On their arrival at the farm, Annette flew to demand an account of their adventures; and, upon hearing the particular attention which the Duke De Biron had paid to Eloisa, she considered the promises of the Fairy as accomplished; and, having wished her joy of her approaching greatness with as much confidence as if the marriage-articles had been already signed, she dismissed her to her repose; where Fancy continued the scene, and represented the Duke De Biron casting his fortunes at her feet.

While Eloisa, wrapt in the arms of Morpheus, was enjoying her ideal greatness, the gentle bosom of Adelaide was filled with a thousand tender disquietudes. Monsieur De Bercy was charming; she had found him but too much so: he had acknowledged for her the most tender and delicate passion; 'But, alas!' said she to herself, as she lay restless by the side of her sister, 'what can I hope from that passion, even if it be real? Will his friends, noble and powerful, will they consent to his union with a poor nameless girl? The expectation would be madness; and I must expect this invader from my bosom while it is in my power.'

Adelaide, having resolved never to think of De Bercy as a lover, endeavoured to compose herself to sleep; but,



But, alas! a dream, in which she beheld him at her feet with that insinuating softness which he possessed in so eminent a degree, offering up the most ardent vows of love, broke all her prudent resolutions, threw her into a fit of tenderness, and convinced her, waking, that however rapidly her passion had been conceived, to conquer it must be the work of time.

Such was the situation of her mind, when a servant entering the apartment, informed them it was far advanced in the day; and that a gentleman, whose name she presented, had called to enquire after their health. The heart of Eloisa glowed with transport; when, eagerly snatching the card from the hands of the maid, she read the name of De Biron, this early visit realized her hopes, and confirmed her expectations.

The next morning the Countess De St. Martin sent to inform them, that herself, her brother, and Monsieur De Versorand, proposed passing the afternoon at the farm. Annette, upon receiving the message, flew to prepare for the reception of her visitors, while her daughters retired to the devotions of their toilette.

Eloisa, having added every advantage of dress to a figure that required no additional graces, sat before her glass, exulting in the consciousness of her charms; but never before did Adelaide experience so ardent a desire of attracting; she even borrowed part of her sister's coquetry; and her handkerchief was so contrived as to discover, while it seemed to hide, all the beauties of her neck and bosom; her head-dress so judiciously fancied, as to give more languishing softness to her countenance; and casting a look on her arms, which were delicately fair, black velvet bracelets were contrasted to their whiteness. But, in the midst of these preparations for conquest, this reflection darted upon her mind, 'For what purpose am I so desirous of adorning my person? I cannot hide from myself that it is from a desire of pleasing Monsieur De Bercy; while reason, prudence, and duty, command me to banish from my own bosom a passion which can never have the sanction of his friends, and discourage instead of exciting it in his.'

Thus conscience spoke; and Adelaide, ever accustomed to obey that faithful monitor, altered, but not without some rebellious sighs, the whole plan of that dress which had cost her hours in accomplishing; and now, having consulted only decency in her appearance, she quitted her dressing-room, more glorious, in this conquest of her passions, than Alexander in subjecting the world.

Early in the afternoon the expected visitors arrived. The chevalier, to whom the desire of pleasing had given new graces, never appeared to more advantage; he seized the first opportunity of addressing Eloisa on the subject of his passion; her heart confessed his charms, and pleaded powerfully in his favour. For a moment she forgot all her predicted grandeur; and he had almost drawn from her an avowal of her sentiments, when the door opened, and the Duke De Biron was announced. At that name, Versorand, what became of thy hopes? Cupid himself had assisted thee in the siege of her heart; and, at the very moment when it was surrendering to the victor, Pride and Vanity arrived with fresh supplies, and Cupid is forced to an ignominious retreat.

The duke, whose visit was professedly to enquire after the health of the young ladies, having, in a polite compliment, addressed himself to them both, drew his chair next Eloisa; and dedicated his attention, for the rest of the evening, solely to herself. But the chevalier, who was but too well acquainted with his sentiments for her, by throwing himself negligently on the back of Eloisa's chair, effectually prevented the duke from making any formal declaration of his passion.

In the mean time, Monsieur De Bercy beheld the altered behaviour of Adelaide with surprize and concern. 'Ah, Mademoiselle!' said he, when he had an opportunity of speaking to her without observation, 'in what have I been so unfortunate as to offend you? What can have occasioned this sudden and cruel change in your behaviour?'—'I am sorry, Sir,' replied Adelaide, 'my behaviour should ever have been so imprudent as to render a change necessary.'—'I understand you, Madam,' returned De Bercy; 'you repent of the favour  
' you

you was pleased to show me at my sister's: it was, indeed, an happiness which monarchs might envy me; and, no doubt, reserved for some more deserving——' 'Hold, Sir,' interrupted Adelaide, with a sigh, which she in vain endeavoured to suppress, 'do not wrong me with that suspicion; my heart does justice to your merit; overflows with gratitude for the generous passion with which you honour me; and, had it the sanction of your friends, the whole study of my life should be to render myself deserving of it: but, without that sanction, Sir, which, in my humble situation, it would be madness to expect, I am determined never more to hear you on this subject.' Monsieur De Bercy was eager to reply, but she prevented him—'You know the terms, Sir, upon which only I can comply with your desires: if they are practicable, let your next application be to my father; if, as my reason convinces me, they are not, I must insist, Sir, upon your never renewing a suit, which a moment's reflection determined me to reject.'

At the conclusion of this speech, Adelaide rose from her chair, as well to avoid any farther conversation with her lover, as to conceal from him those emotions which were but too plainly expressed in her countenance. Soon after this, the countess took her leave, having continued her visit to so late an hour as to give the Duke De Biron no pretence for lengthening his.

Verlorand, who had in vain endeavoured to catch a parting glance, retired in an agitation, of which those only who have felt the pangs of unsuccessful love are capable of judging; while Bercy, whose passion for Adelaide was now increased to adoration, ventured to confide his secret to the countess, whose excellent understanding and good heart, he knew, rendered her superior to low and interested motives. Madame De St. Martin, who was no stranger to the amiable disposition of Adelaide, and who justly conceived that virtue was the best security for happiness, applauded a passion which had so worthy an object; and promised to use her best endeavours to procure the consent of his relations to his addressing her.

In the mean while, the Duke De Biron, whom the imprudent behaviour of Eloisa had filled with the most san-

guine hopes, had no sooner arrived at his house, than he sat down, late as it was, to write to her those proposals which the unremitted attention of the chevalier had prevented him from declaring in person. Having finished his letter, he delivered it to his valet, with no other precaution than that of giving it into the hands of Eloisa's maid only; for he considered his offers as too splendid to be rejected even by Beauville himself, should the letter happen to fall into his hands; and so indeed it did; for the girl, to whom it was entrusted, and whom the repeated injunctions of Eveille to deliver it privately, led to suspect the nature of the billet, impelled either by the rectitude of her own heart, or the force of that destiny which was now preparing to gratify the wishes of Annette, discovered the whole transaction to her master; who, having read the letter with the indignation it deserved, flew to the apartment of his daughter, and tossing it on the table before her, 'I know not, Eloisa,' said he, 'how far your own imprudence has occasioned this insult; but I think it necessary to inform you, that the moment I perceive your conduct deviate from the strictest rules of propriety, I will confine you in a place where your coquetry shall want objects, and your beauty bloom in vain.' Eloisa trembled at the conclusion of her father's speech; and hastily opening the paper that had occasioned it, found the contents as follow:

'CHARMING ELOISA,

WE were so narrowly observed last night by the Chevalier De Verlorand, that I could only express my admiration of you in general terms; painful restraint to a heart captivated like mine, and languishing to pour forth its adorations at your feet! But though my tongue was silent, my eyes, I am sure, plainly declared the state of my heart; and, if I may believe the expressive language of yours, the divine Eloisa is not insensible to my passion. It is in this flattering hope that I have presumed to address you; to implore permission to wait on you, and cast my fortune at your feet: dispose of it as you please, Mademoiselle; for it is yours as entirely as the heart of the passionate

'BIRON.

'My

‘ My servant will attend this evening for your answer: suffer me to hope it will be propitious to my wishes; and contain permission to place you in a stile of life for which your beauty, and elegance have so evidently designed you.’

Eloisa, overcome by grief and confusion, upon reading a proposal so very different from her expectations, threw herself back in her chair, and indulged, for a moment, the sorrows which oppressed her, in a flood of tears. At length, recovering herself—‘ I did not, Sir,’ said she, ‘ need any threat to force me to a sense of my duty: I feel but too sensibly the affront that is offered me; and only wait your permission to resent it as I ought.’—‘ Leave the care of resenting this insult to me,’ returned Beauville, ‘ and let your conduct be so guarded as to prevent a repetition of it for the future.’ He then hastened to the duke; and, in a respectful, but peremptory stile, desired him to desist from a pursuit so injurious to the honour of his daughter; ‘ and which,’ added he, ‘ rather than she should be in any danger of complying with, I would confine her for ever within the walls of a cloister.’ Biron, who, from the determined virtue of Beauville, of which he had had no conception, and the noble scorn with which he rejected all his offers, found he never could possess Eloisa in an unlawful way, quitted his villa at Vincennes, and endeavoured to forget his recent passion in the hurry and dissipation of Paris. But in vain did he try, by every means which his reason could suggest, to banish the charming idea of Eloisa: all pleasures became distasteful, because she did not share them with him; all beauty insipid, for he had seen perfection. His mind was torn by a thousand contending passions, when Eveille, whom he had left at Vincennes, with orders to observe, and give him the earliest intelligence of what passed at the farm, acquainted him that the Chevalier de Versorand had renewed his addresses; that they were approved by Beauville, accepted by Eloisa, and a marriage was soon expected to take place.

This information fixed the wavering resolutions of Biron, and determined him to sacrifice his pride to his love. He flew with the most eager impatience to Vincennes; implored, at the feet of

Eloisa, her pardon for his former offence; and offered to repair it by an instant marriage. It was in vain that Beauville pleaded the prior engagement, and his word pledged to Versorand; the prayers of Eloisa, the impetuosity of Annette, carried all before them: the chevalier was discarded, and the Duke de Biron united to Eloisa, whose nuptials were soon followed by the far more auspicious ones of Adelaide and Bercy; those relations who might have refused their consent to a marriage with the amiable daughter of Farmer Beauville, thinking themselves honoured by an alliance with the sister of the Duke de Biron.

In the full enjoyment of every blessing that virtue merits, and which love bestows, let us leave them, to attend Eloisa in that exalted station to which she was now advanced. Scarce a month elapsed, before the duke conveyed her, with a magnificence suiting his rank, to Paris; which soon resounded with the fame of the beautiful Dutchess de Biron, whose empire over both sexes was unbounded; for while she was the universal idol of the men, the ladies acknowledged her the standard of taste, and arbitress of fashion.

It was now, when every virtue was absorbed in pleasure, every reflection drowned in dissipation, that Versorand, whom her perfidy had cured of his reverence for her mind, though his heart still languished for the possession of her person, renewed his former passion, but not with the same success; for Eloisa, who had before sacrificed her inclination to her interest, now, with far less reluctance, sacrificed her duty to her desires, and engaged in a commerce with the chevalier, which, notwithstanding all their caution, was soon reported to the duke.

The duke was more shocked than surprised at this intelligence; the dissipated and unguarded conduct of Eloisa having long given him reason to dread some imprudence. He, however, confined his indignation to his own breast till he should have more positive proof of her disloyalty than mere report; and, for that purpose, employed his valet, of whose fidelity he was well assured, to watch the conduct of the dutchess, and find how far she was culpable.

Eloisa was not long before she gave them the opportunity they wished; and

Eveille traced her to an house, which he knew belonged to a woman who had formerly been nurse to the chevalier, who soon after entered it himself. Eveille had now seen enough to justify suspicion, and instantly acquainted his master with the result of his observations. The resentment which Biron had so long suppressed, now burst forth with redoubled violence; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, he commanded Eveille to conduct him to the house; the door of which being opened, he rushed forwards with an impetuosity which the weak efforts of an old woman in vain endeavoured to prevent; and, bursting open the door of an apartment which he found locked, he beheld Eloisa breathless on the floor, and Verforand prepared to defend himself. But in vain did he parry the furious thrusts of his antagonist, from whose avenging arm he soon received the punishment due to his crime. At that moment Eloisa recovered from her swoon, to behold that lover, for whom she had sacrificed her hopes, weltering in his blood, and the room filled with people, who were the witnesses of her disgrace. 'The infamous accomplice of thy crime,' said the duke, pointing to Verforand, 'has expiated his crime by his death. But, oh! thou serpent! whom I have nourished in my bosom, whom no principle of virtue could restrain, no sentiment of gratitude bind, what punishment can an injured husband inflict upon thee that is equal to thy deserts! I will not stain my sword with thy polluted blood, I will not immure thee for ever within the walls of a convent—for either of which I have the sanction of the laws—but leave thee to the vengeance of an offended God, and the eternal reproaches of thy conscience!'

Eloisa, pale, trembling, confounded, fled from the presence of her injured husband; and, almost without being sensible of it, took the way towards Vincennes. Terror and despair gave her wings; and she arrived before sun-set at the farm. 'Behold,' said she, casting herself at the feet of her father, 'a wretch, whose crimes have undone her! I left this

happy roof with every smiling prospect open to me; secure in innocence, and flourishing in prosperity: I return to it a poor, miserable outcast; my peace lost, my hopes blasted, and my reputation murdered. All that would make life dear to me, is vanished; and what I now, with tears of heart-felt anguish, implore from your mercy, is, that you will not cast me out to beggary and contempt, but kindly guide me to some sheltering cloister, where I may employ the poor remains of life in penitence and prayer!'

Beauville, lost in astonishment and grief, was prevented from a reply by the sudden appearance of Orinda. 'Behold,' said she, addressing Annette, with a frown which clouded even celestial beauty; 'behold the fatal effects of your indulged desires!—Yet think not, Eloisa, the imprudence of your mother extenuates your crime; or that, to fulfil my predictions, I have led you into errors. Oh, no! I did but leave you to the guidance of those passions which are inherent in your nature. 'Tis true, had Annette preferred virtue to beauty, and innocence to grandeur, my art could have prevented the commission of thy crimes, by placing thee in a station where those passions would have lain dormant, because no temptations would have assailed them. Go, therefore, fair unfortunate; mourn within the melancholy inclosure of a cloister the pride that has misled, the love that has undone thee! There let thy tears wash out thy stain; thy penance expiate thy offences! So shall the Almighty, whose gates are never barred to the repentant sinner, at length behold thee with an eye of mercy, calm all thy soul, give comfort to thy afflictions, and bestow, amidst the gloom of a monastery, that peace from which thou art excluded in the world.—But, for Adelaide,' continued the Fairy, 'life reserves her choicest treasures; not in the wild attainments of ambition, but in the heart of her husband, the duty of her children, the esteem of the virtuous, and the approving plaudits of her conscience!'

THE  
HISTORY OF A COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

BY THE REV. MR. MAVOR.

IT is too frequently the practice of moralists, to depict human life in gloomy lights and unfavourable attitudes; to depress the aspirings of hope, which it should be their study to raise and exhilarate; and to add to the pressure of real calamities by an enumeration of adscititious ills, which only exist in the apprehensions of the short-sighted misanthropist, the abject slave, or the disappointed sybarite. It must therefore administer the highest satisfaction to every feeling soul, to see the unfortunate blessed with content, and the humble happy; neither railing against the iniquity of the times, nor arraigning the impartiality of Providence.

This train of speculation originated from an accidental interview with an old school-fellow, while I was in pursuit of very different objects from moral researches or logical deductions. Being called into the West of England by business which admitted no delay, I set out on horseback, without the attendance of a servant, which I never deemed conducive to pleasure, or necessary to accommodation; but which in some circumstances may be agreeable, and, as events fell out, would have been useful in respect to myself. When about ten miles from the place of my destination, my horse took fright: I was violently thrown on the ground, and left for some time without sense or motion. Bruised to a considerable degree, and scarcely able to reflect or to move; at a distance from any person I knew, and totally destitute of assistance; I continued on the spot for several hours, in hopes that some person might cross the waste on which I lay, and support me to the nearest house. After waiting for a long time, providentially, a shepherd approached the spot; and, informing me that the town of Barnsley was but a short mile off, humanely replaced me on my horse, and conducted me to the best inn which the place afforded. The landlord being called, I enquired what medical assistance his town could supply. 'We have a vastly clever apothecary, Sir; and, with your permission, I'll send for Mr. Drench directly; I have

'no doubt that his great care and skill will give you the utmost satisfaction.' A messenger was dispatched for the apothecary; but he soon returned with a visage expressive of disappointment: the gentleman was gone to dine with a party of friends, and would not be at home before night.—'Good Heavens! can a man, whose employment requires constant and uniform vigilance, the utmost sobriety, and the coolest judgment, indulge himself in voluptuousness for five or six hours successively! Have you no friend to the sick poor, no man who acts in a subordinate station to the gentleman you recommend, who could free me from a few ounces of blood, and spread a plaster for my bruises?'—'O, yes! we have such a person as you mention; a man reckoned a very great scholar, too, by some people—but in all my life I never saw such a fool! Why, he cannot even drink a glass of wine; nor did I ever see him in the company of any of our great folks. His business lies only among the lowest class; but, if you please, Sir, we will call him—I am sure he is in the way.'—'Send for him directly—my condition, I am afraid, requires dispatch; and perhaps his abilities may be sufficient to give me ease.' In a few minutes, a thin pale figure entered, whose dress and looks neither bespoke the proud nor the successful practitioner. Untainted with the stale address, the long, affected face, and the false compliment, of his brotherhood, and without any of their officious bustle, he approached me with a look ineffably grateful to a stranger; kindly enquired my complaints; expressed the utmost concern for the misfortunes of travellers; and modestly declared his hope, that he should be able to relieve me, and restore me in a short time to my family and friends. He performed the operation of phlebotomy with abundant ease and activity; examined the state of my bruises, which he pronounced trivial; and, administering some medicines, left me with an assurance of calling again in an hour to see how I did. 'But,' added he, 'I was stopped in my way here to visit a dying man,

man, whose physical guide has forsaken him for a dinner with the squire; and I hold myself bound to exert my poor abilities, to relieve the pains of all who apply to me, whether poor or rich, whether friends or foes.' This declaration gave me a more exalted opinion of my physical guide, than if he had boasted his reception among the great, expatiated on the number of his cures, and displayed the diamond on his finger. At the stated time he returned: and, as I found myself considerably easier, and, besides, was desirous of some rational company, I requested the favour of his conversation for the evening, or, at least, such a portion of it as might be conveniently spared from professional avocations. A look of complacency granted my request, before his lips could perform their office. He attentively surveyed me, as if trying to recognize the face of an old acquaintance under the mask of years; and at last, with a half-stifled sigh, exclaimed—'I find you know me not—but I am much altered; and how can you be supposed to recollect your once loved Montford under this disguise, and in this situation?'—'Good God! can the once-honoured Montford be metamorphosed to the little apothecary of a country town? and am I fortunate enough to meet with a friend, where I only expected an interested assistant?'—'Patience! and I will indulge you with a recital of my fortunes. You are no stranger to the deceitful prospects of my birth; you know the manner of my education; but, from the time that our union was dissolved at school, my history, I am well aware, is a secret to my Stanley.'

When I was sixteen years of age, I lost my father: my mother had been called from this world to a better, before my infantine simplicity could be sensible of her departure. My estates were consigned to guardians, and their own necessities prompted them to make free with my possessions. They were naturally well inclined; and, had they been fortunate, perhaps would have acted with integrity: but they were exposed to temptations which they had not sufficient fortitude to resist; and consequently betrayed that trust, the preservation of which should have been held more sacred than the fulfilling of their personal and private obligations. They had received a commission which

could not be recalled; my father reposed in the fullest confidence that he had secured the happiness of an only and a beloved son, by placing him under such guardians with the most unlimited power. What criminality, then, was attached to their want of faith, and their breach of a dying man's trust! I soon found that the prospects which my birth gave me liberty to indulge without offence, were vanished forever; that, instead of being the munificent patron of indigent merit, and the friend of the unfortunate, I was to learn the sufferance of upstart pride, submission to those who were once my inferiors, and all that train of humble virtues, which, though they are not calculated for the elevated, are indispensably requisite for the lowly. Having never wavered in the idea of affluence from a view of personal gratification, and feeling little reluctance in being debarred from fashionable pursuits, and removed from the contamination of fashionable vices; I set about acquiring those notions which reason and prudence taught me were adapted to the sphere in which I was destined to move; and with sincerity can affirm, that the loss of fortune afflicted me less than many incidents which have since overtaken me in the walk of life.

My guardians, (if the world will stile those so who violated every sacred tie, and brought poverty on the person whom they were bound to protect) with the small remains of my fortune, saved from their general wreck, put me apprentice to an apothecary in London; and with him I lived for seven years, as happily as I could possibly desire. I will not attempt to delineate the character of this worthy man, whom I revered as a father, and loved as a friend: he is now beyond the reach of my censure or applause; his good deeds have attended him to a happier country; and his foibles were so few, that it was impossible they should impede his passage thither. Unbounded charity and beneficence, a feeling soul in tune with distress, and a promptitude to relieve, were only a few of his distinguishing perfections. From him I imbibed principles which I should never have acquired with such a relish in the enjoyment of hereditary fortune; and I bless God, that though my opportunity of doing good is but circum-

scribed,

scribed, my inclination for it is not cold; and I reflect, with conscious pleasure, that remuneration will not be apportioned to actions only, but to intentions also. Unable to force my way to attention, and better qualified to feel gratitude than to express obligation, after my master's death, which happened before I had been two years released from my apprenticeship, I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining employment in the humble capacity of journeyman. One master apothecary disliked my address; another advised me to shave my head, and equip myself in a physical peruke; and a third recommended the study of Chesterfield, whose aphorisms, he said, were of more consequence to the faculty than those of Hippocrates. Sometimes I had the misfortune to disoblige a patient by contradicting a favourite humour; the indulgence of which I knew would be injurious, if not fatal; and frequently my master was dissatisfied, because, as he termed it, I did not throw in medicines enough when there was a sufficient opening. You will allow, my dear Stanley!—forgive the freedom of the appellation—you will allow there is a principle called conscience; and that, when a man acts contrary to it's decisions, he looks in vain for felicity. Directed by these potent principles, I endeavoured to do justice to all mankind; to square my actions by the unerring criterion of self-collocation in similar circumstances. I neither tampered with the constitution of patients to drain their purse; nor would allow them to rush to an untimely grave, when convinced that restrictions were necessary to be laid, and their practice enforced. These qualities, though they did not procure me credit with the great, have tended to alleviate the ills to which I have been exposed; and, in an employment like mine, where the smallest deviations from rectitude of intention or action may possibly prove fatal to a fellow-creature, it is surely some consolation to be able to ponder without self-accusation. Finding it impossible to establish myself on the busy scene of life, I retired from the capital; and, about seventeen years ago, took up my residence here. I soon became acquainted with a young woman, who like myself had been born to better fortune, but like me had been disappointed.

A similarity of situations; as well as a congeniality of dispositions, engaged us to each other by the strongest ties of mutual affection. She soon became my wife; and, if I have ever felt any unhappiness in her presence since she vowed to be mine, it was only because she sometimes repined at my hard fortune, and reluctantly resigned herself to the dispensations of Providence. My children are numerous and healthy: they are neither pampered with delicacies, nor spoiled by indulgence. Our situation will not admit of the one, and I hope we are too wise to comply with the other.

From my appearance, I presume, it will be needless to add, that much success has never been my lot. The weaknesses I have already enumerated, and which are too dear to be resigned, have kept me from being considered as the first man in my profession, even in this poor place; but if I have never been a favourite among the rich, or patronized by the great, I have had many friends among the poor; and to them I have reciprocally endeavoured to prove myself a friend.

I hope it will not be deemed ostentatious to insinuate, that I am conscious of sometimes having administered ease to the afflicted, of having soothed the rage of disease, and given a momentary respite to the flitting soul. Though my employers, in general, are little able to grant pecuniary compensations, I feel myself happy in their confidence; and I would not forego the pleasure of assisting the poorest person in distress, for the honour of waiting on grandeur in it's happiest hours.

My friend here paused—I embraced him with tears of joy. 'Montford, you are too good for this world—your value is hid, like that of a diamond in the mine—your principles do honour to human nature! But might you not be more extensively useful to the community, were you inspired with a little more self-consequence; which, however strange it may appear, is always repaid with the confidence of mankind?'—*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*, I have acted conformable to my disposition; I have made my election, and am satisfied. I feel more internal peace than I could have gained by the adoption of your maxims; and what has a wise man to look for here

of

'of more genuine value?'—'But you have ties, Montford, which would justify more vigorous exertions—a family looks up to you for support, and can you overlook their advantage?' A tear was ready to fall; but he checked it with manly fortitude. 'You weaken my resolution, Stanley; you awaken my tenderest sensations; but I cannot be more happy than in the consciousness of rectitude, nor did any one ever attempt to alter the course of nature with effect.'—'Montford, I have been what the world would call more fortunate; I have an ample income, without any incumbrance. I have neither wife nor children—will you permit me to adopt some of your little ones? I shall love them for your sake; nor can I more advantageously dispose of some superfluous thousands, than in cherishing a virtuous family, as I am sure my Montford's must be.' He

would have made acknowledgments; but the words were lost in utterance—he wept like a child—I could only hear, 'This is too much! But you will meet with a rewarder.'

In a few days I was perfectly restored by the skill and attention of Montford. I pressed him to accompany me, and participate of my fortune; but he delicately declined the acceptance of my offers. 'There are some here who might miss me, poor as I am. I receive with gratitude your proffered kindness to my children—but, for myself, I am happy; and what has my Stanley more to confer?'

Such is the true history of a man who possesses qualities that would have adorned the highest station; but who has too much honesty to gain esteem from the vain, and too much humility to obtain homage from the great.

## STORY OF LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as our philosopher's, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and proud investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial; and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was at least not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country; and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

It was the best in the little inn where they lay; but a paltry one, notwithstanding. Our philosopher was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it

fat



fat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father.

Our philosopher and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room, without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. 'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman, at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and shewed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness; which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed it's expression. It was sweetness all, however; and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any where——' 'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master—he had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret-room, unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger—who could look scruples, though he could not speak them—were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of it's use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time, his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all it's warmth, but with none of it's asperity; I mean, that asperity which men called devout sometimes indulge in. Our philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.

His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. 'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers:—' 'Not a Christian!' exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it! I would he were a Christian!—' 'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of Revelation; hence, opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.'—'But our benefactor,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.' She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness. She drew it away from him in silence; threw down hereyes to the ground, and left the room. 'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.'—'That is right,' replied the landlord. 'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise: did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me!'—He clasped our philosopher's hand.—'But, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him—it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher; 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach

• preach for some time. I have been  
 • thinking over a scheme that struck me  
 • to-day when you mentioned your in-  
 • tended departure. I never was in  
 • Switzerland; I have a great mind to  
 • accompany your daughter and you  
 • into that country. I will help to take  
 • care of you by the road; for, as I  
 • was your first physician, I hold myself  
 • responsible for your cure.' La Roche's  
 eyes glistered at the proposal; his  
 daughter was called in and told of it. She  
 was equally pleased with her father;  
 for they really loved their landlord—not,  
 perhaps, the less for his infidelity; at  
 least, that circumstance mixed a sort of  
 pity with their regard for him—their  
 souls were not of a mould for harsher  
 feelings—hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for  
 the philosopher was as good as his word,  
 in taking care that the old man should  
 not be fatigued. The party had time  
 to be well acquainted with one another;  
 and their friendship was increased by ac-  
 quaintance. La Roche found a degree  
 of simplicity and gentleness in his com-  
 panion, which is not always annexed to  
 the character of a learned or a wise man.  
 His daughter, who was prepared to be  
 afraid of him, was equally undeceived.  
 She found in him nothing of that self-  
 importance which superior parts, or great  
 cultivation of them, is apt to confer.  
 He talked of every thing but philosophy  
 or religion; he seemed to enjoy every  
 pleasure and amusement of ordinary life,  
 and to be interested in the most common  
 topics of discourse: when his know-  
 ledge or learning at any time appeared,  
 it was delivered with the utmost plain-  
 ness, and without the least shadow of  
 dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the  
 society of the good clergyman and his  
 lovely daughter. He found in them the  
 guileless manner of the earliest times,  
 with the culture and accomplishment of  
 the most refined ones: every better  
 feeling warm and vivid, every ungente  
 one repressed or overcome. He was not  
 addicted to love; but he felt himself hap-  
 py in being the friend of Mademoiselle  
 La Roche; and sometimes envied her  
 father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they  
 arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It  
 was situated in one of those valleys of  
 the canton of Berne, where Nature seems  
 to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has

inclosed her retreat with mountains in-  
 accessible. A stream, that spent its  
 fury in the hills above, ran in front of  
 the house; and a broken water-fall was  
 seen through the wood that covered its  
 sides: below, it circled round a tufted  
 plain, and formed a little lake in front  
 of a village, at the end of which ap-  
 peared the spire of La Roche's church,  
 rising above a clump of beeches.

Our philosopher enjoyed the beauty of  
 the scene; but to his companions it  
 recalled the memory of a wife and pa-  
 rent they had lost. The old man's sor-  
 row was silent; his daughter sobbed and  
 wept. Her father took her hand, kissed  
 it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw  
 up his eyes to Heaven; and, having  
 wiped off a tear that was just about to  
 drop from each, began to point out to  
 his guest some of the most striking ob-  
 jects which the prospect afforded. The  
 philosopher interpreted all this; and he  
 could but slightly censure the creed from  
 which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when  
 a number of La Roche's parishioners,  
 who had heard of his return, came to  
 the house to see and welcome him. The  
 honest folks were awkward, but sincere,  
 in their professions of regard. They  
 made some attempts at condolence—it  
 was too delicate for their handling; but  
 La Roche took it in good part. 'It  
 has pleased God!' said he—and they  
 saw he had settled the matter with him-  
 self. Philosophy could not have done  
 so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good  
 peasants were about to depart, when a  
 clock was heard to strike seven, and the  
 hour was followed by a particular chime.  
 The country-folks, who had come to  
 welcome their pastor, turned their looks  
 towards him at the sound; he explained  
 their meaning to his guest. 'That is  
 the signal,' said he, 'for our evening  
 exercise; this is one of the nights of  
 the week in which some of my pa-  
 rishioners are wont to join in it; a little  
 rustic saloon serves for the chapel, of  
 our family, and such of the good peo-  
 ple as are with us. If you chuse ra-  
 ther to walk out, I will furnish you  
 with an attendant; or here are a few old  
 books that may afford you some enter-  
 tainment within.'—'By no means,'  
 answered the philosopher; 'I will at-  
 tend Mademoiselle at her devotions.'—  
 'She is our organist,' said La Roche:  
 'our

'our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.'—'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Our philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined: the words were mostly taken from Holy Writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just—of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand less firm—it paused—it ceased; and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and its warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either: yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fullness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. 'Our Father which art in heaven! might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to our philosopher, 'when my daughter

'and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music—you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it has on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction—so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking were many, in which our philosopher, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot,

was calculated to inspire; 'which naturally,' said he, 'leads the mind to that.' Being by whom their foundations were laid. — 'They are not seen in Flanders!' said Mademoiselle with a sigh. 'That's an odd remark,' said our philosopher, smiling. She blushed; and he enquired no farther.

It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva: the promise he had made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of our philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the

old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guides however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who like him seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On our philosopher's making enquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered—'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—You never beheld a lovelier——' 'La Roche!' exclaimed he in reply.—'Alas! it was she, indeed!' The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to our philosopher—'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.'—'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where

‘—where did she die?—Where is her father?’—‘She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with him on such occasions. Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him.’ He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Our philosopher was not less affected than they. La Roche arose—‘Father of mercies!’ said he, ‘forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee—to lift to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends, it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred Book, “Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.” When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible,

‘my friends! I cannot, if I would—his tears flowed afresh—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

‘You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy! Ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends, his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child—but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children; would ye that I should not grieve without comfort?—So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.’

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Our philosopher followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind.

mind. La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening-service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open—La Roche started back at the sight. 'Oh! my friend!' said he, and his tears burst forth again. Our philosopher had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close. The old man wiped off his tears; and taking his friend's hand—'You see my weakness,' said he, 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.'—'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.'—'It

'is, my friend,' said he; 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken it's force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Our philosopher's heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

## MEMOIRS OF A SAD DOG.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BY MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE man who sits down to write his own history, has no very agreeable task to execute. The Chevalier Taylor is the only egotist, since Julius Cæsar, who has made tolerable work in drawing the picture of himself. Julius had but two colours to paint with, truth and classic elegance: here the chevalier had the advantage; for he was too great to be confined within the bounds of the first qualification, and has daubed with a thousand materials. The sentimental John Eunice should not be forgotten; the man who admires the mountains of the north in his description, will lose all his admiration in the real prospect.

But to proceed to my own affairs. I am a sad dog, a very sad dog; have run through many sad adventures, had many sad escapes from the clutches of bailiffs; and, at the time of writing this sad relation, am throned in a broken chair within an inch of a thunder-cloud.

I set out in life with a fortune of five thousand pounds, which the old prig my father left me, with this memorable piece of advice—'Item, I leave to my youngest son Henry five thousand pounds; with an old book, formerly his grandmother Bridget's, called *The Way to Save Wealth*, containing a thousand choice receipts in cockery, &c. and I advise, that he read two pages of the said book

'every day before he dines.' Very pretty advice! but I had not veneration enough for the parental character to follow it.

When the legacy was paid me, I bid my brother adieu, drank three bottles of claret with Sir Stentor Ranger, who had married my sister, and drove furiously to the metropolis in my own phaeton and four. Honour was the only book which I ever honoured with a perusal; and being pretty well dipped in the theory of gambling, I ventured to engage with some knights of the post, which were a little better versed in the practical part; and at one sitting lost one fifth of my fortune. This was a terrible stroke to me; and I began, for the first time in my life, to reflect; but a bottle of champagne, and a night at the hotel, drove every troublesome idea out of my head.

Miss Fanny H——, who by a natural transition is transmigrated into a bagnio-keeper, was then in the bloom of her charms; she was never a first-rate beauty, but always a very favourite toast among the bucks and pretty fellows of the city.

I was one evening strolling the Park, when Miss Fanny had experience enough to perceive that she had nailed my attention. As I was neither acquainted with her character or situation, I was not a little elated with the condescending glances she honoured me with. Presum-

ing

ing on my conquest, I made her a few compliments, squired her out of the Park, and thought myself blest in being permitted to accompany her to her lodgings. I had not enjoyed my tête-à-tête five minutes, before I was astonished at hearing the well-known thunder of the voice of Jack N——. 'Sblood and 'oons! you old harridan, she is mine for a month; and I would rather lose fifty *per cent.* than lend her for a single night to the dearest friend upon earth.' To this vociferous exclamation the venerable matron replied—'Won't Miss Kitty do for once, or Polly, or Miss Nancy?'—'I'll have no Miss, but Fanny, by G——' replied Jack, bursting into the parlour upon us. I was now sufficiently in the secret, and not displeased at finding my charmer no vestal. Jack, who had paid fifty pounds for his month, insisted on his right of purchase; but Miss Fanny thinking me a better pay-master, heroically turned him out of the parlour, telling him, for his comfort, that he should have his month another time. Miss Fanny pleased me so well, that before I was weary of her, I had sunk another thousand; when, in a fit of reflection, I bid her adieu, and left her to Jack and the rest of her monthly keepers.

To make a little digression—I think this method of hiring for a month preferable to the wholesale bargains for life, and of mutual advantage to the keeper and kept, if that form will stand good in law, for a man will find it all rapture and love, without disgust; and in a few months play the same part over again, with no decay of vigour.

Jack N—— is now a principal merchant, and rolls about in his coach and four to every publick dinner; where his appetite and solidity of judgment, in the edible way, does honour to the city. It is notorious that he is a cuckold, and by more than one method free of his company; but that is no detriment to him in the scale of mercantile merit. The extraordinary bustle he has made in a late political affair, is very little to his advantage; but that is no observed in his defence, that the Earl of H—— did him the greatest act of friendship mortal man could do him, viz. invited him to a turtle-feast, and revealed to him a secret in the culinary art, till then utterly unknown to all the world but his lordship and his cook. Some indeed pretended

to say, that this secret is nothing more than giving venison an additional flavour, by basting it with a preparation of French cheese and rancid butter; but as I would not presume to give my opinion in a matter of such importance, I shall leave Jack to the pleasure of the table, and proceed in my relation.

On this considerable decay of my fortune, I began to consider seriously of my departed father's curious advice; and, in consequence of this consideration, resolved to set up for a fortune-hunter, and retrieve my affairs in the sober track of matrimony. A Miss L—— was the girl. I had fixed upon, and accordingly dressed at. She raised my hopes, and gratified my vanity, by several significant glances; and I was so certain of carrying her off in the end, that I cheerfully launched out five hundred pounds in dress and equipage; which had such an amazing effect, that in three weeks time I had three kisses of her hand, and in the fourth week she took a trip to Scotland with her father's footman. This unexpected stroke created in me an absolute aversion to matrimony, and a resolution not to endeavour to better myself by the hymeneal knot.

Soon after this affair, I made an acquaintance with the wife of an alderman; I shall conceal his name, as his patriotic behaviour has rendered him respectable in the city. Mrs. —— was of an amorous complexion: her husband had too much of the citizen to be in her way; he, venison, and popularity, were the only objects of his attention out of the counting-house. Though he has never repeated three periods with propriety, except when assisted by the ingenious device of placing the ready-made speech in the crown of his hat, yet his mercantile genius has often struck upon very lucky hits. He is unrivalled in reckoning the amount of rate *per cent.* and no stock-broker at Jonathan's can whisper a piece of secret intelligence with half his dexterity. Between you and I and the post, the stopping the circulation of bad halfpence, inconsiderable as the coin may appear to some, has brought him in no less than seven thousand pounds, and increased the trade of him and his partners amazingly.

Mrs. —— had penetration enough to find out my good qualities; and you will suppose, that I was not wanting in acknowledging her partiality. We had frequent interviews at the house of a capital

pital miliner in the Strand, and the amour for some time went swimmingly on.

Mrs. — was under no apprehensions of my being satiated with enjoyment; for, generously considering I was but a younger brother, I never sacrificed on the altar of the Cyprian goddess, without receiving a bank-bill worth my acceptance. But, alas! happiness is of short duration; or, to speak in the language of the high-sounding Ossian— Behold! 'thou art, happy; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be miserable! Thou art as easy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but soon, ah! soon wilt thou be tumbled and tossed by misfortunes, like the stream of the water-mill! Thou art beautiful as the cathedral of Canterbury; but soon wilt thou be deformed like Chinese palaces, paling! So the sun, rising in the East, gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rocks dance, and all nature joins in the song. But see! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noisy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour, and the dropping swan flies over the mountain: swift as Bickerstaff, the son of song, when the monster Bumbailiano, keeper of the dark and black cave, pursued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men.' O Ossian! immortal genius! what an invocation could I make now! but I shall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff, and spin out the thread of my own adventures.

Mrs. — having dispatched a billet to me, I flew to her in her own house. The knight, as she thought, was fixed to the table of Sir Tunbilly Grains, knight, citizen, and alderman, who had invited him to dinner on a delicious turtle: a blessing not to be neglected. But, oh! grief of griefs! the knight having forgot his favourite tobacco-box, popped in upon us unexpectedly, and found us too familiarly engaged. Instead of bursting into the rage which might have animated an Italian or Spaniard on the occasion, he shook his head, and pronouncing coolly,

'Very fine! all very fine!' he left us, and returned to Sir Tunbilly to finish the turtle. As by his hasty throwing open the door, he had exposed us to the view of two of his servants, I was terribly afraid of a prosecution for *crim. con.* for though it was as fashionable then as it is now, I was not very eager to lose the remainder of my fortune fashionably. But the knight considering his reputation would receive a severe stroke, should the affair be made publick, contented himself with demanding two thousand pounds for the injury I had done him. As he threatened to prosecute for larger damages, unless I complied, I was obliged to refund more than Mrs. —'s bounty had bestowed upon me.

The old curmudgeon had heartily provoked me, and I resolved, though at the expence of every shilling I had, to be revenged on him. For this purpose, I published the whole affair; and, the devil assisting my invention, I struck upon another expedient to gratify my vengeance.

The knight's eldest daughter, Sabina, whom he had by a former wife, was a fine sprightly girl, and wanted nothing but the *bon ton* to render her perfectly accomplished; about eighteen, a remarkable fine complexion, and expressive blue eyes. She was, at the time of the unlucky discovery, with a relation in Essex. As I had formerly paid a few compliments to her beauty, which I had reason to say, without vanity, were not ill received, I instantly dispatched an epistle to her, the most tender my imagination could dictate. It wrought the effect I designed, and she returned an answer. After a long farce of lying and intriguing on my part, and credulity on hers, I accomplished the grand end—you will guess what I mean.

We lived in love and rapture about a month, when her father bid her prepare to marry Mr. Lutetring, the mercer, by the next week. She flew to the usual place of assignation, bathed in tears, with a face expressive of the most violent grief.

I was now almost persuaded to love her in earnest; but I was a sad dog, to suffer revenge (and when I seriously reflect, a revenge which had no foundation in reason) to get the better of every nobler passion.

'O! my dear Harry,' exclaimed the beautiful unfortunate, 'let us fly immediately



‘mediately to Scotland, otherwise my father, inhuman man! will oblige me to marry Bob Luteffring next week.’

‘Bob Luteffring, my dear,’ replied I indifferently, ‘is a substantial man; and I would not have you disoblige your father on my account.’

‘And is this your advice!’ returned the heroine, assuming a dignified air: ‘be assured, Sir, I shall follow it.’ Saying this, she flung from me; her ideas, I suppose, a little different from those she brought with her.

But I had not yet accomplished my revenge. Steeled in impudence as I am, I blush to write the rest; but it shall be out. I informed Mr. Luteffring of my intimacy with his future spouse, and advised him not to unite himself to a woman of such principles. I made certain of receiving a challenge, and a string of curses for my information; but, alas! I knew not the city. ‘Sir,’ replied the mercer, ‘I thank you for your intelligence this day received: but your advice is not worth a yard of tape. You say Sabina has been faulty; allow it. But will her father give me any thing the less for her fortune on that account? On the contrary, were not my notions of honour very refined, I might make it a means of raising my price.’ I slunk away, astonished at this reply, reflecting how various are the species and refinements of honour.

I was now just on the brink of poverty: I had made a considerable breach in my last five hundred; and began to shudder at the contempt with which the decay of my fortune threatened me. Relying on his former professions of friendship, I posted down to Sir Stentor Ranger, in hopes he would have assisted me. I found the knight very busy, with Sir Charles Banbury, in tracing the honourable pedigree of an Arabian barb. ‘Hey, Hal!’ exclaimed the knight, with a voice which would have drowned the full chorus of a fox-chace; ‘what the devil brought thee here? I thought thou wert grown a gentleman, and had forgotten us all.’ He received me with as much kindness and civility as his rustick breeding would permit; and invited me to his antiquated hall.

After a noble dinner of venison, when Sir Charles had retired, on cracking the nineteenth bottle, I ventured to open the business. Nothing can express the surprise which dissipated the knight’s ample

countenance, I made no very agreeable comments on his astonishment; but, thank Heaven! those comments were as groundless as the Rev. Mr. Bentinck’s on the Bible.

‘Zounds!’ thundered the knight, ‘five thousand pounds gone already! You have been a sad dog, Hal, that I’ll say for thee. But, howsoever, as thou beest my nowa flesh and blood, dy’e see, I’ll do something for thee. Let me see—, let me see—, dost understand horse-flesh?’

I answered, that I was not very deep in the mystery; but I hoped, with a little of his instructions, to be serviceable to him.

‘Adad, thou art in the right, Hal; nobody knows these things better than me. There’s my Lord Grosvenor’s filly, Long Dick; he would have it, that he was got by his own horse, Thunder; when I, by the mere make of his pattern, found ’um out to be got by Sir George Blunt’s white horse, Duke. Dost know any thing of dogs? Canst train a pointer, or a hawk, or such-like things?’

This, I replied, I could with safety undertake.

‘Well, then, say no more; no more words to the matter: I’ll do for thee; thou shalt have one hundred and fifty pounds a year; and so ge’es thy hand, Hal. A bargain’s a bargain; I scorn to flinch from my word: thou shalt ha’ it—odzookers, thou shalt ha’ it!’

In consequence of this bargain, I commenced superintendant of his stables and kennels. I discharged my office much to his satisfaction; and, by dint of application, acquiring some knowledge in the mysteries of the turf, I began to be of consequence in the racing world. Sir Stentor’s hall was very ancient, and had been, in days of yore, a family-seat of the Mowbrays. It had not undergone any considerable reparation since the Reformation; when an ancestor of Sir Stentor’s, having often had quarrels with a neighbouring abbot, in the sacrilegious pillage, purchased his abbey for less than the one-twentieth of it’s value; and robbing it of all it’s ornaments and painted gla’s, made the abbey a stable, and turned his dogs into the chapel.

Sir Stentor had many curious visitors, on account of his ancient painted gla’s windows; among the rest, was the redoubted Baron Ottanto, who has spent his

his whole life in conjectures. This most ingenious gentleman, as a certain advertiser styles him, is certainly a good judge of paintings, and has an original, easy manner of writing. That his knowledge in antiquity equals his other accomplishments, may be disputed. As Sir Stentor had ever been politically attached to his family, he welcomed the baron with every demonstration of joy, and ordered the bells of the parish-church to be rung. As a further testimony of his joy, he sent for a blind fiddler, the Barthelemon of the village, to entertain the baron with a solo during dinner; and, after the dessert, Robin Hood's Ramble was melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent music of a two-stringed violin and a bag-pipe. A concert by the first masters in Europe could not have pleased the baron so well: he imagined himself carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third.

Should any critic assert, that it is impossible such an imagination could enter the *sererebellum* of the baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety, (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of Queen Elizabeth) his assertion shall stand uncontradicted by me; as I know, by woe-ful experience, that when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.

The baron, after dinner, asked the knight if he had ever discovered, in any place about his house, an escutcheon argent, on a fesse gules; three garbs, or, between as many shields, sable, chevronny of the first?

To this learned interrogatory the knight answered with a stare of astonishment; and—'Anon, Sir, what d'y'e talk of? I don't understand such outlandish lingo, nor I, for my part.'

Otranto finding it impossible to enter into a conversation suitable to his hobby-horse, begged leave to visit the kennel; desiring the knight to permit the huntsman to go with him, lest the dogs might not be over civil to a stranger.

'Odzookers!' cried Sir Stentor, 'are you afraid of the dogs? I'll go with you myself, man.'

The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruined chapel; but the knight was so full of the praises of his farmers, that the antiquary had not op-

portunity to form one conjecture. After looking round the chapel for some moveable piece of age, on which he might employ his speculative talents, to the eternal honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a stone which had no antiquity at all; and, transported with his fancied prize, placed it upon his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, desiring the knight to give him no disturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the service of futurity.

This important piece of stone had by the huntsman been sacrilegiously stolen from the neighbouring church-yard, and employed, with others, to stop up a breach in the kennel, through which the adventurous Jowler had squeezed his lank carcass.

Nothing can escape the clutches of curiosity. The letters being ill cut, had an appearance of something Gothick; and the baron was so far gone in this Quixotism of literature, that at the first glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

The original inscription was: 'James Hicks lieth here, with Hester his wife.'

The broken stone is here represented,

b. j. c. k. S. L.  
R C. ....

The baron having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at last determined it to be, *Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero. Requiescat, &c. &c.* What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impossible for him to be mistaken, was, that a great man, of the name of Sancto Legero, had been buried in the county about five hundred years ago.

Elated with the happy discovery, the baron had an elegant engraving of the curiosity executed, and presented it to the Society of Antiquaries, who look upon it as one of the most important discoveries which have been made since the great Dr. Trefoil found out that the word *kine* came from the Saxon *cowine*.

When this miracle of literature left the village, the bells were again rung, and the baron was wrapped in Elysium on the success of his visit.

I had served Sir Stentor above two years,

years, when, by a lucky hit, Sir Charles Banbury and myself took the whole field in, and cleared above twenty thousand pounds; eight thousand of which fell to my share.

I was now once more established in the world, and redeemed from the dependence which had mortified my pride. As I was seldom ungrateful, I repaid Sir Stentor's kindness, by revealing to him the whole arcana of the turf; which he has improved to so much advantage, that he has added five hundred per annum to his paternal estate by his successes at Newmarket.

In prosperity I never gave ear to the sage whispers of Prudence; her cool advice was never felt but in the winter of adversity. I was flush, and resolved to go over to Paris, and glitter in all the splendor of an Englishman. This rapid resolution was as rapidly executed; and in less than ten days after my success, I found myself in the city of noise and frippery.

I had too much spirit to murmur at the expence; but I often wished for something more substantial than soup or fricasee. After living at the gigantic table of Sir Stentor, and feasting on roast beef and venison, I found it difficult to swallow liquids and shadows. But every other consideration was soon drowned in that of a young marchioness, who never met my eyes without telling them such a tale of love that it was impossible not to understand it.

I directed my valet, La Fosse, to make every possible enquiry after her: he brought me intelligence that she was the widow of a marquis, and of a very noble family. This was sufficient. I instantly dispatched a messenger of love to her; and, ere another moon had gilded up her horns, married her. But I had cause to repent my expedition; she was indeed the widow of a marquis, but one of the poorest of that title in France: his debts were great; and his widow, instead of discharging them, had contracted more, her family not being able to support her.

I was soon roused from my dream of happiness, and thrown into prison: my fortune was insufficient to procure my liberty; and there I should have perished, had not an old rich farmer-general taken my wife under his protection, paid her debts, generously set me free, and presented me with a bill of two hundred pounds, on condition I returned to Eng-

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land. I did not chuse to reject his offer; and, with that sort of pseudo-repentance which generally waits on us when we are grown wise too late, took my leave of France and prosperity.

Immediately on my return to England, I waited on Sir Stentor; but the knight knowing my genius in horfeship, was not willing to put me in a condition of rivalling him upon the turf.

'Zounds, Hall! whoy thou spendest every thing. No, no, I duont want a top game-keeper now. Here, I'll gi' thee this bill of one hundred pounds, and my bay gelding, Jockey: go and see 'un; he is as fine a beast as any I have in hand.'

I thought it not prudent to refuse the knight's offer; and making the best of a bad bargain, accepted Jockey and the bill, and made the best of my way to London.

Here, after a long deliberation, I resolved to turn stock-jobber: and the first time I visited Jonathan's, by propagating a report that Jamaica was taken by the Spaniards, increased my small sum to two thousand pounds. I was now in raptures, and saw once again the visions of good fortune swimming before my sight.

I still continued improving my principal, when an account from Trieste reduced me to seven hundred; and, in a few days after, another account from the same unfortunate place utterly ruined me; and I waddled a lame duck out of the Alley.

What could I now do? As to mechanic business, I was utterly a stranger to it, and my soul disdained the livery of a slave. I had distracted myself with reflection, till the last bill of ten pounds was mutilated, when I thought of setting up for an author.

As I did not doubt my invention, and had vanity enough for the character, I sat down to invoke the Muses. The first fruits of my pen were a political essay, and a piece of poetry; the first I carried to a patriotic bookseller, who is, in his own opinion, of much consequence to the cause of liberty; and the poetry was left with another of the same tribe, who made bold to make it a means of puffing his Magazine, but refused any gratuity. Mr. Briannicus, at first imagining the piece was not to be paid for, was lavish of his praises, and I might depend upon it, it should do honour to his flaming patriotic

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patriotic paper; but when he was told that I expected some recompence, he assumed an air of criticism, and begged my pardon; he did not know that circumstance, and really he did not think it good language, or sound reasoning.

I was not discouraged by the objections and criticisms of the bookselling tribe; and, as I know the art of Curliism pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But the late prosecution against the booksellers having frightened them all out of their patriotism, I am necessitated either to write for the entertainment of the publick, or in defence of the ministry.

As I have some little remains of conscience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing, of either side of the question, is of little service to the entertainment or instruction of the reader. Abuse and scurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of those authors, who deem every man in place a rascal, and every man out of place a patriot.

Permit this, then, to appear in your universally admired work; it may give some entertainment to your readers, and a dinner to

A SAD DOG.

## THE HISTORY OF OPTIMA.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HERSELF.

BY MR. WILLIAMS.

**M**Y father was the youngest son of a respectable family in Yorkshire, an estate belonging to which being settled principally upon the eldest son, he was obliged to go forth into the world in pursuit of one of those situations which enable men, educated in the habits of politeness, to live with comfort on the fruits of their industry. After a succession of mortifying disappointments from relations, upon whose promises of friendship he had too implicitly relied, he was fortunate enough to meet with an old school-fellow, to whom he frankly related the embarrassment of his circumstances, and from whom he experienced that relief which might have been more naturally expected from the good offices of his own kindred: in short, his friend being at that time in favour with the minister, he procured, through his interest, a place of five hundred a year for my father, which he enjoyed till that fatal moment when I was deprived of a fond parent, and a man nature of one of its principal ornaments.

I should have informed you, that, previous to my father's appointment to the post under government, he had married the daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had little else to recommend her to the notice of his obdurate relations but the extreme beauty of her person, and the amiableness of her disposition; which were qualities that did not much attract the notice of those who had long considered the possession

of money as a sufficient succedaneum for every virtue under heaven.

They had not enjoyed the blessings of the nuptial state for more than eleven months, when my mother became pregnant with the unfortunate wretch who now presents herself before you. As the time of her delivery drew nigh, every precaution was taken, on the part of her doating husband, to render the approaching event as comfortable as possible; but, alas! his assiduities proved but too weak against the assaults of Heaven: in short, I had not been three days ushered into this vile world, when my poor mother was afflicted with a fever, which increased in it's malignancy till the hand of Death put a period to her sufferings. Thus was I left motherless, at a time of life when my infantine weakness called for the support of that tenderness which none but a mother can administer. However, not to fatigue the reader with a recital of the follies and misfortunes which beset me ere I had attained my sixteenth year, let it suffice to say, that I was trained up in the principles of virtue, and had my exterior manners formed by the best masters of the age at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of London; for, being the only child of my father, he thought every expence trivial that he bestowed on the offspring of his beloved Harriet, and for the sake of whose memory he would never be prevailed on to think of a second marriage.

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In one of our little excursions after dinner, which we regularly pursued when the weather would permit, for the advantages of exercise, we were overtaken by a shower of rain, which obliged us to seek for shelter under the wide-spreading branches of a neighbouring oak, beneath whose cover a gentleman on horseback had likewise retreated, with his servant. This interview was the most important and melancholy in its consequences that can be imagined; for, on that was suspended all the joy and miseries of my existence. Young as I was at that time, and inexperienced in the affections of the human heart, I considered the incident with that degree of inattention which marks the conduct of those who apprehend neither good nor evil from the vicissitudes that surround them. The assiduities of the gentleman to accommodate us, were treated by our governess with uncommon circumspection; who, in thanking him for the good offices he seemed zealously inclined to render us, indirectly implied, that she should be equally well pleased to dispense with his politeness, and more especially as he had evidently marked me out as the principal object of his attention: which circumstance, if it did not alarm her prudence, manifestly affected her pride; and as soon as the shower had subsided, after bidding an abrupt adieu to my admirer, she hastened with me and my fellow scholars towards her own house.

In our way home, she did not fail to interlard her discourse with various observations on the imprudence of those ladies who give encouragement to the addresses of strangers, and the numberless artifices which are daily practised to ensnare young women of fortune by needy adventurers, who assume the habits and language of gentlemen, but are totally destitute of their honour and good qualities. But, notwithstanding the forcible arguments of my governess, which indeed rather tended to strengthen than extinguish the flame kindled by the wanton god in my juvenile heart, I could not efface from my memory the image of a man who had appeared to me in the most amiable point of view. Let it suffice to say, that he found means to maintain a secret correspondence with me; and by the mere force of his complaisance, and the peculiar address with which he urged his passion, gained an entire sovereignty over my inclination.

The ease and frequency of our interviews eventually destroyed that circumspective caution which was necessary to their continuance; for one evening we were surprised in the arbour at the bottom of our garden, amusing ourselves with the dear interchange of vows and promises of eternal love. At the approach of my governess, who appeared to me at that time no other than the mistress of a dungeon in which I was shut up from all the felicities of life, my lover made his escape over the garden-wall; and I was led back to my room, and locked up by my governess, who threatened that evening to write a full account of my imprudence to my father, which she immediately put in execution, notwithstanding my tears and entreaties to the contrary. I now began to feel all the poignancy of grief. The horrors I conceived at the bare idea of labouring under my father's displeasure tortured me with the most inexpressible anguish; my nights were spent without repose, and my days without tranquillity. I received a letter from my lover, which was conveyed to me by one of the servants of the house, whom he had bribed to his interest; in this he informed me, that he had provided a disguise, which he entreated me to use; and that he should wait for me, at the corner of a lane, at sun-rise the next morning, with a chaise and four, in which he would transport me from a scene of oppression and inquietude to a state of unutterable joy.

However pleasing the ideas of freedom were to my mind, the act of absconding from school in a disguise, and bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the endearments of a fond parent, struck me with the most forcible conviction that I was doing wrong. I reflected on the magnitude of the error; but, unhappily for me, when I had brought it into the most repulsive point of view, the fond idea of my lover took place in my imagination, and the strength of passion overthrew the exertions of duty: in short, I verified, by my conduct, the justice of the poet, who has asserted, that 'the woman who deliberates is lost.' Love triumphed over reason: I met my enamoured swain at the appointed hour; and, getting into the carriage, we drove away with all possible expedition.

After the perturbation of my spirits had a little subsided, and I began to give

way to the power of reflection, I half repented of the precipitate and rash step I had taken; but the kind attention and endearing behaviour of my companion soon obliterated all ideas of melancholy, and I thought of nothing then but leaning for, all my future happiness on my dear Altamont, for by that name I shall distinguish him. Instead of taking an improper advantage of my situation and weakness, as might have been expected from any one but a man of the nicest principles of honour with a thoughtless young creature who had thrown herself thus unwarrantably into his power, he used every art in his possession to render my imprudence as amiable as possible to my own eyes; and his arguments were so ingenious and effectual, that I began to entertain some doubts whether I had really been guilty of an error or not. He promised to seize the earliest opportunity to remove all those apprehensions which female delicacy might suggest in a situation like mine, by a speedy marriage. After the necessary regulations, my fond Altamont fulfilled his promise; and, with a benign and endearing complacency, he led me to the altar, 'nothing loth,' where Hymen waited to rivet the soft fetters which were to make us one for ever.

Supremely blessed in the possession of each other, our time glided away on the downy wings of pleasure and content. Would it had continued so! but Fate decreed that it should be otherwise. The first wound I felt to reduce the transports I had enjoyed, was infinitely too deep for the healing hand of Time. The cause was fraught with every horror; it was the death of my dear, my honoured father, to whom my governor had communicated a particular account of my elopement; and who, at the same time, rather aggravated the offence, than adhered to the true state of that unfortunate transaction. The unwelcome recital made such an impression on the too susceptible mind of my affectionate parent—who, from the tale of the governor, entertained no other idea than that I had submitted without regret to the unconditional terms of the vilest prostitution—that, after languishing a few days in a violent paroxysm of madness, he left this capacious theatre of trouble, having previously willed the whole of his property to a very distant relation.

This circumstance had almost driven me to a state of desperation; and, in spite of all the solicitude for my happiness, which I experienced from the tender partner of my bed, I sunk into a gloomy habit of disposition that jaundiced every prospect of my life. I now found, too late, that those joys of the human heart which have their origin in imprudence, are but short-lived and temporary, and must eventually be destructive of our peace: their cause and consequences are somewhat like walking through a splendid portal into the Temple of Wretchedness. However, the assiduities of my Altamont, assisted by the lenient hand of Time, drew a slight covering over those miserable events which we endeavour to hide, but know we cannot bury. To dissipate the gloom that still hovered round my head, we launched into every extravagance, and followed Pleasure into all her retreats; but the coy nymph, like the *ignis fatuus* on the moor, mocked all our endeavours. She beckoned, and we followed; when we run, she fled: at last, quite broke down with the fatigues of the chase, I fell into a lingering illness, which seemed to threaten me with a consumption. The vivid roses that gave beauty to my face in the days of innocence and peace, now left my cheek; my lips grew pallid; and a constant tremor, which shook my frame, filled my dear Altamont with the utmost apprehension for my life. During the course of my indisposition, he sat continually by my bed-side, administered my physic with the hand of tenderness; and, by the magick of his persuasive tongue would calm my perturbed spirits into rest, when the strongest opiates of the physician had failed in their execution.

As soon as I had recovered sufficient strength to travel, it was judged expedient that I should go to Spa, and try the benefit of the waters. Every thing was accordingly prepared for an expedition to the Continent; and, as the expences that would attend such a journey, added to those which had been already incurred by my indisposition, made it necessary to raise a considerable sum of money, my Altamont was forced to mortgage a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, to answer the exigencies of the occasion. When he had completed that business, we set out; and, after spending a few months at Spa, we returned, by the way  
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of Flanders, to England, my health being greatly re-established by the virtue of the waters.

During our residence at Spa, I had given evident signs of pregnancy, to the indescribable joy of my enraptured husband; and, a few months after our return to England, I was safely delivered of a beautiful female infant, whom I had christened by the name of Harriet, in remembrance of my exemplary mother. A new source of felicity being now opened to my Altamont and me, we seemed to vie with each other in our caresses and attentions towards the little offspring of our loves. As she grew up, it was universally admitted that she bore a strong resemblance to her mother. We mutually spent our time in the contemplation of her beauties, as if the principal business of our lives was to discover new graces in the person of our little Harriet. When she had arrived at that period of life when 'the young idea begins to shoot,' we had the best masters to form her mind, and regulate her accomplishments; and we saw with pleasure that she danced, sung, and played on the harpsichord, superior to all competition, considering the tenderness of her years.

At this time, Fate, as if envious of our reassumed happiness, introduced another misfortune into our family, which totally destroyed the basis of our peace once more. My dear Altamont, from the nature of his connections, as well as the bent of his own disposition, was frequently led into little parties of play; and, though his prudence had on every former occasion protected him from venturing any sum that might endanger his quiet, the quite deserted him on the present occasion; for, whether owing to accident or design, I will not determine, but he actually lost in one night the considerable sum of eight thousand pounds. When he communicated to me the news of his misfortune, it operated on my senses like a peal of thunder, and instantaneously deprived me of sensibility. When I had recovered from the first shock that it occasioned, I ventured to enquire by what means he intended to liquidate so enormous a debt; when he informed me that he must be reduced to the miserable alternative of mortgaging the remainder of his property. It was in vain that I argued it was possible he might have been dealt with villainously; and

that he ought not, if it was merely in compliment to his own discretion, to pay so large a sum of money, until he was absolutely certain that it had been acquired by men of excellent principles, and honourable character. But, deaf to my remonstrances, he left me with a determination of taking the speediest method of raising the money; at the same time observing, that it was impossible to exist in the world without ignominy, if he did not instantly fulfil so necessary an engagement. It was certainly a misfortune that could not be sufficiently lamented; but the calls of Honour, he asserted, and the commands of Death, were equally inevitable.

The loss of the money was not the only calamity that attended this accident; for as our circumstances were now considerably narrowed, we were obliged to retrench all our superfluities, and were both cut off from many indulgences to which we had heretofore considered ourselves entitled. This, added to the sense of the material injury he had done his family, soured the disposition of my Altamont to that degree, that we no longer seemed to live in the interchange of those tender offices of love and regard which had previously characterized our lives, before this unpleasant event took place. It was even in vain that his little Harriet prattled with her usual sprightliness; her infantine pleasantries, that were wont to brighten the brow of her fond father upon every occasion, and prove a fence against the inroads of care, had lost their charms, and were treated by my Altamont with a degree of asperity and disregard that filled the eyes of his child with tears, and the heart of his afflicted wife with the most pungent sorrow. From that moment I may date the departure of all domestic joy; for our lives have ever since been nothing more than a continuation of jars and discontent.

A short time after the above transaction, his affairs became so embarrassed, that it was judged advisable to place them in the hands of a friend, in order to settle with the mortgagees, and every person who had a demand upon his estate; and, after a final adjustment, to put the remainder out to use, or employ it in such a manner as should prove most conducive to the advantage of his family. He acquiesced to these proposals in a manner that seemed to imply that he had

had become wholly indifferent as to the future disposal of his person, his family, or his property. The person who undertook this seeming office of friendship, was a young gentleman named Lothario, with whom Altamont had long lived in the purest habits of friendship and harmony; and as he had received many obligations of a very important nature from my husband, it was thought a sense of gratitude would have impelled him to have acted towards him and his dependent family with as just a regard to their interests as he could possibly have paid to his own; but the frailty of human friendship was never more strongly evinced than by the subsequent conduct of his false friend Lothario. In the prosecution of the commission he had undertaken, it was necessary that he should be more frequent than usual in his visits at our house; and I could not avoid observing that he took every opportunity of sitting with me alone, condoling me on my situation, and sometimes enlarging upon the imprudences of my husband, with a degree of freedom that I did not think was warranted even from so intimate a friend; but hiding the deformity of his conduct beneath the goodness of the motive, I listened to his recaptulations with more regret than anger.

One afternoon, my husband and I having a small difference in opinion upon some trifling subject, to which his impetuosity of manner gave the appearance of a downright quarrel, it happened that his friend Lothario entered the house at this instant of disagreement, and took occasion, as soon as Altamont had left the room, to inveigh in such bitter terms against the ill-treatment I hourly received from his brutality, that I could not smother my resentment any longer; but told him, in direct terms, that however circumstances might have contributed to make it necessary for a friend to regulate the shattered remnants of his fortune, there was not the smallest occasion for any to prescribe rules for his behaviour. The warmth with which I delivered my sentiments, seemed to stagger his resolution; but not so far but he could recollect himself sufficiently to observe, that he was extremely sorry he should have given me occasion, by any objectionable part of his conduct, to lose sight of the natural sweetness of my disposition; but that in future he should be more

guarded in his expressions, and particularly take care that no interposition of his, to rescue a fellow-creature in distress, should be attended with so unprofitable a return as ingratitude. Upon which, making me a low bow, he took his leave. Though I was sensibly offended at the manner with which he had taken his leave, and the uncharitable expressions he had made use of, I was still extremely dissatisfied that I should, by any unguarded or improper language of mine, prove the means of banishing Lothario from the house, and particularly at a time when he appeared to me as labouring for the re-establishment of my husband's prosperity. As a hasty and warm conviction of our errors frequently hurries us to be as extravagant in our acknowledgments of their evil tendency, as we are in the commission of the cause, I would at that moment have undergone any penance, the most severe, that could be inflicted, to wipe away the offence I supposed myself guilty of towards the friend of my desponding husband; whose language I now beheld in another point of view, and sincerely believed that the harsh observations which I had imprudently construed into impertinence, were no other than those effusions of honest warmth which the peculiar situation of Lothario had warranted him to use. However, my fears on that head were entirely removed; for he still continued his visits as usual; and I, convinced that I had acted wrong, anxiously waited for an occasion to make an apology to Lothario for the too abrupt manner in which I had reproved his real friendship for our unhappy family. It was not long before I had an opportunity to put my design into execution. A few days after this disagreeable colloquy took place, Lothario dined with the family: my husband being obliged to go out upon some important business, which Lothario had been transacting for him in the morning, we were left together: I thought that time as favourable as I could wish to reinstate myself in the good opinion of my Altamont's deliverer. But conceive my astonishment at what followed; for I had scarcely uttered ten words, when he threw himself at my feet, and made a most passionate declaration of his love! A circumstance so unexpected threw me into the utmost confusion; and it was some moments before I could believe the matter



matter real; when he caught hold of one of my hands, and pressing it to his mouth, kissed it with a degree of fervour bordering upon phrenzy. Shocked at the insult he had offered to my character, and amazed at the wildness of his behaviour, I would instantly have quitted the room; but he threw himself between me and the door, and supplicated me, in the most humiliating terms, not to add the pangs that he must naturally feel from my contempt to those which he already endured; that he was an object of my pity, and not of my anger; and that it was in a great measure my duty to prevent him from committing some rash act of despair, which must inevitably be the consequence, if I continued to frown upon him merely because a passion had arisen in his bosom in my favour, which he assured me was not only eternal, but irresistible. He was proceeding to take still greater liberties with my person, when I threatened to alarm the family, unless he immediately desisted. This last determination had the desired effect; for quitting his hold, he left me, but not before he had assured me, in the most frantick terms, that he would either possess my person, or perish in the attempt.

Alarmed beyond all possibility of description at the behaviour of Lothario, I ruminated upon the conduct that was proper to be pursued in such an emergency. To tell my husband, would only be to shake his peace, and perhaps, in the consequences, to hazard his life; and silently to brook so flagrant an instance of vice and villainy, was equally culpable. Not knowing what course to pursue, I sat in a state of silent distraction till my husband arrived; who, observing the manifest disorder of my mind, enquired into the reason; when I evaded the truth with so little art, that he appeared dissatisfied with the explanation. However, I was resolved, for his sake, to remain silent on the subject for ever, unless the infamous views of Lothario should drive him to hazard a second attempt; when I determined that his perfidy should go unpunished no longer. But in the sequel you will find that my caution in this business was productive of the most ruinous consequences both to me and my husband; for the enraged Lothario, finding that my virtue was neither to be moved by threats or entreaties, privately resolved upon the completion of my ruin; which he effected

by the most diabolical contrivance imaginable. He forged a letter in my name, copied my hand-writing so exactly that it was not to be discerned from the original, and addressed it to himself; in which he wrote a violent declaration of my passion for himself, and the appointment of an hour for the consummation, signing it with my name. He carried it to his friend Altamont; and after a long prefatory speech, expressive of the sorrow he felt in being reduced to the sad necessity of exposing the infamy of one so dear to his best interests, he produced the letter; which the deluded Altamont had no sooner read, than he would have hurried to my chamber, if he had not been prevented by the infernal Lothario, and by a precipitate murder have put a period to my afflictions. But Heaven decreed that it should be otherwise, and doomed me to maintain an existence that has become almost intolerable from the accumulated weight of my miseries. In short, when his reason began to operate, he burst upon my presence with eyes glistening with horror and resentment, and charged me in immediate terms with the design of dishonouring his bed. In vain I protested my innocence, in vain I urged my unchangeable attachment to himself; till at last, maddening with rage, he produced the fatal forgery. Who can paint the deadly woe that was manifested in my countenance, when I beheld the hellish scroll! As soon as I recovered the use of my speech, I prostrated myself on the floor before him, and told him, with streaming eyes, of the villainous attempt which Lothario had made upon his honour; but, alas! my testimony was fruitless against the operations of so subtle, so refined a villain! The ungenerous Altamont, forgetting all our past loves, cast me brutally from him; informing me, that he was already acquainted with my artifices by his friend Lothario; and that I must not hope, by the fabrication of a falsehood, to screen myself from that punishment which was due to my iniquities: at the same time he commanded me, in terms the most awful and peremptory, to leave his sight for ever.

Good God! how the recollection of that calamitous hour shocks my inmost soul! Overpowered by the rigour of the commands, I fell at his feet, and bathed them with my tears; when he angrily tore himself from me, and I sunk into a dreadful

dreadful fit on the floor. From that hour I could not recollect a single circumstance that took place, till I found myself in a strange lodging, meanly furnished, situated in a part of the town to which I was a perfect stranger. Just emerging from a kind of delirium, I looked around the place, and knew not for the moment where I was, or from whence I came; till casting my eyes towards the table, I perceived a letter directed to myself. I eagerly seized the paper; and knowing the superscription to be the hand-writing of my dear, though cruel Altamont, kissed it over a hundred and a hundred times; but how ill was my tender regard for him repaid, when I opened the letter, and read the following contents—

MADAM,

**I**F I had obeyed the strict impulse of justice, by this time you ought to have been no more; but suffering my humanity to get the better of my resentment, I am content that you should live, in hopes that the future conduct of your life may be exemplary, and in some measure wipe away the guilt of infamy you have entailed upon yourself, though it can never alleviate the misery you have brought upon your injured husband,

ALTAMONT.

P. S. I am determined never to behold you more. Take this hint, lest another act of imprudence should endanger your existence and mine.

I had now arrived at the highest paroxysm of horror, and would most gratefully have thanked the friendly hand that could have extinguished my being. I even resolved to perform that office myself; but when I lifted the hand of suicide, a glimmering sense of my duty to the offended Deity, who sees our inmost thoughts, unnerved my feeble arm, and the instrument of premature death fell to the ground.

I lived, or rather existed, three weeks in this miserable manner, unknowing where I was, and unknown to any, except the mistress of the house, who would sometimes deign to pay me a visit; which, indeed, from the ferocity of her aspect, and the brutality of her behaviour, I would most willingly have dispensed with. I gleaned, however, sufficient intelligence from this woman, to learn that I was brought here at the in-

stigation of Lothario; who, it seems, had frequently called at the house to enquire after the state of my health. Under the apprehension that he intended to break in upon my retirement, I entreated the woman of the house, to deny me to him upon all occasions, as I assured her, in the most solemn manner, that I would instantly destroy myself, should he dare to annoy me with any farther instances of his sublime villainy, or infernal machinations. Whether it was owing to the account that the woman gave him of my desperation, or to the shocking state of my health, for I was declining hourly, I cannot tell; but I never heard of his name again while I remained in that mansion of woe and wickedness. Having no money of my own, I was obliged to receive every article I wanted upon credit; which were rather profusely and unnecessarily brought me, as I had neither appetite nor inclination to taste any food whatever. Before the month was expired, I was reduced to such a state of weakness, that I could scarcely crawl across the room.

I was in the act of kneeling one morning, as usual, at my prayers, supplicating the Divine Being to protect my child, bless my misguided husband, and end my own wretched being; when my landlady burst into the room, without even that little ceremony she had condescended to pay me before, accompanied by a man whose countenance seemed the habitation of the Furies. After she had pointed to my person, he gave me to understand that I was his prisoner. I started at the word prisoner; and was observing that he must be under some mistake, when I was interrupted by my hostess, who told me, I might make myself easy on that score, and not be wasting my breath to no purpose, for that she had arrested me for eleven pounds and upwards, that was honestly due to her for board and lodging. I was remonstrating with her on the cruelty of the measure, as I had received no previous intimation; when, strutting up to me with her arms enfolded, and fire darting from her eyes, she replied in a hoarse voice—'And who the devil, Madam, do you think, is obliged to keep you in their house so long for nothing? I thought as how the gentleman who brought you here would pay for you; but it's no such thing. He had commissioned me to give you clothes, and money too; but you were

'were so curfedly squeamish, to be sure, that you would not see him; though, I am told, for all your affected squeamishness, that you are no better than you should be.'

She was proceeding in her remarks on my conduct; when, seeing full well that I had nothing to hope for either from her pity or generosity, I stopped the elegance of her charitable harangue, by informing the sheriff's officer that I was ready to attend him when and where he pleased. Upon which intimation we all went down stairs; and taking a hackney-coach, we drove to the corner of a blind alley near Temple Bar; in the corner of which stood the black mansion of this redoubted child of the law. We had no sooner entered the horrid dungeon, than I was surrounded by five or six unthinking, though unfortunate wretches, who I found afterwards were in a similar state of captivity with myself. One endeavoured to make me drink porter, while a second offered to treat me with a quartern of gin; and others observed, that I must have been a cursed handsome wench formerly, before a knowledge of the town and it's consequences had ruined my constitution. At last, a young buck staggered from the corner of the room, where he had been sleeping on my entrance, and putting his glass to his eye, swore I was a d—d fine creature, and wondered, with a tremendous oath, where I could have hid myself from his knowledge, who knew all the fine women and demireps within the bills of mortality.

My senses were so confused with the various observations on my person, and the appearance of the dog-hole I was confined in, with iron-bars on every window, and the miscreant aspect of every being that came in view, that my ideas became totally bewildered, and I sometimes imagined that I had passed the confines of the world, and was now immersed in the antichambers of hell, surrounded by demons of every denomination. But I was soon roused from such an unpleasant reverie, and called to a recollection of my being, by the master of the house, who gave me to understand that he was not obliged by law to keep me in his house above a certain time; and that, if I expected to be treated with civility myself, the only way was—why, I must treat him with civility. 'I suppose,' continued he, 'you understand me; if you don't, why

there's the county gaol; and, damme, now I look at you again, I believe as how, 'tis the best place for such vermint as you! Why, damme, you appear as seedy as a poet; if you are, dy'e see me, Ma'am, Turn out's the word—Here, tell Little Peter to come to me, and take this here Madam to her new lodging.'

At that part of his unfeeling denunciation, he was stopped short by the young buck whom I before mentioned; who observing my horror and stupefaction, and that I was totally insensible of every syllable of the discourse of this son of darkness, stepped between me and this legal Grimbald, and told him that he perceived I was a stranger to the custom of his house; if I had money, he was sure I was willing to spend it.—'An't you, my girl?' says he, addressing himself to me. But, upon my asking him that I had not a penny of money in my possession, he quickly replied, with joyous satisfaction—'Why, then, damme, I have; and, what is more, it's at your service; and if you are one of us, dy'e see, why, I will take it out in your own way; and if not, why, damme, I will stand by you, and see that you are not affronted by any scoundrel of a catchpole in the three kingdoms.'—'Come, come, no abuse, master,' cried the bailiff. 'Why, I'll tell you what, Tom,' replied my benefactor, 'mind me right, if you don't use that lady like a gentlewoman, I'll be d—d if I'll ever set a foot in your house again. She appears to me to be a modest woman; and, though it's a confounded pity that any fine woman should be modest, yet I've sworn to be her friend; and upon my honour, as a gentleman, I'll fulfil it.'

I was endeavouring to thank him in the best manner I was able for this exercise of his humanity; when he hastily prevented me, by observing that, for his part, whatever he did was to please himself; and that it was but throwing away gratitude to mention it to him, who hated the word when it came from any mouth but his own. As I observed a certain singularity of deportment in this young gentleman, blended with a strong understanding, and the most unbounded good-nature, I was extremely solicitous to conform myself to his humour, as far as the shattered remains of my politeness and reason would admit.

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When he had seated me in the most commodious part of the room, he brought me some mulled wine, which he begged my acceptance of with such extreme solicitation, that I found it almost impossible to resist; and told him, in compliance with his wishes, I was ready to taste it, though I was confident it would prove too strong for my weak brain, which had been so torn with misfortunes, as not to be capable of bearing so powerful a beverage. With this excuse he seemed satisfied; and told me, that anything I wanted in the house, was much at my service; for though he was an unfortunate dog himself in some respects, he still had a guinea left to rescue beauty and misery from despair. The general tenor of this young gentleman's behaviour attracted my notice so much, and his liberality of spirit so charmed me, that I looked upon him as an angel dropped from heaven to comfort me in a sea of trouble; and it is no wonder that I beheld him in that amiable light, when contrasted by a group of wretches who appeared to me manifestly dead to the soft suggestions of delicacy and humanity. Finding that I was inclined to take some repose, or rather to drown my woes in a temporary lethargy, he left me; at the same time promising his brother captives to treat them with a gallon of porter, provided they would not disturb me. I slept, reclining in the chair with my head wrapped up in my apron, for somewhat more than two hours; when my ears were saluted with an uncommon noise, and I saw a young fellow addressing himself to the master of the dreary mansion in the following words, which were delivered with the most violent gesticulations imaginable—

- ‘ No, let them come; since I was born to  
‘ wage
- ‘ Eternal wars—Let them now turn their  
‘ rage
- ‘ On him who conquer’d for them—Let them  
‘ come,
- ‘ And in this dungeon bind their slave in  
‘ chains.
- ‘ ’Twas thus they recompens’d my godlike  
‘ father:
- ‘ Thus was Achilles thank’d—But, dog, re-  
‘ member,
- ‘ Their black ingratitude has cost them dear.’

‘ Oh, as for that matter, Master Truncheon,’ cries the bailiff, ‘ I have had

‘ your father here before now, to be sure;  
‘ but what of that? I always treated him  
‘ like a gentleman; and so I will you, if so  
‘ be you behave like one.’—‘ Behave  
‘ like one!’ replied the actor, for such  
‘ he proved to be in the sequel; ‘ and  
‘ where’s the slave that dares assert the  
‘ contrary?’—‘ Why, I’ll tell you what,’  
‘ cried the bailiff, ‘ tho’ I don’t much  
‘ understand your lingo, because why,  
‘ I know no more Latin than belongs  
‘ to the law; yet, damme if I’ll have my  
‘ house made a bear-garden of by you,  
‘ or any spouting vagabond in Britain!’  
—‘ Vagabond!’ cries the player, with  
his eyes staring wild with resentment,  
like a cat in the dark.—‘ Yes, vaga-  
‘ bond!’ says the officer grimly; ‘ and,  
‘ damme, if you give me any more ill  
‘ language, I’ll beat you first, and send  
‘ you to gaol afterwards, you dog; so  
‘ now you know what you’ve got to  
‘ trust to.’ At this unfriendly intima-  
tion, the actor was stripping to fight;  
when the company interfered, and forced  
the player into another room, who roar-  
ed out with great vociferation—

‘ Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
‘ One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!’

As soon as the tumult which this encounter had occasioned was a little subsided, the company all assembled in the front room, as usual; but, alas! among them all, I could not discover the gentleman who had behaved to me with so much care. At last, I ventured to enquire what was become of him; and learned that he had been bailed out during the time that I had been sleeping, and had left a note for me with one of the prisoners. When the actor had adjusted his dress, he came up to me; and saluting me with the most profound respect, informed me, that his friend Rattle, who had been released from durance vile about half an hour ago, had left a letter for my perusal, which he had intrusted him to deliver into my hands. After thanking him for the trouble he had taken on my account, I opened it with some eagerness, being a little interested in the fate of a man who had treated me with such unexpected generosity in a place where, of all others, I stood most in need of protection. But figure to yourself my astonishment, when, opening the billet, a guinea presented itself to my view, accompanied with these words—

DEAR

DEAR MADAM,

I Have taken the liberty of leaving you a trifle, for your present accommodation. If ever we meet again, I will tell you my motive for using so much freedom with a stranger; if we should not, I must intreat your good-nature to place this action to the account of my friendship, and not of my presumption. Wishing you health, I remain your friend and servant,

HARRY RATTLE.

This fresh instance of the kind attention of Mr. Rattle to my interests, called the tears from my eyes; and they were flowing plentifully, when I asked Mr. Truncheon by what means I could convey my thanks to so kind a benefactor. He told me, that he believed it would be a difficult matter, as he generally kept his lodging a profound secret from his best friends; and indeed he believed, for his part, it was the only secret he ever kept in his life, for he was very communicative of every other matter, and uncommonly friendly; that he was an odd sort of an eccentric young man, whom every body admired, and nobody could define; that he was a real friend to Virtue, and yet continually abusing her laws. Being a rigorous observer of truth himself, he believes the same principle to guide all mankind; and, not giving himself the trouble to draw a line between the professions of men and their actions, has suffered himself to be duped out of considerable sums, to the great detriment of his private fortune, which is greatly reduced. In short, Madam, he is a character totally unfit for this world, and takes no sort of pains, by an adoption of prescribed maxims, to ensure the blessings of the next; though, in the midst of all his vices and follies, you cannot avoid regretting his want of a proper knowledge of himself; for the immortal Shakespeare had such a man in his eye, when he wrote that beautiful compliment to humanity—

“ That he had a tear for pity, and a heart open  
‘ as day to melting charity.’ ”

I must own, that I conceived at first a strong dislike to the player for drawing so coarse a portrait of his friend; or, perhaps, in other words, I wished a man, endow'd with so strong a sense of

feeling for the distresses of his fellow-creatures, should be as perfect in principle as he was amiable in his actions. After innumerable enquiries of the actor into my story, some of which were equally troublesome and impertinent, he just gleaned sufficient to learn, that my finances were exceedingly low, and my misfortunes very great; that I was altogether indifferent as to my farther pursuits in life, and almost careless whether I lived or died. In this state of mind, he ventured to unfold a scheme, which he submitted to my approbation; he assured me that it would be attended with the greatest advantages to myself; and, in all probability, as I was a fine figure, might eventually make my fortune. I was conjuring up in my imagination what proposal he could possibly make to a wretched creature in my circumstances, when he formally asked me how I should like to turn my thoughts to the stage. I was so amazed at his offer, that I was some time wondering whether he really was sincere in his proposals; but he assured me, that a wish to be serviceable to me had been the sole cause of his suggesting such a measure; and that, if I thought proper to embrace it, he was convinced that I should cut a capital figure. When I attempted to point out the ridiculousness of a hapless being like me, who had not a grain of mirth left to bear up against the tide of her own troubles, venturing to amuse a capricious public, he stopped me with an assurance that nothing was so easy; besides, he observed, that the variegated scenes which compose the life of an actor, or actress, were so entertaining in themselves, and so quick in their succession, that they did not admit time or thought for Care to make his deprecations on the mind. He was running on in this kind of panegyrick on the felicities that constantly attend the votaries of Theſpis, when the grim Cerberus of this house of sorrow broke in upon our discourse, by informing me that I was no longer a prisoner. The actor instantly congratulated me upon my enlargement, and my fellow-prisoners hurried round me to wish me joy; but how was my gratitude awakened, when, enquiring of the officer to whom I was indebted for this favour, I found that it was the very same individual who had fostered my unprotected head by a repetition of benevolent actions! That

very morning, impelled by a strong sense of the great benefits I had received at his hands, I dropped on my knees, and with uplifted eyes implored that Omnipotent Being, who showers his blessings on the base world, to guard my benefactor by night and by day; to preserve his health for the advantage of his fellow-creatures, and to lead him quickly out of the path of error; that he might live a bright example of purity to mankind, and insure to himself a never-fading crown of immortality and joy. When I had a little recovered my ruffled spirits, the player resumed his sollicitations; informing me that he would give me a note to his wife, in case I accepted of his proposals, who would provide me with every thing necessary to accommodate a person in my circumstances. Embarrassed as I was at that moment, and not knowing whither to run in search of a friend from whom I could hope relief, after some deliberation, I ventured to accept of his proposition, when he gladly wrote the letter to his wife; at the same time requesting me to be under no apprehensions about him, as he should certainly join us in a few hours, being promised instant bail by two particular friends, who he was sure would not disappoint him: the one a taylor from Monmouth Street, who furnished him with most of his stage materials; and the other a very ho-

nest Israelite from Duke's Place, who constantly purchased his wardrobes, when they were no longer fit for the embellishment of his dramatic personages. On the slender strength of such security, I took my leave of that infernal dungeon; and, furnished with my credentials, went in search of Mrs. Truncheon, whom I found, agreeably to his direction in a two pair of stairs room backwards, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, up to the elbows in suds, washing the shirt of a tragic poet who lodged in the floor beneath her. It is needless to inform you that I met with a kind reception from the poor woman, who made ten thousand apologies for being caught in an act of industry, which her feelings prompted her to believe was rather derogatory to the dignity of a person who, in her time, had been the stage representative of half the great heroines who have ornamented the page of history for the last century. In the afternoon, we were reinforced by Mr. Truncheon, who had contrived to settle his affairs; and in three days afterwards we set out on our grand theatrical expedition, in which I have been employed ever since; and at various times experiencing all those vicissitudes of fortune so particularly attendant on the followers of the Muses.

## MEMOIRS OF MARMADUKE MOUNTGARRET.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

**I** Am one of those exalted geniuses who, for the most part, lodge in a garret, and, as the phrase is, live by their wits. It is my employment to supply the republic of letters with sonnets, odes, epigrams, and acrostics; and in humble prose with translations from the original English, su- rising love-tales, full and faithful narratives, remarks on late transactions, and considerations on the present posture of affairs: in short, whatever hath come from the press of late years by an impartial hand, a lover of truth, a well-wisher to his country, a gentleman abroad, or a person at home, are the genuine offspring of my fertile head-piece.

That you may be the better acquainted with my merits, and the occasion of my giving you this trouble, I must inform you, that I am a native of Ireland, the younger son of a gentleman, who derived his pedigree from a noble family in that kingdom, with what justice I cannot pretend to determine. My father gave me an education liberal enough for those parts. I could read, write, and figure tolerably well, and my head was furnished with a reasonable quantity of Latin; but as I was never likely to inherit any part of his small estate, he began to think of putting me into some way of doing for myself, and with this view I was soon after articled

to an attorney in Dublin. The city was quite new to me, and I was quickly singled out by a knot of young fellows, who helped me to squander away my little allowance, and initiated me into a more agreeable method of spending my time, than in copying writs, engrossing deeds, and making long bills for our customers. By these means I contracted such a thorough aversion to the use of my pen, that in less than three months time I ran away from my master, and gave myself up entirely to my new companions, hiding myself in the day-time, and scouring the city all night. In this way of life, I soon contracted more debts than I was able to discharge; and being besides taken notice of for some few misdemeanors, and breaches of the peace, I had no other alternative, but to serve his majesty, or go instantly to gaol; I chose the former, as the least evil of the two, and enlisted myself into a marching regiment, with which in a few weeks after I was shipped for Germany, without ever acquainting my father with this change in my situation, and of my having laid down the quill for the more honourable profession of the sword.

I will not detain you with a relation of my military adventures, of what I suffered and achieved during a five years service: it is enough to tell you, that upon concluding the famous treaty at Utrecht in 1713, we were sent home and disbanded, and thus I became once more my own master. A wandering genius, and a desire of seeing something more of the world, brought me to this metropolis, which took my fancy so much, that I began to think of ending my travels, and taking up my abode here, provided I could meet with any employment that would keep me from starving. While I was busied in these thoughts, fortune threw in my way a tall slender personage, of the age of fifty, with a meagre aspect, an old campaign wig, and a coat that seemed to have been made for him before he was full grown, and to have been worn by him ever since; care and contemplation were seated upon his brow; and it was not easy to say, whether his leanness arose from poverty or hard study; and he appeared in my eyes to be nothing less than an almanackmaker, or an alchymist, who was master of the secrets of nature, and dived into the book of futurity to learn his own and other peo-

ple's fortunes. I judged him a very fit person to consult with in my emergency, and one who was likely to steer me out of this sea of troubles, into the port of plenty and good fortune. Addressing myself therefore to him in a very submissive strain, and bribing his benevolence with a pot of strong beer, which seemed to relax something of the severity of his features, I ventured to lay before him the state of my affairs, and consult him upon some plan of future operations.

'Young man,' said he, 'I can point out to you the path not only to subsistence, but renown. I discern your qualifications in your countenance, and venture to predict, that you will one day stand the foremost in the rank of modern authors. If you can but read and write, your way to glory is easy and expeditious.'—'Thanks to my parents,' said I, 'I am perfect enough in both these accomplishments, if they are necessary to such an employment.'—'Know,' he replied, 'that I am an author by profession, not hindermost in the lists of fame, though I set out with no greater furniture than what I just now mentioned; for you must learn, that as there is nothing new under the sun, so the art of writing now-a-days is no more than the art of saying over again what hath been said a thousand times already: nothing therefore is requisite to an author of the present day but boldness in transcribing from those who have gone before him, and a little dexterity in applying what they have wrote to his own time, and the subject which he hath in hand.'

I was furnished with a native stock of impudence, which I had not run out during my stay in the army; and as I had learned so easy a method of turning it to account, I made no difficulty of embracing the proposal. I kept close to my tutor, who treated me with great unreservedness and good nature. Under his instructions I made considerable improvements in a very short time, and was initiated into all the mysteries of authorship. With a set of newspapers, an old gazetteer, a new art of poetry, an English dictionary, and a bundle of dirty pamphlets, procured at very easy rates, I entered upon my new profession. My first care was to hire an apartment up three pair of stairs, for  
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the convenience of being near to the sky, and to give myself some importance in the eyes of the booksellers; for there are some things which custom and use have so closely connected with others, that they seem to be of the essence of the subject, and cannot be separated so much as in idea: of this kind are, a bishop and lawn sleeves, a lawyer and the gown, an author and his garret; and I will add too, a patriot and a pension. If any one should question the justice of my last instance, I must refer him for complete satisfaction to my new system of patriotism, which is now in the press, wherein I have shewn at large the perfect similarity and congruity which subsists between these two ideas, and demonstrated upon principles which no man will venture to dispute, that the patriot was made for the pension, and the pension for the patriot.

My first attempts were in verse, which succeeded tolerably for a young beginner; complaints of cruel mistresses, satires upon the inconstancy of the sex, and all those unmeaning topicks which swarm in every poetical miscellany, paid the rent of my garret through the winter, and helped me to a comfortable livelihood into the bargain: but growing too adventurous, and soaring above myself, I met at length with a fall. A set of pastorals, which my bookseller absolutely refused to meddle with, lay upon my hands above three months, and almost reduced me to death's door, before I could meet with a purchaser: this unlucky accident put me out of humour with the Muses, and made me determine to try my talent at plain prose.

Having hinted to me by two or three of the trade, that in the present dearth of news a volume or two of travels might take with the publick, I offered them my service to go to any part of the world which they would chuse. They seemed to think, that the tour of the East would be as profitable a one as any I could make; and being furnished with books, and other necessary instruments, I finished my travels through Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, in less than a month's time, without stirring out of my garret, and they were immediately published in three neat pocket volumes.

The taste of the age being pretty much turned for intrigue and gallantry, I was next engaged in writing secret histories, memoirs of the court of \* \* \*

and adventures of rakes and ladies of quality. It would be tedious to recount the several stages and revolutions of my art, in which I was a mere Proteus, every thing by turns, but nothing long: if I excelled in any one branch of science more than another, it was in politics. This was my master-piece; and, vanity apart, I believe I went beyond all who have gone before me, or shall come after me.

In matters of government I was like the Academics, who you know were a set of philosophers, that maintained both sides of a system with great fluency, and believed one as much as the other. I had no opinions of my own, but could write and dispute for any which happened to be in vogue. I took care to have by me a ready stock of panegyrics upon ministers in place, and invectives against those that went out; for I have observed, that all men in office have nearly the same good qualities, and those who are out the same bad ones. I have wrote for and against continental connections within the month, and with great applause. I have demonstrated the divine original of monarchy in one pamphlet, and in the next asserted the rights of the people. I have shewn that we could not be fifty millions in debt without being bankrupts, and upon the next rise of stocks have made outas clearly, that the danger of straining our publick credit was a mere fiction. I have proved incontestibly, that the English nation was upon the brink of ruin in a wet spring, and have hailed then conquerors of the world before autumn.

In the year 1745, I composed an elaborate defence of hereditary right; but things taking a different turn to what was expected, I published the same piece, after having undergone some necessary alterations, as a panegyric upon the act of settlement, and the glorious Revolution. Thus diligently did I observe the times and the seasons: for it is the grand secret with all political writers, and I have never known it to fail of success: it is the only infallible way to guide the voice of the nation, and be quoted with applause in all taverns and coffee-houses. I wrote for the people, I studied every look, feature, and cast of their eye, traced them from gay to cloudy, and from cloudy to gay; collected every voice, numbered their nods, winks, and significant shrugs, and laboured with insupportable pains to catch,

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drag home to my garret, and draw out upon paper before they were changed, the politics of that minute. Many a half finished piece hath been thrown aside, many an embryo and shapeless conceit been suppressed upon a sudden change of the wind, or an unexpected express from abroad. My works, if they were in being, when compared with their dates, would speak for me how well I had calculated them for their day: but, alas! poor works! born in an unlucky hour, fated to flourish one day and sink the next!

How hard is the lot of modern performances! instead of being a match for the thunderbolts of Jupiter, the devouring flame, the edge of the sword, the maw of time, or being more durable than brass, the boast of ancient bards, such flimsy materials as ours were never contrived to turn a bullet; they are driven away with the wind, drowned in the jakes, and consumed with the blaze of a farthing candle. I declare to you, upon the word of an honest man, that I have wrote volumes enough in number to compose a handsome library; but I believe, upon the strictest enquiry, there could not above three or four of them be found at the present instant. These eyes, these eyes have seen whole cartloads fetched away by pedlars and tobacconists; and thus, to my unspeakable misfortune, I have lost the most unexceptionable witness of my patriotic zeal. But notwithstanding I will venture to affirm, with all becoming modesty, that I have been the most publick-spirited person breathing: *Si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio quam sit exiguum*; that is to say, if I have any brains at all, which I am very sensible can be but few, they have, every fibre of them, been at work for the publick good.

I have ruined my health, wasted my spirits, and exhausted my little stock of wit in the service of my country. I now begin to find myself absolutely unfit for business, and having sat for near fifty years at the helm of politics and literature, I am obliged to quit the ship which I am no longer able to steer. I will now withdraw into a port of safety, where I hope to enjoy a calm old age, to wash my hands of this world; and prepare for another. Though I richly deserve a pension for my signal services to these kingdoms, I shall content myself with a less invidious provision for my declining years, by way of subscription

to a work which I shall give some account of below. I should not have troubled you in this manner, but that my bookseller, who had engaged to print it as a work of a society of gentlemen, which at present is the fashionable way of recommending a bulky performance, upon some little quarrel arising between us about the profits, positively refused to have any thing to do with it.

Thus I find myself necessitated, fore against my will, to apply immediately to the publick; for I mortally hate every thing which carries the least appearance of vanity and ostentation, and would chuse to sit by in silence, and leave my services to speak for themselves: but, as things are circumstanced, I must submit to be the trumpet of my own praises, and lay my undoubted claims before the world. If you will permit your Magazine to be the vehicle of my modest request to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, you will eternally oblige, gentlemen, your very humble servant,

MARMADUKE MOUNTGARRET.

GRUB-STREET.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF MARMADUKE MOUNTGARRET, POET, TRANSLATOR, BIOGRAPHER, NEWS-WRITER, AND POLITICIAN,

SHEWETH,

THAT he hath always been the faithful servant of the people.

That he was engaged, for five years, in the war upon the Continent; during which time he was present at several skirmishes, battles, and sieges, and received a reasonable number of wounds and scars for their sakes, and to support the honour of Great Britain.

That having seen an end put to the war, and peace once more beginning to smile upon these kingdoms, he laid down the sword, and betook himself to the useful and honourable profession of an author; in which he hath continued ever since.

That, in the execution of his office, he hath endured incredible fatigue and watching, and been exposed to continual opposition and perils from false brethren, and difficulties, under which nothing but his singular zeal and affection for the public could have supported him.

That,

That, during the long course of his employment, he hath always distinguished himself as a patriot and friend to this constitution, from which character no threats or promises, nor any considerations of private interest, could ever engage him to swerve in the minutest point; but hath always stood up in defence of their liberties and laws, and supported those measures which he thought, in his own conscience, to be best and most useful to his country. And, as the most certain mark of the public approbation, his writings have been, for these many years, the standard of coffee-house politicks, under every revolution of ministers and parties.

That he hath also, with immense labour and application, got ready for the press a very voluminous work, intituled, *Great Britain's Remembrancer*; or, *A Complete History of all the Patriots, Prime Ministers, and Pensioners, from the Conquest down to the present year.* A work full of much erudition and secret intelligence, and very necessary to be perused by all ranks and degrees of people in these nations.

That upon the sale of this performance depend all his hopes of a comfortable

subsistence in an extreme old age, having the misfortune, like many others, to have outlived his faculties; and being utterly unable to gain an honest livelihood in the employment which he hath always followed.

That having an entire confidence in their gratitude and generosity, he takes the liberty to address them in this public manner, and most humbly to request, that they will not now withdraw their favour and support from one who is grown grey in their service. And,

That if they will encourage him with their usual countenance in this his last undertaking, he will most thankfully acknowledge their kindness, and their petitioner shall for ever pray, &c.

Proposals at large of the work may be had at Timothy Puff's, in Blowbladder-street.

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'This author has treated this subject in so original and ingenious a manner, that we cannot help recommending it to the perusal of all admirers of that excellent root of no evil, and heartily wish the profits of this piece may enable him to get some motion to 'his potatoes.' *Critical Review.*

## THE HISTORY OF MRS. VILLARS.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HERSELF.

BY HUGH KELLY, ESQ.

**T**HE generality of young women, when once they get a lover in their heads, imagine that their relations are the most cruel creatures in the world, unless they give an immediate consent to every absurdity of their inclinations, and bestow them at once with a considerable fortune upon the sweet fellow who has thus happily made himself master of their affections. If a parent pretends to any authority, he instantly, from a tender father, is looked upon as an absolute tyrant; and pretty Miss very

dutifully wishes him fifty fathom under ground, that she may have a handsome sum of money to throw away upon a rascal, whom she has not possibly known above a month or six weeks.

I am, you must know, a miserable woman, whom a partiality of this nature, for a most infamous villain, has plunged into the deepest distress. About five years ago I lived with my father, a beneficed clergyman in the north of England, and had every reason to be satisfied that the happiness of the venerable old gentleman's

gentleman's life was placed in mine, from the excessive tenderness with which he constantly treated me; and from the enjoyments of which he debarred himself, merely to lay up a fortune for my advancement in the world. I was his only child; and though my mother died while I was quite an infant, he never would alter his condition, for fear, as he kindly expressed it, he might place a very different sort of woman over his poor Isabella.

I had scarcely turned my twenty-first year, when a company of strolling players came into our neighbourhood; a principal of which, being an excellent scholar, and master of a very genteel address, had a letter of recommendation to my father, from a brother clergyman in the last town where they exhibited. My father, who was benevolence itself, though he did not greatly approve of such a guest, nevertheless desired him, out of compliment to his friend, to stay dinner; and assured him of his best services whenever the benefits came to be advertised. Mr. Villars, the comedian, thanked him in a handsome manner; and we soon after sat down to table, where the designing hypocrite, by a behaviour the most specious and polite, and by an unassuming pretence to all the virtues, with which he was utterly unacquainted, soon got the better of my father's reserve, and not a little silenced the contempt which I had always entertained for those itinerant dependants on the theatre. Not to be minutely circumstantial, suffice it, that Villars received an invitation, no less warm than general, to our house; and, in less than a week, made such good use of my father's hospitality, as entirely to captivate the affections of his inexperienced daughter, and to fill her with an insuperable aversion to the happy habitation in which for her whole life she had been so carefully brought up.

I was too much a novice, however, in the business of amour, to keep the matter so perfectly concealed from the eyes of a father who in his youth had been remarkably well received among the ladies, as I could wish: he saw with what eagerness I hung upon every syllable that fell from Villars; and remarked, with concern, that unless Villars was in the house, I studiously avoided his company. One Sunday afternoon, therefore, while I imagined he was at church, he unexpectedly darted from a closet in

the very room where Villars and I were exchanging vows of everlasting fidelity; and ordering my lover, with a look of indignation, never to come again into his presence, desired me immediately to retire to my room.

Though shame and confusion kept me silent in the presence of my father, I was, nevertheless, no sooner alone, than I began to think his behaviour a very unjustifiable piece of barbarity: all the care and anxiety which for more than twenty years he had manifested for my welfare, was immediately banished from my remembrance. I looked upon him as the greatest enemy I had in the world; and, full of nothing but the idea of my adorable Villars, I determined, like the inconsiderate, the unnatural monster I was, to quit the man who gave me being, who educated me with the nicest circumspection, and of whose worth I was perfectly convinced, to go off with a fellow who, for aught I knew, might be a highwayman, to whom I never owed an obligation, and whose person I had never seen till the week before, in which he so unfortunately brought a recommendation to my father.

Before I had time to execute this dutiful project, however, my unhappy father came into my room; and looking at me for some time with an air of inexpressible anguish, at last burst into a flood of tears. When he had somewhat recovered himself—"O Isabella!" said he, "little did I think to have seen such a day as this; and little did I imagine you would ever give me cause to regret the hour of your birth. In what part of my duty, tell me, child, has there been a deficiency, to occasion so fatal a negligence in yours? What has your father done, that you wish to shake off every sentiment of nature and affection, and desire to fly from the arms which have cherished you since the first moment of your existence, to refuse with a villain, whom you have not known above ten or a dozen days? In the alienation of your affections, has he hesitated to break the sacred laws of friendship and hospitality; or scrupled to put on the awful form of virtue, to prosecute the most infamous ends? While I entertained him with the greatest cordiality, he was doing me the most irreparable injury; and when I harboured him most in my bosom,

like the venomous adder, the more deeply he stung me to the heart. And will you, Isabella, instead of revenging the cause of so injured, and, I hope I may say, so tender a parent, become yourself accessory to the destruction of my happiness? Will you be guilty of a parricide to reward an assassin, who has attempted more than my life? And shall it be said, that a common-place compliment to her beauty is of more consideration to so sensible a young lady, than the everlasting tranquillity of her father? Alas! my child, let not your youth and inexperience lead you into an irretrievable mistake. The man that would be guilty of a crime to engage your affections, would not stop at a crime to cast you off, when time and possession had rendered you less attractive to his imagination. Consider, my dear, the man who courts you to quit your father's house, is interested in his solicitations. I cannot be interested. He wants you to gratify his *own* purposes; whereas I have no end to answer but the advancement of *your* felicity, and am willing to contract every enjoyment of my life for the sake of building that felicity on a permanent foundation. As I am determined never to lay a restraint upon your inclinations, weigh well the advice I have given you. You are now a woman by the laws of the land, and your person is at your own disposal: if, therefore, to-morrow morning, after having maturely considered the affair, you can sacrifice your doating father for this inhospitable villain, pack up your cloaths, and every thing else which belongs to you; go, and favour him with your hand at the altar of that God who sees into the bottom of my afflictions; and do not incur the additional disgrace of an infamous flight from a house in which you have been treated with such a continued excess of paternal indulgence. Remember, however, if such should be your resolution, that I am no more your father. In humble imitation of the Deity, by whom I hope to be forgiven, I here offer you a cheerful forgiveness for what is past: but if you persevere, know, that though my humanity may weep for your transgression, my justice will never permit me to reward it!

My father, after this, desired me to recollect that I was far from being de-

stitute of admirers; that three or four young gentlemen of agreeable persons, unexceptionable characters, and handsome fortunes, had for a considerable time paid their addresses; and that consequently I could not have even the ridiculous plea of being *neglected* to palliate my attachment for the object whom I had so preposterously distinguished by my choice. Saying this, he left me with an air of dejected resolution; and taking his horse, rode off a few miles to the house of an intimate acquaintance, where he lay that night, as if he was unwilling to throw the shadow of an impediment in the way of my determination.

It is no easy circumstance to describe the situation of my heart at this behaviour of my father's: he convinced my reason, but at the same time he alarmed my pride; and I absurdly imagined, that it would be a derogation from my own dignity, if I offered to make him the least concessions, after he had thus indirectly commanded me to quit his house. Presumption is always the daughter of indulgence: where children have been treated with an excess of tenderness, they most commonly think it very insolent in a parent, if he happens to tell them of any little mistake; and are wonderfully ready to expect a most punctual performance of his duty, however remiss they themselves may be in the discharge of their own. Unhappily for me, I was one of these hopeful children; accustomed to nothing but the heart-directed blandishments of paternal affection, I could not bear the accent of reproach, though conscious of it's being merited; and thought that my father should have made me a submissive apology, though it certainly would have done me the greatest credit if I had fallen at his feet, and implored his forgiveness with a torrent of tears.

While I was thus agitated between the sober remonstrances of my reason and the unnatural workings of my pride, Villars, who had waited at a little ale-house in the neighbourhood to watch the motions of our family, no sooner saw my father's back, than he boldly came up to the house, and pressed me, in the most passionate manner, to embrace that opportunity of packing up my little all, and escaping from the tyranny of a man, who made no other use of his authority than to render me perpetually miserable. — Parents, my charming Miss Bran-

don,

‘don,’ said the artful villain, ‘imagine they do mighty things, if they give a young lady a decent room, a tolerable gown, and treat her now and then with a box at the theatre: this they call an excess of tenderness, and think a very meritorious discharge of their duty. But see the strange inconsistency of their characters! though they so readily allow her to please herself in little things, yet they absolutely deny her a will in the most material article of all, and permit the mere amusement of an hour with no other view but to claim such an authority over her inclinations as may render her miserable for life.’ These sentiments, joined to the fascinating importunity of the fellow, did my business completely. I set about packing up my cloaths and trinkets in an instant, and in less than two hours was entirely out of sight; glowing all the way with a revengeful sort of satisfaction, to think how mortified my father must be when he found I had so cheerfully taken him at his word.

As it would not be prudent for Mr. Villars to stay in the neighbourhood when our affair became any way public, we quitted the country with the utmost expedition; and, by the following evening, arrived at a considerable town, near an hundred miles off, in which a strolling company was at that time performing, from whom Mr. Villars had received several very pressing letters, requesting him to join them, and offering him by much the most capital cast of all the characters. At this place we were married the morning after our arrival; and, to my everlasting infamy I mention it, no one reflection of what might be felt at home was once suffered to discredit the festival with a sigh.

I had not, however, been many weeks married, before I found a very material alteration in the behaviour of my husband; instead of the good-humour and complaisance which he formerly assumed, he treated me with nothing but a round of the most silent surliness, or the most sarcastic contempt. If he talked sometimes, it was of having thrown himself away; and, in proportion as our circumstances became contracted, (for the players had but very little business, and the principal part of my wardrobe was now disposed of) he was base enough even to reproach me with running away from

my father. I now saw, when it was too late, the imprudence of my conduct, and would have given the world, had I been mistress of it, to call back the days of my former tranquillity. I perceived clearly that Villars’s sole motive in ever addressing me was the consideration of my father’s opulence: he saw me an only child, and naturally imagined that, though the venerable old gentleman might be offended with me at first, he would, nevertheless, quickly relent, and take me again to the arms of his affection as a daughter. With this view, he obliged me to send home letters upon letters, all expressing the deepest penitence for my fault, and painting the wretchedness of our situation in colours the most affecting. A post scarcely went, for several weeks, but what carried some petition of this nature; and, perhaps, I might have continued writing considerably longer, had not the following note been at last sent in answer to my various epistles—

TO MRS. VILLARS, AT THE THEATRE IN SHREWSBURY.

MADAM,

WHEN I had a daughter, she never spoke a word but what gave me pleasure, nor mentioned a want which I did not fly to remove. You, Madam, have robbed me of that daughter; yet, after the barbarity of plunging a dagger in my bosom, are now mean enough to throw yourself at my feet, and to solicit my compassion for bread. In reality, I do not know whether I should most detest you for the inhumanity of your conduct on the one hand, or despise you for the baseness of your behaviour on the other. Is it not enough to be guilty, but you must try to be despicable? For shame, Madam, exert a little more spirit, and be uniformly culpable: talk as much of duty and affection to your husband as you please; but let not the heavy hand of necessity squeeze you into a paltry affectation of either to a father, about whose heart you have twisted a thousand scorpions, and who, probably, before you receive this, may be ready for that grave which you kindly opened for him on the sixth of August. Trouble me, I beseech you, no more; I am familiar with your hand, and shall never open another letter

of your writing. As you have disposed of your person, give me leave to dispose of my property; for, be assured, no consideration on earth shall tempt me to provide for a villain, or to mitigate the punishment which Providence has in this world pronounced against filial disobedience. Could you abandon a father, and yet hope for felicity? Could you rise up against the fountain of your being, and yet form an idea of content? The very supposition is a blasphemy against Heaven. Make, therefore, a proper use of your present chastisement, and rather rejoice at it as an happiness, than lament it as a misfortune; since, had you escaped the indignation of Omnipotence in this world, there was but too just a foundation to expect an eternity of torments in the next.

HORACE BRANDON.

This letter, which my conscience convinced me was what I ought to have expected, putting an end to all our hopes, Mr. Villars no longer kept measures with me: he wanted money—money he would have; and even told me, in very plain terms, I might that very night put him in possession of fifty guineas, if I would. Oh! this proposal was a horrid one. A young gentleman of great fortune had, it seems, praised me to his face; and knowing, perhaps, his character, taken the liberty of—I cannot enter into an explanation. You may easily judge with what a degree of united rage and astonishment any woman must have heard such a circumstance from the husband of her heart. For my own part, though I had forfeited all pretensions to the filial character, I was yet tremblingly alive in all my other relations. I received the overture, therefore, with the indignation it merited; and Mr.

Villars, finding that neither the most soothing language of hypocrisy, nor the most vehement arguments of a horse-whip, were sufficient to alter my resolution, privately decamped in a few nights after, leaving me in a strange country, not only without a sixpence, but over head and ears in debt, and in a situation also that required the tenderest circumspection. This was too much; it brought on the pains of parturient; and I was delivered of a boy, who, happily for himself, poor orphan! died in a few hours after his birth. For me, I languished a long time in the most deplorable circumstances; and must have inevitably perished, had it not been for the humanity of the company, who, notwithstanding their own distresses were extremely urgent, nevertheless strained a point to relieve mine; and, when my health was somewhat established, enlisted me at a full share, though I had never before appeared in any thing but *Isabella* in the *Innocent Adultery*.

In this way of life I have ever since continued, not knowing how to better myself. Was my heart at ease, I might possibly entertain the reader with some very humorous little narratives. But, alas! remorse is the only companion of my bosom. My unhappy father, who did not survive his letter three days, is ever present to my remembrance; and even Villars, greatly as he is the object of abhorrence to my reason, now and then draws a tear from my tenderness, and gives me a moment of distress. He has for these four years been strolling with a company in various parts of the American Plantations; and is lately married to a woman infinitely better calculated for his purposes than the

UNFORTUNATE ISABELLA.

## NYTRAM, PRINCE OF PARAMANIA.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY MR. HARRISON.

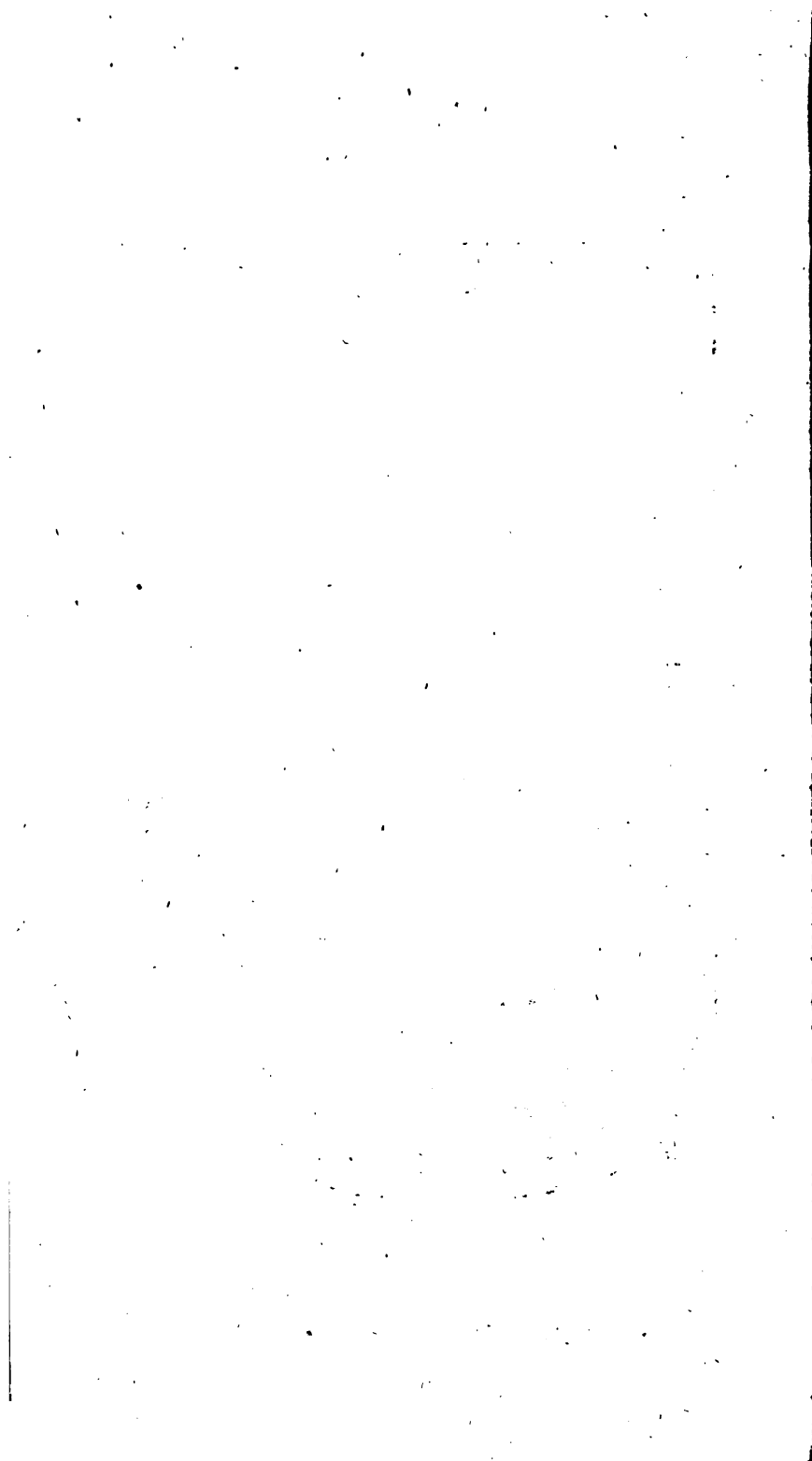
THE departing sun had not yet ceased to streak the western horizon with that exquisite tint which crimson in the gardens of Zibet his most favourite rose, when Nytram, the son of the Sultan Habenaasser, sinking under the com-

plicated severity of anguish, fatigue, and abstinence, arrived in the delightful valley of Aurang-zend. The mild and gentle zephyrs of the evening, wantoning o'er the translucent stream which flows from the sacred fountain of Abumazar,



**NYTRAM, PRINCE of PARAMANIA.**

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mazary, swept with their dewy wings the fragrant blossoms of the citron and lemon-trees which decorated it's borders; and while, thus dispersed, the odoriferous sweets regaled the oppressed prince with their most precious perfume, the grateful fluid, with which he hastily allayed his burning thirst, seemed impregnated with the delectable fragrance. Having plucked some of the choicest fruit, he sat down on the enchanting banks of the swiftly-gliding stream; and prostrating himself to the earth, thus implored the blessing of Alla, before he suffered a single morsel to approach his pious lips.

'O Thou! whose ever-watchful eye discovers, and whose never-ceasing bounty relieves, the innumerable wants of every atom which thy omnipotence hast created—from the minutest worm that floats invisible in the chrysalis fluid, to the unweildy elephant that ranges the vast forest of Orang-aden—accept from the heart of the meanest and most wretched of thy creatures, the same grateful and humble acknowledgments, for what thy goodness vouchsafes to bestow in this solitary but delightful retreat, as thou hast hitherto been pleased to receive from thy unworthy servant, when in the palace of his ancestors he eat from covers of gold—the richest delicacies of a monarch's table! And, O most gracious Alla! whatever may be my lot in the unerring dispensations of thy divine Providence, withhold not from me thy blessing and support, but give me day by day of the bread of life, and I will endeavour to submit without a sigh!

As soon as he had finished his temperate repast, he again addressed the Giver of every good; and stretching his wearied limbs on the soft and flowery carpet of the valley, beneath a canopy of citron and pomegranate, the ceaseless murmuring of the falling water from the neighbouring cascade, and the delightful melody of the aerial inhabitants of this enchanting spot, who were now raising their evening song, added to the vast and unusual fatigue he had so lately undergone, spite of the trouble and anxiety which oppressed his mind, in a few minutes lulled him to sleep.

The Sultan Habenasser had two sons: Nytram was the elder; the name of the younger was Kafrac. Nytram was the

consummate of all human perfection; Kafrac the aggregate of every evil. They had been bred together under two joint instructors, but of tempers and dispositions as unequal as those of their pupils. From the sacred lips of Alfaron, the precepts of the holy prophet, and their duty to Alla, under every circumstance and situation in life, had been strongly and constantly inculcated; and the inferior sciences of earthly policy were early instilled into their minds by the skilful but crafty Irad. It is easy to conceive, that as the two princes advanced in years, Nytram would feel himself attached to Alfaron, and that Irad should be the favourite of Kafrac.

Irad had early marked the different dispositions of the princes, and had as early formed an unalterable resolution to avail himself of the advantages which he might derive from this circumstance. Alfaron, though slow to suspect, and studious in excuses for every unfavourable appearance, possessed an understanding too exalted, and a penetration much too acute, to be long deceived by any artifice; and he no sooner clearly discovered the motives which actuated the conduct of Irad, than he determined to counteract, by every means in his power, the pernicious tendency of it's effects.

Irad had a most beautiful daughter, whose charms, though unequalled but by those of the everlasting Houris, were still improved by the adornment of a mind susceptible of every good, and incapable of the slightest impression from evil. This daughter, whose name was Oriana, he had destined for the arms of Kafrac; and he knew too well the implicit obedience he had taught the one, and the strong ideas of supreme felicity, from the gratification of youthful desires, he had by the warmest descriptions, though with the strictest appearance of restraint, artfully cultivated and nourished in the other, to doubt the success of his design.

But it was not for the peaceable and gentle dove of the valley of Amurat, to meet without dread and horror the proffered embraces of the pitiless and destroying eagle of the mountains of Cazabon! and when the will of her father was announced in a tone in which she had been long accustomed to distinguish the irrevocable purposes of his heart, and which she knew it would be

in vain to dispute, the purple current of life retreated to its source, the objects of vision fled from before her departing sight, and she sunk, in a temporary relief from anguish which it would have been impossible to support, at the feet of the alarmed and disappointed Irad.

The charms of the fair Oriana had not escaped the notice of Nytram, nor were his virtues unknown to the amiable daughter of Irad. They had been acquainted from their infancy; and had loved each other with the strongest and most permanent affection, before either of them knew the passion which subsisted in their own breasts. As they advanced in years, it had by degrees unfolded itself; and six moons were now fully elapsed since they had acknowledged their mutual attachment, and entered into reciprocal engagements of everlasting fidelity.

Irad was by no means ignorant of this circumstance; but though his ambitious views might seem more likely to be gratified by a connection with the elder than with the younger prince, he was too deeply read in the knowledge of human nature, not to perceive that the mild and peaceable disposition of Nytram would, in that, contest for the succession which he considered as certain, be obliged to give way before the bold and enterprising spirit of his haughty and assuming brother.

Alfaron, who had been long since informed by Nytram of his passion for the daughter of Irad, though fully sensible of the mental as well as personal accomplishments of the amiable Oriana, had constantly refused to sanction a connection which he judged much too humble for the son of his royal master. And as he perceived the artful father's intentions with respect to Kafrac, and had even penetrated the motive which governed his partiality for the younger prince, he saw no method of avoiding the storm which hovered over the devoted victims of Irad's ambitious views, but by wresting from the uplifted hand of the desperate assassin the innocent and involuntary instrument of his purposed villainy.

Having therefore contrived to meet Oriana alone, after convincing her he was no stranger either to her own inclinations, or the will of her immoveable father, he prevailed on the gentle daughter of Irad to put herself under his pro-

tection; assuring her, that the lasting felicity of her father, her lover, and herself, absolutely depended on her immediate acquiescence in a plan which he had formed for their mutual advantage.

Oriana had been seen with Nytram on the evening in which she had quitted her father's house; having, indeed, but just parted from the prince, when she was met by Alfaron: and Irad, the moment he obtained this intelligence, hastened to Nytram, and demanded, with denunciations of vengeance, to be informed of the concealment of his daughter.

The prince, who knew nothing of Oriana's departure, was too much affected with the mention of that circumstance, to attend to the accusation against himself. He started from his seat with horror; and liting, for a moment, his speaking eyes to Heaven—'Thy will, O Alla, be done!' ascended in a sigh; and he sunk down upon his sofa without uttering a word, as unconscious of the presence of Irad as of the information he had so sternly required.

'It is enough!' cried the enraged father, who imagined this appearance the effect of that refined artifice he knew he should himself have endeavoured to practise under the like circumstances: 'my appeal shall be now to the Sultan' — add to that sword, which, though it has been unsparingly used, is not yet worn out in his defence!

Saying this, he flew to the Sultan Habenaifer; and, prostrating himself at the foot of the imperial throne, demanded justice on his son Nytram, for the irreparable injury he had sustained.

In the mean time, Alfaron—convinced that, as nothing less than the destruction of Nytram could appease the enraged Irad, it would be in vain for the prince to undergo an examination with appearances so strongly against him, and where even his acquittal would be no security—had prevailed on his favourite pupil privately to quit the metropolis, and to make the best of his way to the desert of Utefillis, where he would be safely concealed in the habitation of Alfaron's friend, the sage Elbrahoud, till a more favourable opportunity should occur of manifesting his own innocence, and avoiding the resentment of Oriana's implacable parent.

The eighth day had now expired since Nytram's departure; and he was within

within a few leagues of the dwelling of Elbrahoud, when he stopped to refresh himself at the fount of Abumazar, in the valley of Aurang-zend.

But hardly had the unhappy prince closed his eyes, when he was alarmed with a rocking of the earth, which in an instant separated the bank on which he had reposed himself from the roots of those trees which had lately furnished him with so welcome a repast; the roaring thunder rolled tremendous over his head, and the momentary intermissions of the dreadful sounds were filled with reiterated flashes of lightning, which seemed to threaten the universal conflagration of nature. The yawning gulph, which had been divided by the earthquake, was in a few minutes filled with the descending tempest; and the sulphureous particles with which it was impregnated having received the æthereal fire, the blazing stream ran swiftly through the valley, and displayed on all sides the dreadful ravages of the desolating storm. Inexpressible was the horror of the devoted prince; who, wrapping more closely his flowing robe, with his face to the earth, committed himself to the Father of Mercies, and patiently awaited the fate which he considered as inevitable. And now the increased flashes of electric fire seemed to raise him from the ground; and a still louder and more continued burst of thunder having rolled over his head, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld, rising from amidst the boiling sulphur, a most magnificent car, drawn by two winged dragons, in which was seated a venerable old man, grasping a glittering poniard, who thus addressed the astonished Nytram—

‘ Son of man, thou hast tasted of adversity, but the enjoyments of life are still within thy reach. Kastrac, thy brother, meditates thy destruction; ‘ Irad, thy preceptor, the father of the adorable Oriana, requires the forfeiture of thy existence; and Habenesser, the august Sultan of Paramania, considering thee as a disgrace to his blood, has consented that thy name, which is execrated by the universal voice of his people, should be blotted from the book of life. What, then, shall shelter thee from this powerful combination of enemies?—Favoured as thou art, of Heaven, thou hast escaped that storm which no other mortal could have beheld without perishing; and I am com-

‘ missioned to offer thee the lives of those  
‘ who seek to spill thy blood, *that by thee*  
‘ *may their blood be spilled.* The moment  
‘ thou receivest from my hands this  
‘ dagger, I will introduce thee, by turns,  
‘ to thy different enemies, nor shall either  
‘ of them escape the fate they have severally  
‘ destined for thee! and, to crown  
‘ thy felicity, thou shalt succeed the Sultan  
‘ Habenesser on the throne of Paramania,  
‘ and reign undisturbed over a happy  
‘ people, till thou seest thy sons in the  
‘ third generation, the offspring of thy  
‘ beloved Oriana, the partner of thy  
‘ happiness and splendor. Rise, then,  
‘ from the earth; and I will convey thee  
‘ to the retreat of that angelic fair, where  
‘ thou shalt judge if the possession of so  
‘ much beauty is dearly purchased with  
‘ the deaths of those who seek the destruction  
‘ both of thy happiness and thy life,  
‘ and during whose existence it is decreed  
‘ that thou shalt not cease to be wretched.  
‘ Receive from my hands the offer which  
‘ will not be repeated; or refuse, and be  
‘ abandoned to thy fate!’  
Saying this, he extended one hand to receive the prince, and with the other he presented him the poniard.

As Nytram rose on one knee to accept the proffered assistance, lifting his eyes to heaven, he implored the direction of the Holy Prophet; and in an instant recollecting himself, he exclaimed—‘ If the blood of those who are so dear to me,  
‘ shed by these yet unpolluted hands,  
‘ can alone purchase my future happiness,  
‘ give me, O Alla! but fortitude to bear,  
‘ and Nytram is content to be miserable!’

Scarcely had the prince pronounced the last word of this apostrophe, when a still louder stroke of thunder burst over his head; the car sunk again into the boiling abyss; the separated earth was in an instant re-united; and Nytram, awaking, found himself on the same bank, and under the same trees, where he had the preceding evening retired to rest.

It was some time before the prince could sufficiently compose the agitation which this vision had occasioned, to be perfectly convinced of his safety: and he had not yet wholly conquered his apprehensions, when, looking behind him, he perceived a dagger lying on the ground, close to the spot from whence he had but just lifted his head. This circumstance instantly filled him with new alarms; and, rising from the ground, he drew his scymitar,

scymitar, and looked with impatience and horror for the object who had occasioned an appearance which he was convinced could by no means be of an unsubstantial nature. Having in vain endeavoured to discover the person who had left the poniard, he was about to return his scymitar to its sheath; when suddenly he heard a rustling in the thicket behind him, and turning to the spot where the dagger yet lay, he beheld, advancing towards him, with a motion resembling that of the overwhelming waves of the agitated ocean, a most tremendous serpent; which, hissing as it rose, displayed the forked instrument of destruction, and had nearly reached the apparently devoted prince, when, with a stroke of his scymitar, he divided the terrific monster, whose separated head rolled into the adjacent flood, and for a moment polluted with crimson stains the lucid bosom of the chrysal stream.

After a few minutes deliberation, whether it would be better to leave the dagger where he had found it, or to plunge it in the river, he at length fixed on the latter; and, having committed it to the flood, with the remainder of the serpent, he returned thanks to Alla for his manifold deliverances, loaded himself with sufficient fruit for the remainder of his journey, and proceeded on his way to the dwelling of Elbrahoud.

The Sultan Habenessar, in the mean time, having heard with astonishment the charge which Irad had preferred against Nytram, gave orders that he should be immediately summoned into his presence; and when he was informed that the prince could no where be found, considering his absence as a sufficient proof of his guilt, he directed a proclamation to be made through the city, that unless his son Nytram should appear before the tribunal by the sixth hour of the succeeding day, prepared to exculpate himself from the complaint which had been urged by the father of Oriana, he should from that instant be considered as proscribed the kingdom, and a high price be set upon his head.

But severe as this measure might seem, it was by no means satisfactory to Irad; who, from the moment he had missed his daughter, was determined, whatever might be the cause, it should, if possible, produce the effect he had so long meditated, of deposing the Sultan, and either placing Kafirac on the throne of Para-

mania, or seizing it himself, if he should deem him unfit for the purposes of his ambitious views. Having therefore privately met the young prince, and imparted to him, with great caution, so much of his intention as related to the fixing him on the throne of his father, he was surprised to find his pupil prepared with a more artful and effectual plan for the accomplishment of his designs than had hitherto occurred even to himself, and which it was resolved should be immediately put in execution.

Accordingly, before the heralds had traversed the whole city, and just as they were about to proclaim the intended banishment of Nytram, Kafirac appeared at the head of an armed troop; and stopping the cavalcade, demanded to be heard.

He then addressed the innumerable multitude who had assembled on this occasion, in a speech of the most consummate artifice; in which he pointed out the injustice of such hasty and violent proceedings against a brother whose life had ever been esteemed blameless, and whose conduct was a pattern to mankind: he insisted vehemently that the prince ought at least to be heard, before he should be considered as guilty of so atrocious an offence; and for this no opportunity could be said to be offered, as it might require a much longer time than was allowed him, however innocent, to prepare for his defence, probably the only cause of his absence; that if the charge exhibited against his brother were true, he was himself the most injured of any person living, her vindictive father not excepted, who had long promised him the hand of the adorable Oriana, whom he would alone cease to love when he should cease to exist; that he trusted his brother had not, even in idea, violated the friendship which, as they all knew, had ever subsisted between them—for, indeed, his amiable and meek disposition had rendered it impossible ever to draw him into a public quarrel—nor would he credit any reports to his disadvantage, however clearly it might appear, from the circumstance of his having been seen with Oriana on the evening of her departure, that she was far from indifferent to him; that he hoped the young lady's absence was both temporary and voluntary; and that she would, by a speedy return, clear up the mist which at present surrounded this unhappy business; for he trusted that no man could be found sufficiently base

to secrete his daughter, for the purpose of sacrificing a prince who was incapable of giving offence to any; and whose august father, he was well persuaded, as he could not be ignorant of his virtues, and had hitherto idolized him, would by no means have been induced to abandon a beloved son, without such proofs of his guilt as nothing but the most diabolical falsehood, and the most mysterious artifice, could possibly lay before the Sultan; the manner and drift of which he confessed himself, from his extreme youth and inexperience, utterly unable to penetrate.

Having thus far proceeded, he lifted up his scymitar, and declared he would take upon himself to forbid the progress of a business so fatal to the injured prince; and that on the instant any person should dare to proclaim him an outlaw, he would sever his head from his shoulders: adding, at the same time, that if it were possible for his brother to be guilty of the heinous crime which was alledged against him, and which he again repeated nothing could induce him to believe, he would, in despite of himself—so great an aggravation should he then deem the apparent innocence from which he derived his present confidence—be the first to enforce that punishment which he would now willingly lose his own life or prevent.

Awed by the denunciations of Kafrac, and still more by the shouting multitude, who seemed unanimous in their applauses of his spirited and disinterested conduct, the procession returned back to the palace; and Kafrac, accompanied by a vast concourse of people, retired to the plains of Naxaros, about two miles distant from the metropolis: and having declared his intention of espousing by force the cause of his brother, an army of eighty thousand men was in a few hours raised, determined to stand or fall with their intrepid leader.

While Kafrac was employed in marshalling those who had enlisted under his banners, Irad was by no means inactive: he prepared with the utmost expedition a select number of desperate adherents, whom he assembled the next morning in the grand square of the metropolis; and intimated to the populace, that the pretended defection of Kafrac was merely a feint of the Sultan's, to colour that approbation of the iniquitous conduct of Nytram, which—notwithstanding his violent declarations—he was only prevented from avowing by his well-found-

ed fears of the resentment of a brave and a generous nation; who wanted not to be informed, that the party so deeply injured had ever been the advocate of freedom, and the steady and unshaken friend of the people.

The mildness of Habenafer's reign, in which a fatal though well-meant relaxation of the laws, produced that contempt for the legislative authority, which inevitably tends to degenerate liberty into licentiousness, had served only to render indolent and dissatisfied the dissipated and voluptuous Paramanians: even the lower orders of this depraved people indulged in every luxury, regardless of the means of it's attainment; and the general tenor of their lives was marked by debauchery and disorder. With minds thus habituated to vice, and dead to every noble, every generous sensation; eager in the pursuit of each sordid gratification, they listened not to the calls of reason, of honour, or humanity.

The absurd insinuation of Irad, far from being too gross for the deluded multitude, appeared to them a striking and additional proof of that superior penetration for which they had been accustomed to admire him: and when he signified his intention to try the strength of his friends, and declared that the meanest soldier should partake equally with himself in the success to which they would all equally contribute, their loud and continued bursts of applause rendered it as impossible as it was unnecessary for him to proceed. His standard was immediately raised just without the city; and it was joined, in a few hours, by at least one hundred thousand of the most desperate adventurers.

Having thus, by the pretence of opposite interests, secured near two hundred thousand men, a conference was proposed by Kafrac: to which Irad, with much seeming reluctance, at length consented; and it was agreed to be held in the tent of Kafrac, on the evening of the ensuing day.

Alfaron, in the mean time, beheld, with equal astonishment and agony, the dreadful and unexpected consequences of a measure which he had adopted, on due consideration, as he thought, and certainly on the best of motives: and, fully sensible of the fallibility of human wisdom, though perfectly satisfied with the rectitude of his intentions, he could by no

means acquit himself of blame, when he considered that he had, on his own judgment alone, taken such steps as he now saw naturally enough tended to produce those melancholy effects, which threatened so violently the peace, and indeed the existence, of a great nation.

Prostrating himself, therefore, at the feet of his august sovereign, he acknowledged himself the unhappy cause of all the misery in which his country was involved; and implored the Sultan to expiate, by his death, the crime which he had unadvisedly committed.

The good old man had hardly finished his self-accusation, and informed the Sultan Habenasser where Nytram and Oriana were concealed; when, overpowered by the violent and unusual emotions of his exhausted spirits, he fainted on the floor, and was carried away to his mosque with little hope of recovery.

The Sultan immediately dispatched a messenger after Nytram, with orders for his instant return; and, hastening to the gate of the city, near which the encampment of Irad had been formed, he signified his intention to address the people, not doubting but he should be able to satisfy the father of Oriana that his suspicions were equally ill-founded and unjust.

Irak no sooner heard that Habenasser was about to appear, than he gave private instructions to one of his officers; and before the unhappy Sultan could proceed farther than—'Oriana is found—' his body was in a hundred places pierced through with a cloud of arrows, and he fell lifeless to the earth.

The troops of Irak now entered the city, and a scene of disorder ensued too shocking for description. The more opulent inhabitants were at once deprived of their property and lives; nor was age, infancy, or sex, the smallest protection from the cruelty and brutality of these rapacious miscreants: the streets were deluged with the blood of unopposing innocence; and the cries of the expiring victims reached the camp of Kafrac, and even penetrated the adamant heart of the pitiless Irak, who now endeavoured, but in vain, to arrest the hand of slaughter he had lately been so eager to raise.

The havoc and devastation ceased not, however, till the cruel spoilers, wearied in the gratification of every base desire,

were incapable of continuing their horrid ravages.

And now the hour approaching when the meeting of Irak and Kafrac was by appointment to take place; an officer was dispatched to the latter, acquainting him, that as Irak had become master of the city, it would be necessary that the intended conference should be held in the royal palace.

But Kafrac, who had in the morning intercepted the letters dispatched by Habenasser to his son Nytram, and had thus obtained a discovery of the route which his brother had taken, as well as an assurance, under the hand of the Sultan, that Oriana was then in the city, and that he was perfectly satisfied his son had been guiltless of her concealment; began now to suspect that Irak had all along deceived him in the affair of his daughter, with whose retreat he was well acquainted, and only detained her in secret for the purpose of aiding his designs, the full extent of which it was impossible even to guess.

These suspicions were greatly corroborated by the intelligence soon after received, that although the Sultan had prefaced his address to the people with an assurance of Oriana's safety, he was cut off from proceeding by the direction of Irak; who could never have given such hasty orders, had he not feared the development of a transaction which he knew would prove fatal to his interest.

Thus satisfied, he determined not to rely on the friendship of Irak, till he should receive from him, as a pledge for his sincerity, the hand of his adorable daughter.

He therefore charged a confidential friend with dispatches to Irak, whose messenger he in the mean time detained as an hostage for the immediate return of his own, informing him that he must decline the proposed conference till he was in possession of the person of Oriana, whose retirement was no longer a secret.

Convinced that he knew nothing of his daughter, for the discovery of whom every endeavour had been used; and equally at a loss to account for the words which had fallen from the deceased Sultan, whose sudden fate he had on that account ever since lamented—every corner of the palace, where he at first fully relied on finding her, having been repeatedly ransacked in vain—Irak could

only

only consider this demand as the preparatory insult of a meditated attack : and beginning, in his turn, to suspect that Kafrac was the person to whom he was indebted for the absence of his daughter, he returned for answer, that as he believed the retirement of Oriana was no secret to him, if she was not instantly delivered up, their next meeting would be on terms very different from those of amity.

The friend of Kafrac, who brought back this reply, had noticed the disordered state of the troops in the city ; and he no sooner suggested to the prince the advantage he might derive from their present situation, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers, which in a few hours would incline the balance on the other side, than it was agreed immediately to attack them.

Orders were accordingly given, and in less than an hour the troops of Kafrac had invested the city ; the gates of which, after a slight defence, were in a few minutes carried, and the carnage began among those who had so lately plied the arm of slaughter with an eagerness which now rendered them incapable of resistance.

Again the streets of the ill-fated metropolis were deluged with blood ; again the miserable inhabitants were plundered of the little property which had escaped the first ravagers, whose spoils now fell into the hands of the new invaders ; and again the cries of the expiring victims ascended to the skies.

After many ineffectual attempts to rally his routed forces, Irad was constrained to retreat into the castle ; where, as it was completely fortified, he did not yet despair of making a long and vigorous defence. But the enormities which had been committed under his direction, had rendered him the subject of universal execration ; and Kafrac, the next day, having publicly signified his abhorrence of the conduct of Irad, and intimated his resolution as well to revenge the injuries the citizens had sustained, as to restore, as much as possible, the property which had been so cruelly wrested from them, he was joined by almost every remaining inhabitant of the metropolis who was capable of bearing arms.

With this innumerable host, Kafrac, who had given orders that Irad should if possible be taken alive, that he might be delivered up to the resentment of the injured citizens—though, in reality, he

only sought a private conference, for the purpose of obtaining, under assurances of lenity, the necessary intelligence respecting Oriana—in a few hours forced the castle, putting every soul that opposed to the sword. But Irad, on the first breach being made, determined to escape the fate which he was apprehensive awaited him, retired to an inner apartment, and plunging a dagger in his breast, breathed out his impious soul in imprecations of horror, defiance, and despair.

Though disappointed in the full attainment of his wishes, the passion of Kafrac was by no means of such a nature as to be incapable of gratification from any other object than her whom he chiefly desired ; and he soon consoled himself for the loss of Oriana, with the reflection that he had a whole nation at his will, and might chuse where he pleased, without dread of any material opposition in his pursuits. For though, when the crown of Paramania was offered him by the unanimous voice of the people, he had refused to accept it till proclamation had been three days made for the return of Nytram ; he was perfectly satisfied, from the measures he had taken, that if the prince should indeed ever arrive in the metropolis, it could not be till long after the expiration of that time ; when his own apparent reluctance to supplant his elder brother, would so far operate in his favour, as to leave him little to fear from such a rival, who might even then be easily cut off.

Accordingly, he was on the fourth day proclaimed Sultan of Paramania ; and began his reign with great appearance of equity, by directing an estimation to be made of the full value of the present property in the metropolis, of which he immediately took possession ; and, comparing it with the best account that could be procured of the amount of each citizen's effects previous to the ravages which had taken place when the forces of Irad entered the city, he equalized the loss which had been sustained with the utmost accuracy ; preserving, however, a competent portion for his own use, which in a transaction of such magnitude it was not easy to discover.

Having thus cheaply obtained popularity, he turned his attention to every circumstance which in like manner enabled

bled him to gratify at once his avarice and ambition, and soon became the idol of a people whose destruction he was imperceptibly effecting. The consideration of his vices, atrocious as they manifestly were, was lost in the ostentation of public virtue: they were esteemed only as the indiscretions of youth; and the multitude, from congenial sentiments, made no scruple to avow their approbation of crimes which they decreed trivial, and to applaud the shameless manner in which these offences were committed, with the praise that is due to sincerity.

Deluded, inconsiderate men! how fatally were ye deceived! Is it not written on the sacred tablet of Nofar, that—  
‘A VIRTUOUS SOVEREIGN IS THE  
‘FIRST BLESSING OF HIS PEOPLE?’

Alfaron, though by no means recovered from his indisposition, had prepared to quit the metropolis with his lovely charge, the moment he was informed of the death of the Sultan; and having procured disguises for himself and Oriana, while the attention of the whole city was engaged in the attack of the castle, escaped unperceived at a different part of the town; and, after a variety of fatigues, which the particular interference of Providence could have alone enabled them to bear, they arrived in fourteen days at the habitation of the sage Elbrahoud.

Nytram was equally surprized and rejoiced to see his reverend tutor: but when he discovered that the seeming youth who accompanied him was his divine Oriana—‘It is enough,’ he cried, ‘all-gracious Alla! I again behold the purest and most amiable of thy creatures! and if her love for me remains undiminished, well am I recompensed for the loss of empire—the vain pageantry of care!’

In this retreat they continued for some months, the loves of Nytram and Oriana every day increasing: and Alfaron, by degrees, acquainted them with the particulars of the unhappy fates of their respective parents; and, by degrees, he taught them to moderate the grief occasioned by these melancholy events. Nor did he by any means endeavour to discourage their mutual attachment: since the death of the Sultan he had considered Nytram as his sovereign, and of consequence fully at liberty to follow every virtuous inclination. It was his

duty to Habehasser, and not any demerit in the object of the prince's affection, which had influenced his former conduct.

Nytram having one day strayed with Alfaron and his amiable Oriana, to the valley of Aurang-zend, he related to them his very extraordinary vision in that delightful spot, and the equally extraordinary circumstances which followed on his awaking.

‘After these alarming events,’ said the prince, ‘I pursued my journey with additional caution; indeed, till then, I can hardly be said to have used any, being wholly free from apprehension of danger. I now, however, travelled with my scymitar drawn, and carefully explored every thicket I entered, as well to be prepared against the attacks of ferocious animals, as to protect myself from the sudden assault of any desperate adventurers in the human shape, whom I feared might prove equally dangerous. In this way I had proceeded only about two hours; when, on entering the confines of the forest, my ears were invaded with the most dreadful shrieks, and in a moment I beheld an unarmed man but a few paces distant, pursued by a tiger of most enormous size: the fierce beast had now nearly secured his prey; when, with a few strokes of my scymitar, I redeemed the trembling wretch, by laying his fearful assailant extended at my feet. The man, unable to speak his gratitude, fell senseless to the earth; and when, with much difficulty, I at length revived him, he could not be prevailed on to look up, but with his eyes fixed on the ground intreated me to take away the unworthy life I had saved. Surprized at so strange a request from a person I had never before seen, and whose attachment to life had but a few minutes before seemed remarkably strong, I earnestly requested an explanation; and at length drew from him a confession, that he had been employed by my brother Kafferac—who had seized and murdered the bearer of some dispatches from my father—to follow and assassinate me: that he had, to save his own life, undertaken the horrid business; and discovering me asleep near the fountain of Abumazar, had lifted up his hand to plunge the dagger in my heart, when he was happily prevented from executing the detestable design, by my suddenly



denly starting, and laying my hand on my sword; which so terrified him, that he dropped the poniard, and fled precipitately to the place where I had found him. "And now," said he, "generous prince, if you still refuse to take the life of him who had so basely purposed the destruction of your own, it shall at least be dedicated to your future safety. But my gratitude shall not be confined to words: Alla preserve thee, gracious prince! When my presence will be useful, you may expect me at the dwelling of Elbrahoud, the destined place of your retreat." Saying this, he bathed my feet with his tears, and fled with the utmost celerity; nor have I since beheld him.

The gentle breath of Oriana was sensibly touched at the relation of dangers so alarming; and often did her beauteous eyes resemble the snowy cup of the lily full charged with the dew of the morning, and as often did the tender glances of her bosom's lord, the bright fun of her felicity, exhale the precious drops!

The good Alfaron, too, severely felt every peril in which his pupil had been involved; and though his feeling heart disdained not the sympathetic tear, his attention was chiefly occupied in tracing the mysterious designs of Providence in what had passed, and in reflecting on the probable future. He praised their commendable resignation to the will of the Omniscient Alla; he blessed them; and they all joined in prayer to the Eternal Disposer of Events; thankful for the safety they had hitherto enjoyed in the midst of danger, and submissive to the lot which awaited them.

While they were thus piously engaged, on a sudden they beheld at a distance a troop of armed men, who appeared evidently making towards them with an expedition which would have rendered ineffectual every endeavour to retreat. Nytram, however, drew his scymitar, and intrepidly awaited their approach; determined to protect lives that were so dear to him with a zeal which should equal his regards. But what was his surprize! what his transport! when, as they drew near, he found they were preceded by the very person whose life he had formerly preserved; and who now, with his whole retinue, fell prostrate at his feet, and saluted him—"August Sultan of Paramania!"

The prince gently raised him from

the earth; and desiring him to explain what at present appeared so mysterious, the officer proceeded to relate, in few words—that, on his return to Kafrac, who was then on the throne of Paramania, and assuring him that he had slain his brother, he was loaded with gifts, and promoted to a very considerable post in the army—that Kafrac, however, fearful lest he should some time reveal the horrid secret, soon laid a plan for his assassination, which he was fortunate enough to discover and elude—that the vices of the prince had become every day more atrocious; rapine, violation, and murder, being equally the objects of his least pleasure or resentment—that his nobles, sanctioned by such authority, gave a loose to every vicious inclination; and their dependants again following the example of their superiors, the greatest enormities were each moment committed, and scarcely a single family of repute escaped the dreadful consequences of unbounded lust, cruelty, or avarice—that, wearied at length, the citizens began to awaken from their delusion; and Kafrac having violated the daughter of their chief magistrate, and massacred the whole family on the father's expressing his resentment of the injury, they rose as one man, and while he was on his way to the hall of justice, for the purpose of exercising that authority which he had so basely perverted, he was seized by the enraged multitude, and torn to pieces so effectually, in a few minutes, that not the smallest atom could be traced—that, in the midst of this disorder, he had taken an opportunity to address the people, informing them that Prince Nytram was yet alive, and that he was acquainted with the place of his retreat—that they had unanimously expressed their wish for the offspring of the good Habenasser to reign over them; ascribing all their calamities to the ill-treatment of that virtuous monarch, and the neglect of his equally virtuous son—and that they would highly reward the happy person who should restore the prince of their affections to his wretched and ungrateful country; which hoped, under his auspices, again to recover that splendor which their vices and indiscretion had so fatally sullied.

Having finished his relation, a messenger was dispatched to Elbrahoud, that he might receive that share of the general felicity to which he was by his virtues, as well as his friendship, so fully entitled;

titled; and they immediately set out for the metropolis, where they soon arrived, without any material occurrence. They were received with the loudest acclamations of universal joy—the unexpected felicity of finding at the same time the good old Alfaron, and the amiable Oriana, both of whom they had long since concluded as lost, considerably heightened their transports—and the mingled tears of joy and contrition rolled plentiful from the eyes of the enraptured Patramanians; who, as they never again for-

got what they owed to Heaven for the blessing of a virtuous prince, nor ceased to remember the dreadful consequences which attend the reign of a vicious one, so they never again experienced those calamities with which the justice of Alla seldom fails to visit nations, who are unmindful that such earthly rulers as most piously adhere to the sacred laws and injunctions of their Heavenly one, must be best calculated to govern a virtuous and a happy people.

## BLANDFORD AND SOPHIA.

BY MR. MURDOCH.

**V**IRTUE and discretion, while they require that young persons should maintain a strict guard against the dangerous influence of the passions, impose obligations equally strong, equally sacred, upon parents.

So says M. D'Arnaud, one of the most distinguished novelists that France ever produced, or England stooped to imitate.

Certain it is, indeed, that if children, borne away by sensibility, at a period of life when the voice of Nature is yet too strong to resist that of Reason, are too apt to sacrifice every thing to Love; parents, on the other hand, forgetful how irresistible their own emotions, their own desires, had been, when they were themselves in the hey-day of youth, are not less prone to sacrifice every thing to Prudence; or at least to what, by the morose frigidity of age, is considered as such, destructive as it is of that very happiness which it is the object of *real* prudence to promote and to establish.

From an excess of sensibility in the bosom of an inexperienced girl, more, it must be confessed, than from an abuse of parental authority, never perhaps was the peace of a worthy family more suddenly, more unexpectedly, or more irretrievably ruined, than that to which the lovely heroine of these pages belonged.—Hapless Sophia Rusport!—Even now, hardly can we help shedding a tear to thy memory, while with the pen of truth we are endeavouring to record thy sufferings, to palliate thy errors, and to do justice to thy virtues.

Sophia had not quite reached her nineteenth year, when she was first brought to London by her father, Sir George Rusport; and when, of course, she was permitted to view a few of the fashionable scenes of a *town life*—scenes of which she had before formed no conception beyond what might be derived from a perusal of such plays or novels as had been procured for her by stealth from the circulating library of an humble village.

The old gentleman, disappointed in his views at court when a youth, had not till this period faced the smoke of the capital since the coronation.

The whole of this interval in his life—if in life it can be called an interval—he had passed in a state of philosophic repose upon his estate in Hampshire: nor would he have consented, even now perhaps, to visit London again, had it not been to oblige a wife, to whom he could hardly deny any request; to gratify the wish of a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years; and to procure for an only son that preferment at St. James's to which formerly he had aspired in vain for himself.

It was not till the very eve of their return into the country, that Sophia, in an evil hour, first met Captain Blandford, and beheld the only man on earth whom she had yet thought it possible to love.

Blandford was, indeed, one of the most engaging of all the youth that graced the circles of gaiety and fashion. But, alas!—say, ye fair, for thousands of you

you knew him, and thousands and thousands of you may see his likeness again—say, was he not also one of the most dissipated, one of the most abandoned?

It was at one of Lady Charlotte Winmore's routes that Sophia met him; and the captain, charmed in his turn with the blooming graces of our artless heroine, who was indeed by much the finest woman in the rooms, was indefatigable in paying her every attention which the laws of mere politeness might seem to justify to others; while to herself, with eyes which both by nature and art had been well instructed how to speak to the female heart, he tenderly vowed the ardour of an infant flame, and expressed whole volumes of a love too powerful already, it would seem, for tongue to utter, for pen to describe, or for pencil to delineate.

All this, and much more, said the insidious eyes of Blandford to a simple but susceptible girl; who, reared in the bosom of innocence, hardly knew what insidiousness meant.

On the above occasion, neither Sir George nor his lady were present. Relying on the discretion of Lady Winmore, who was a distant relation of the family, and ignorant of the modern refinements in gallantry, as practised by adepts in the art of making love like the all-seductive Blandford, they felt no scruple in entrusting Sophia for the night, especially as it was to be her last in London, under the friendly roof of Lady Charlotte; with no protector under that roof but her brother, who was as much a stranger to the modish ways of the town as herself.

For that time, however, Sophia escaped unhurt by the seductions of Blandford, otherwise than with the loss of her heart; in which, however, as she experienced when too late, was involved the loss also of that tranquillity of mind, that sprightliness of temper, which in the dear romantic shades that surrounded the sequestered mansion of her father, had been through life a source of uninterrupted felicity to herself, and of triumph, as well as felicity, to her venerable, doating parents.

Thus it was that Sophia, on her return to Rusport Park, became a prey to her tenderness for a man whom she blushed to think she had never seen but once; and whom, at the same time, she dreaded to think she never should see again.

Distraction attended the very idea of her situation. In whatever light she viewed it, nothing appeared to her disordered imagination but a gloomy scene of horror, accompanied with all the agonies of despair that can flow from disappointed love; a love which, imbibed as it had been by her at the very first sight of the adored object, and now cherished till it had obtained an influence that baffled every controul of reason, she could not, without violating those sentiments of inborn delicacy and dignified pride that form the glory of the female character, reveal even to the dear authors of her existence. Hopeless as her passion was, far from being capable of disclosing it to another, worlds would Sophia have given to banish the knowledge of it from herself.

In this cruel condition, she now exhibited daily in her fair, but fading form, a living image of hopeless sorrow; that sorrow which has been so emphatically described as preying 'like a worm i' th' 'bud,' on the cheek of love-lorn beauty.

Sir George and Lady Rusport had for some time been assiduous in contriving for their daughter every amusement which might tend to dispel that melancholy, under whose baleful influence they now so evidently beheld her pining, though unconscious of the cause.

One evening, about two months after their return from London, in walking homeward about dusk from the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where they had been on a familiar visit, their ears were suddenly assailed with the groans of a man seemingly in the agonies of death. Sophia, imagining that in those groans she recollected a voice which indeed there was too much cause for her to remember, attended her father and mother with anxious steps till they reached the spot whence they seemed to issue; and, when there, with the little light that remained, they perceived a young gentleman bound to a tree, wounded in several parts of his body, and apparently ready to perish by the loss of blood.

At the dreadful sight, Sophia felt the little colour she had left forsake her cheeks; and, stepping close up to the bleeding traveller, with a shriek, and the exclamation of—'O my foreboding heart!—'tis he!—'tis Blandford!—'Captain Blandford!'—she swooned away in the arms of her mother.

To the astonished parents here was  
now

now a scene of mystery upon mystery, of calamity upon calamity. This, however, was no time to think of requiring an explanation; and, before they bestowed another thought on giving relief to the stranger, their grand solicitude was to restore life to their daughter.

Hardly had Sophia began again to open her languid eyes, when one of Sir George's servants accidentally reached the spot: with his assistance, the gentleman was immediately untied, and his wounds were for the present bound up. He was then, though with infinite difficulty, conveyed into a carriage, which moved on slowly; while Sir George and his lady, with Sophia leaning upon them with each arm, and ready at every step to faint again, proceeded gradually after it on foot.

The very minute they had in this solemn manner reached home, Sir George dispatched a special messenger for a surgeon, while the good lady accompanied Sophia to her chamber. Indeed, the wounds of Sophia, more fatal than those which the capt in had received in his journey, were far beyond the skill of either a surgeon or a physician to heal. Happily she found, for that night at least, a relief from within herself. The source of her tears, on the score of her attachment to Blandford, was not yet dried up: to those tears, long as they had been involuntarily suppressed, she now gave a free loose on the bosom of an affectionate mother; who no sooner knew the real cause of her Sophia's sorrows, than she soothed them with a sympathetic return of tear for tear, and a cordial assurance that, from her representation of the matter to Sir George, *all should be well*.

Lulled thus to repose with hopes which Heaven, in it's infinite though incomprehensible wisdom, had ordained never to be realized, Sophia arose in the morning with a cheerfulness and an alacrity to which for a considerable time before she had been a stranger.

Impatient to know in what manner the captain had been disposed of, how he had rested, and what degree of danger there was in his wounds, she now obtained leave to accompany her father and mother to his apartment; there to console with him on the accident that had befallen him; to enquire into the cause of it; and to congratulate him on the singular circumstance by which, arriving so providentially to his relief, they had

been the happy means of conducting him alive to Ruisport Park.

To this profusion of hospitable kindness, so affectionately expressed by the old baronet, and so sympathetically echoed by the good lady and her daughter, Blandford made every return which might be expected to flow from a heart suddenly and irresistibly overpowered with a sense of unbounded gratitude; and the eyes of the too-susceptible Sophia glistered again with joy, when she heard from the captain's own lips that his wounds were by no means so alarming as had been apprehended—that he was free from every feverish symptom in consequence of them—that, if he experienced any inconvenience at all, it was merely a little weakness through the loss of blood which he had sustained on the road, in vainly contending with a body of desperate ruffians.

Here sinking back on his pillow, he paused, and declared his strength too much exhausted to utter more at that interview; but added, that when his spirits were somewhat more composed, he would, with the approbation of Miss—extending forth his arm towards Sophia—explain why it was that he had on the present occasion visited Hampshire; why, of all the gentlemen in the county, it was his first object to wait on the worthy Sir George Ruisport; and why, *without his friendship*, he would wish to die of his wounds that minute, rather than, by surviving them, linger on a life of pain.

Sir George, without the information of Lady Ruisport, was at no loss now to trace to their true source all the sorrows of his daughter; and great was his displeasure at Sophia for *daring*, as he termed it, to bestow her affections on a man of whom he knew nothing; a man, too, of whose fortune, family, and character, she seemed herself to be totally ignorant.

But all the sober objections of a paternal distrust weighed not at that moment a feather with Sophia. With a heart ready to burst, however, at the frowns of a father whom she had never known to frown on her before, she ingenuously told him where it was that she had first seen the captain; who, she added, could not be otherwise than a man of *fortune* from his figure; of *family*, from his manners; and of *character*, from the very circumstance of his being one of her cousin Winmore's visitors.

The old gentleman, however—to use the

the language of logicians—was by no means disposed to draw such conclusions from such premises; and, as the evil genius of the captain would have it, Lady Winmore herself, a few days after, arrived at Rusport Park on a visit; previous to which, Blandford, perfectly recovered from his wounds, had revealed to Sir George what he called the *secret* of his love; and even so far gained upon the esteem of the old gentleman, as to obtain a tacit consent to his union with Sophia.

The deluded girl now thought herself at the very pinnacle of happiness: but how suddenly did all her dreams of joy vanish, by the unexpected, yet wished-for appearance, of her ladyship!

Sir George, naturally anxious to know somewhat more of his proposed son-in-law, than could be learned from his own lips, or from the lips of a love-entangled girl, took the earliest opportunity to question her ladyship about him; when, to his infinite astonishment, as well as sorrow, he obtained a description which exhibited the very reverse of what he had been taught to expect in the engaging, the all-accomplished, or *seemingly* all-accomplished, Blandford.

From the irresistible testimony of Lady Winmore, it now appeared—that the captain, though beyond dispute a youth of *family*, and as such often promiscuously admitted under her roof, had already survived the last shilling of his *fortune*; and that, as for *character*, the little that remained to him on that score, might best be known by enquiring at a brothel or a gaming-house.

In this account of Blandford, harshly as it might sound, there was, alas! too much truth; and, accordingly, the next morning, after a night of sleepless perturbation, Sir George—having already handed Lady Winmore to her chariot, thanked her for her visit, and doubly thanked her for her information—repaired to the captain's apartment, and without much circumlocution intimated to him, that from that hour his company at Rusport Park would be dispensed with.

Blandford was thunder-struck. From a moment's recollection, however, he was at no loss to guess that Lady Winmore was the cause of his experiencing this uncourtly treatment; and all the sentiments of regard which might before have glanced across his bosom for the

devoted Sophia, yielded now to those of revenge—an infernal *desire*, at least, of revenge—upon her family.

To gratify that desire, he had another incentive, more powerful than might be supposed to actuate the breast of such a man, merely from a sense of injured honour; the incentive, indeed, which had been the sole cause of his *love-pretended* visit to Hampshire—that of possessing himself of a fortune amounting to ten thousand pounds; which, by the will of a deceased aunt, he knew that Sophia *unhappily*—yes, be it repeated, *unhappily*—had at command on the day of her marriage.

Though dismissed from the presence of Sir George, he thought it needless to dismiss himself from the vicinity of his hospitable walls, or to give up the pursuit of his daughter, and of his daughter's fortune.

Adventurers, like Blandford, are never out of their way, especially when they have a *coup de main* to execute. The heart of the tender Sophia he knew to be implicitly at his devotion; and accordingly, stooping to conceal himself disguised in an obscure hovel in the neighbourhood, he contrived still, day after day, to see and to converse with the fond, the foolish victim, of his unmanly wiles.

It would be superfluous to relate all that passed at these stolen interviews—to relate what of course may be supposed—that, at all of them, Blandford gave a loose to the ruling propensity of his nature, dissimulation: Sophia, to that credulity which, particularly when it influences the female bosom, is sure to be dissimulation's prey.

Suffice it to observe, then, that they terminated in his obtaining the consent of Sophia to take a trip with him to the land of Caledonia—a land in which, whatever other restraints or oppressions may exist, Hymen, turning his back upon England, the boasted region of *political* liberty, laughs at senators, and all the laws that senators can enact against him.

Be this as it may, hardly had Blandford and Sophia reached the confines of Scotland, when they were welcomed by an unhallowed wretch, in a garb *resembling* that of a priest, who—with less formality, it must be confessed, than the Archbishop of Canterbury, but not with less effect than if his Grace had himself administered

administered it—pronounced over them a ceremony of marriage; pronounced, in one minute, the ruin of Sophia.

Blandford had now obtained all he wanted—the possession of one of the most amiable young women in the kingdom; a possession, however, which, in his depraved mind, was of no farther value than as it afforded him the means of possessing also an independent fortune.

Revelling already in anticipation upon the joys that were to flow from his basely-acquired riches, he thought, and thought too truly, that from that hour he might laugh to scorn the weeping parents of his bride; his hapless bride, whose only wish now was to see again the loved authors of her being, to effect a reconciliation with them, and to obtain from them that benediction which, without having perhaps absolutely in the sight of Heaven forfeited, she was at length conscious her conduct had not merited.

Though not permitted even to write to her father, she yet felt a pleasure in indulging the idea, that she was still dear to a husband, for whose sake she had ventured to sacrifice every object that was dear to herself.

But, alas! happiness and Sophia had at length parted, never to meet again in this world. 'Three weeks,' as the poet says, 'three little weeks, with wings of down,' had hardly flown over them, when Blandford, finding the mask of hypocrisy no longer necessary, began to exhibit his character in its true colours, the colours of infamy.

Leaving the forlorn Sophia to mourn at home, he now returned to his old haunts, the brothel and the gaming-house. There he consumed his days; and there—surrounded with miscreants like himself—there were his nights consumed also.

In this manner, soon was the fortune of Sophia dissipated; for what are ten thousand pounds—what are the estates of a Bedford, of an Orleans—when they fall into the hands of a man who has no pride but in associating with sharpers, no pleasure but while rioting in the arms of prostitution?

With the last hundred that remained, the air of London beginning to disagree with his feelings, if not with his constitution, he withdrew, about nine months

ago, to France, with one of the most abandoned of his female favourites; and, as it is but just that punishment should tread close upon the heels of such aggravated guilt, in France he was doomed to lose his life; not, indeed, by the immediate hand of justice, but by the immediate hand of an incensed brother, the brother of Sophia, who had been for some time on his travels, but who knew too well what his beloved sister had suffered from the scoundrel she had clandestinely made her husband.

They met at Bourdeaux; and at Bourdeaux, not many weeks ago, they fought and bled. The wounds of the husband of Sophia were fatal; not so those of her gallant brother. His cause was a glorious one; and Heaven gave a sanction to it, by enabling him, with his manly sword, to rid the world of one of its chief monsters in the form of a Blandford.

During these transactions, the father had found out the retreat of his deserted, his ruined daughter; who, despairing of obtaining forgiveness from him, had long ceased to think of soliciting it. In poverty and in wretchedness did he find her. Lost to herself; lost for ever, too, as she thought, to the world; Sophia had been for some time hastening to her grave, and even wishing for the hour in which she might procure an asylum in it from all her woes.

When Sir George, with more precipitation, perhaps, than prudence, opened the door of her gloomy apartment, Sophia, overpowered with surprise, overpowered also with a too sudden recollection of *what she had been*, a too sudden impression of *what she was*, flew in a state of convulsive agony to his arms; and, with hardly-articulated blessings on her father, mother, and brother—blessings even on the departed villain who had been her destroyer—she breathed her last on his aged bosom.

Ye heedless fair! who may peruse this little narrative, bear in remembrance the fate of Sophia; and, while ye breathe a sigh to her memory, learn to avoid her indiscretions; those lamentable indiscretions, by which, having rendered herself the dupe of an accomplished scoundrel, she died a martyr to indiscretion, and to ill required love!

THE  
HISTORY OF AMELIA HARLEY.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY HERSELF.

BY THE REV. MR. MAVOR.

**I** Was the only daughter, and sole delight, of the vicar of a small village in Oxfordshire, whose income was barely sufficient to support his family and the dignity of his profession; and which was yet considerably reduced by a benevolent disposition, and unbounded charity; qualities which, however commendable in the pluralist, and opulent, in him bordered on want of consideration. Under my father's tuition, I spent my early years in imbibing every wholesome precept, and cultivating every amiable virtue. I applied myself to literary pursuits with sincere pleasure, and unwearied assiduity; and, before I was fourteen years of age, was mistress of every useful and elegant accomplishment that learning can confer on female genius. Nor did my dear mother neglect to accompany my father's instructions with a necessary insight into every branch of domestic oeconomy. I could use the needle and the pen with equal applause; though, to confess the truth, I regarded the drudgery of household employ as derogatory to my genius, and far beneath the notice of one who was conscious of her own superior acquirements.

Happy days! Could I arrest the hand of Time, and recal your past delights!

My parents now thought it necessary to compleat the list of my accomplishments, by sending me to learn to dance. To a dancing-school I was accordingly sent, once a week, at our nearest market town; and as music, of which, under my mother's care, I had already become a competent mistress, has a near affinity with dancing, I soon made a rapid progress in that art which fashion has deemed necessary to confer grace, and to excite admiration; and was complimented by my master, and by every one whom curiosity brought to see our performances, as the gentlest figure, and the best dancer, among my companions.

This heart, which has since felt so many throbs of anguish, used, I can well remember, to exult with joy, at the welcome breath of adulation, and to believe that every tongue must be sincere in praising those accomplishments; which a vanity, natural to our sex, taught me to

think myself possessed of in an eminent degree.

Among those who frequented our weekly assembly, was the young and elegant Sir William Blandish, whose father, having lately died, had left him, at the age of twenty, sole manager of his own affairs. This gentleman sat whole hours looking earnestly at me while I was dancing; and I frequently observed him discoursing with my master, apparently in my favour, as his eyes constantly endeavoured to meet mine on those occasions. At length, he one day ventured to solicit my hand as a partner, and complimented me on the great taste I always displayed in the choice of my dances, as well as the elegant precision with which I performed them.

My little heart fluttered with fear and pleasure at his evident partiality; while my companions, who were most of them older than myself, were incapable of concealing the envy of their dispositions, which they failed not to signify by the most malicious sneers, and affected whispers to each other.

During the dance, Sir William tried every method that art, and an acquaintance with the world, which he had already acquired, could invent, to engage my attention and approbation. His praises of my person were oblique, and by comparison. He was too well practised in deceit, not to know, that direct flattery would shock the simplicity of innocence, and of course defeat his intentions.

Though I always walked home with my father's servant, who was sent on purpose to attend me, Sir William begged that he might have the pleasure of waiting on me home himself; as he was desirous of communicating something of importance to my father, and intended, in consideration of the universal esteem in which he was held, and his exemplary piety, to present him to a benefice which every day was expected to become vacant by the death of the incumbent. I thanked him very cordially for his benevolent intentions respecting my father, but requested he would take some other opportunity of seeing him. In the most humble and persuasive manner, he re-

peated his request to be permitted to accompany me: a blush of the deepest scarlet diffused itself over my face; and, as he was no stranger to the language of the countenance, he immediately seized my hand, and pressing it in the most respectful manner to his lips, placed it under his arm; and from the time of our setting out, till we reached the vicarage, I hardly knew how I walked, so entirely was I overcome by fear, shame, vanity, and adulation.

My worthy father received Sir William with a civility which is better felt than expressed; not the effect of form, but of sentiment: and Sir William having complimented him on his very amiable daughter, as he called me, explained the pretended motive of this intrusion, by requesting his acceptance of a neighbouring living, on the incumbent's demise.

With all the gratitude of a man who felt for his own wants, but more for those of his family, my father thanked him again and again. My mother was overcome with his goodness, and pressed him to stay, and partake of our humble meal; to which he readily assented, though his seat was at some distance, and he had neither servant nor carriage with him.

Such is the turpitude of vice, and the meanness to which it will condescend, that for the gratification of an unruly passion, by the destruction of innocence, and the murder of domestic peace, it will submit to any difficulty, and encounter all opposition.

Sir William staid late, and appeared to my father as a prodigy of virtue and regularity. When he talked of or to me, it was always with the most distant though pointed respect; yet his eyes continually wandered over me, and occasioned a confusion which I could neither prevent nor conceal.

From this period I must date my misfortunes—And here let me review the former part of my life, as a delightful vision; but hide me, gracious Heaven! from the recollection of what succeeds—Alas! it is not possible. This heart, with all its sensibility, and all its sufferings, has still proved too stubborn to break, or misfortune would long ere now have produced that happy effect, and screened me from the daily reproaches of my internal monitor!

I now began to struggle with the first impulse of a real affection. My heart was naturally susceptible of tender impressions; and the vanity of my parents

too strongly co-operated with my own, to leave me room to doubt that Sir William was become my captive. What we wish, we often rashly believe. He met me again and again at the dance; renewed every art; proceeded with unwearied assiduity and perfect caution; frequently attended me home, and established his apparent sincerity beyond the distrust of youthful innocence, and unsuspecting honour.

My parents, from their natural partiality for me, and their extreme credulity, encouraged the baronet's visits, and gave us frequent opportunities of being alone: those moments were but too well employed for his purpose. The softest expressions, and the most persuasive eloquence, were poured out with all the emphatic looks of genuine affection. I was but ill fitted, at fifteen, to combat consummate hypocrisy and deep-laid design, and confessed my heart was his before I well knew that I had one to bestow.

My parents, as well as my own regard, encouraged the deceit: they were continually talking of young men of fortune who had matched far more beneath them. The ashes of my ancestors were raked up, and some names were recorded of equal if not superior rank to that of Sir William. Besides, the education I had received might, in their opinion, well justify the sacrifice of additional fortune, to a man who did not want it. These were the delusive arguments that lulled the vigilance of parental attention, and rivetted my fatal attachment.

Sir William, when I had once confessed my affection, burst into the most extravagant raptures: he called himself the happiest of mortals; and declared, if I would condescend to be immediately his, his life and fortune should be entirely devoted to me. He then intreated me to set out with him to Scotland that very evening; exclaimed against the severity of our laws, that rendered such an expedition necessary to minors, and painted the prospect of our future bliss in such alluring colours, that I too fatally fell into the snare, and at length consented to a private elopement.

Eternal Father! forgive me that I so easily became the victim of vanity and credulity; that I proved undutiful to the most affectionate of parents, and plunged both them and myself into irreparable ruin!

That very night, Sir William's carriage waited at a small distance from my father's



father's house to receive us. I left my home at midnight, without the least idea of future remorse. Those only who are practised in the arts of seduction, can imagine the apparent fondness with which I was received; Sir William ordered the coach to drive on, and protested he should soon be the happiest of men, by his union with me; when he would endeavour to make my felicity exceed that of every other woman, as much, if possible, as my deserts.

For two days we drove with inconceivable speed; till at length he informed me we were on the borders of Scotland, and that he had previously dispatched a servant for a minister to perform the ceremony.

During our journey, he had behaved with the most affectionate respect; neither alarming me by his indifference, nor by attempting the least indecorum. Night arrived, when we drove up to an inn of mean appearance; this he told me was the principal in that village which is so well known to matrimonial adventurers.

I was seized with an universal tremor; and my agitation was so excessive, that I could with difficulty support myself. My parents, my home, and my relations, all presented themselves to my imagination; and the idea of their sufferings gave a poignancy to my distresses.

Sir William did not fail, on this occasion, to use such soothing expressions, as might best allay the tumult of my spirits; but in vain. The ceremony was performed while I was in this state, by a person who appeared to be a clergyman—What happened afterwards I know not: but judge my surprize and despair, when in the morning I found myself alone, and learned that I was in a remote part of Cornwall.

My youth, and apparent innocence, interested the mistress of the house in my favour; she exclaimed bitterly against my betrayer, informed me that a villain had been bribed to assume the dress of the sacred profession, and that Sir William had set out early that morning with his whole retinue. I could hear no more. I fell into strong convulsions; and, in all the distraction and despair that shame and misery could occasion, burst at intervals into unmeaning exclamation, and wild expressions.

For twelve days, I did not possess reason enough to satisfy the constant enquiries of my hosts, by informing her who I was, and from whence I came. The

utmost violence of grief, unless it totally ends our being, will however in time subside into settled despondency. By degrees I waked from my delirium, and begged to see my parents, to whose residence I was now capable of directing. In consequence of this information, the arrival of my father was in a few days announced; and, at his sight, I was again overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair.

My father, the tears gushing from his eyes, ran to embrace me; and, by every parental endearment, tried to console my affliction. He told me that Heaven would forgive me, and that he would not be more inexorable. But what was the renewed horror of my situation, when he ventured, after supposing me sufficiently recovered, to inform me that my fond, my affectionate mother, was no more! Alas! I had then too much reason to fear what was afterwards fully confirmed, that my conduct had been the fatal cause of her untimely death. I relapsed into insensibility, and loss of reason; talked with my mother as if she had been present, and solemnly conjured Sir William not to murder us all.

My distresses drew tears from every eye; and though I at times recovered some small share of reason, the sight of my father constantly plunged me into my former situation. Upwards of a month passed in misery of this kind, before I was judged capable of attending my father to our little habitation. He reminded me that I was now his only consolation; and kindly taking upon himself the whole blame of my misfortune, in permitting the addresses of a person so much our superior, endeavoured to persuade me I should yet be happy.

Good old man! thy fond and paternal blandishments rendered life tolerable; but happiness is a sensation which I can only experience beyond the grave!

For five years I superintended the small arrangements of his family, and in all that time would not behold the face of a former acquaintance. At the expiration of this period, a fit of apoplexy snatched him to a better world, to receive the reward of his virtues; and left my heart to bleed anew for its misfortunes. As I was sole executrix, I turned my little fortune into money, amounting to about 600*l.* and having placed it in the funds, I retired to a village at some distance, where I determined to seclude myself from the world, and devote

devote my future days to the service of Heaven. For though I was still in the bloom of my youth, and grief had not wholly effaced my former beauty, I religiously adhered to my resolution, of admitting no suitor, though several wished to solicit my hand; being firmly persuaded, that marriage without innocence is at best but legal prostitution, and that none can be happy under that sacred institution whose lives have not been uniformly spent in virtue, prudence, and honour. In this retirement I have lived near twenty years: books have been my only earthly consolation; and as the occurrences must be few in such a situation, their recital would of consequence prove uninteresting.

I have heard that Sir William was married some years ago to a lady of great fortune, who shortly after eloped with his footman; and that he never heard my name mentioned, without the strongest indications of sorrow and remorse.

A constitution naturally good, I feel daily giving way to the secret attacks of fate: but, as my life has been marked with misery, I can resign it without pain; and, I hope, without fear. May my fate be a warning to parents, not to be flattered by the attentions of opulence to their offspring; and to the young, the innocent, and the gay, carefully to avoid the snares of temptation, lest they equal my guilt, and incur my punishment!

### THE

## ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC EDUCATION;

### OR,

## STORY OF GEMINUS AND GEMELLUS.

BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

**G**EMINUS and Gemellus were twin-sons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion. When they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education: he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had increased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found these so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither. Unfortunately for Euphorion, he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had little or no education himself. The clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition; the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a strait between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under the private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer, to be entered at Westminster-school.

Euphorion having thus put the two

systems fairly to issue, waited the event. But every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose, and the public sunk, on the comparison, in the father's mind; for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's: wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled, he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour. Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses heels, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish. This was a sore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company; and, being the first gentleman of his family, seemed determined to keep up the title. Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and, what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given from a ball from Gemellus's bat: this brought on a severe interdiction of all further

farther fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the cause to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy; for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infesta* and in some disorder; for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush-wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned, and made no other defence, than that *they slept out of his hand, and he did not go to do it*. 'Are these your Westminster tricks, sirrah?' cried the angry father; and, aiming a blow at his skull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipped out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow, and was laid sprawling on the floor. Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs; but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room, under sentence of immediate dismissal to school. Euphorion declared he was so totally spoiled, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education: it was now too late, (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holidays-task; but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone, assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him. This was pouring oil upon flame; and the idle culprit was once

more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his brother's good-nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him; and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand, and threw it towards the author, saying—he was a shabby fellow; and, for his part, he scorned to be obliged to any body that would do a favour and then boast of it. Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences: he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased; and he would instantly set about it, and send it down, to convince him that he could do his own business without any body's help. So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected, brought down a portion of *sacred exercise* in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years; adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages that bespoke the dawning of genius.—'I am obliged to you, Sir,' said Gemellus, 'it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of.' The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him; and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round, and with a disdainful look said—'Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour.'—'I care neither for you nor your school,' answered the domestic youth; 'it is you, and not I, should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you to my father.'—'Do so,' replied Gemellus, 'and take that with you into the bargain.' This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood  
his

his ground; and, after a severe caning, was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: this he peremptorily refused to do, alleging, that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school pennyleis; and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school, the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter: observing, that the charge being made for offences out of school, he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related. This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

BROTHER GEMELLUS,

**I**F you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you, for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the ensuing holidays; if not, you must take the consequences, and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself your affectionate brother,

GEMINS.

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows.

DEAR BROTHER,

**I**Am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you which I ought to ask your pardon for. Whatever consequences may befall me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain your affectionate brother,

GEMELLUS,

This letter fixed the fate of Gemellus. Relentments are not easily dislodged from narrow minds; Euphorion had not penetration to distinguish between the characters of his children: he saw no meaness in the sly insidious manners of his home-bred favourite, nor any sparks of generous pride in the steady inflexibility of Gemellus. He little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngest spirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public school. He bitterly inveighed against his neighbour the lawyer for persuading him to such a fatal system of education; and whenever they met in company, their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings: for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his father was to excite him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus; which annuity, during his nonage, was to be received and administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of his whole fortune, this moderate incumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expences, and never failed to visit him at those periods when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no farther pains to assuage his father's resentment; but, full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connection in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had completed their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and

more

more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood; and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels; and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expence; and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent, he called upon him one morning; and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus. 'I am sorry for it,' interposed Euphorion. 'Hold, Sir,' answered the lawyer; 'interrupt me not, if you please: though Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such.' As he was speaking these words, an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall-door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprize was now little less than his servant's; and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he eagerly demanded of the lawyer who this visitor could possibly be; and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—'I am not fit to be seen,' said he, 'and cannot tell how to escape. For Heaven's sake! go and see who this visitor is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible.'

Euphorion had scarce done speaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach; and having introduced himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words—'I wait upon you,

Sir, with a request, in which I flatter myself I shall be seconded by this worthy gentleman here present. You have the honour to be father to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew: it may not become me to speak so warmly of my own son as perhaps I might with truth; but I flatter myself it will be some recommendation of him to your good opinion,

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when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus. They have now gone through school and college together; and, according to my notions of the world, such early connections, when they are well chosen, are amongst the chief advantages of a public education: but as I now purpose to send my son upon his travels, and in such a manner as I flatter myself will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intrusion, when I inform you that the object of it is to solicit your consent that Gemellus may accompany him.'

Euphorion's countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes; surprize at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly expressed; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him: he attempted to speak, but confusion choked him; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer; but the joy and triumph which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus's patron; who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's situation; and then addressing himself again to Euphorion—'I can readily understand,' said he, 'that such a proposal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promise to be to your son, would not correspond with your ideas in point of expence, nor come within the compass of that limited provision which you have thought fit to appoint for him. This is a matter of which I have no pretensions to speak: you have disposed of your fortune between your sons in the proportions you thought fit; and, it must be owned, a youth, who has had a domestic education, stands the most in need of a father's help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himself. Gemellus has talents that must secure his fortune; and if my services can assist him, they shall never be wanting: in the mean time, it is very little for me to say that my purse will furnish their joint occasions, whilst they are on their travels; and Gemellus's little fund, which is in honest and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim.'

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The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a shift, however, to hammer out some broken sentences, and, with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading his infirm state of health, and retirement from the world—He had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present; and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he referred his lordship to him, and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations—he hoped his lordship's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown out of his future good offices and protection. The noble visitor now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprise upon Euphorion which he could not parry; and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer. Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance, where genius, courage, and philanthropy, were characterized, is not to be described; it was a mixed expression of shame, conviction, and repentance: Nature had her share in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance, as it were, by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the suppressed emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached, and made an humble obeisance. Euphorion stretched forth his hand; he seized it between his, and reverently pressed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word; and the silence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus, in a low voice, that his father had consented to his request, and he had no longer cause to apprehend a separation from his friend.

The honest lawyer now could no longer repress his ecstacy; but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open arms, showered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their spirits were a little composed, Gemellus requested to see his brother: a summons was accordingly issued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contrast which this meeting exhibited, spoke in stronger terms than language can supply the decided preference of a public and liberal system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part, all was candour, openness, and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven: for his share, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret that he had been so long separated from a brother who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives, he persuaded himself, they should be twins in affection as well as in birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature; but both were specimens of the worst sort: Hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly; and Nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained. Euphorion died soon after this interview: Geminus inherited his fortune; and, upon his very first coming to London, was cajoled into a disgraceful marriage with a cast off mistress whom he became acquainted with. Duped by a profligate, and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation; and in the event became a pensioner of his brother. Gemellus, with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connection, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

THE  
STORY OF A WITTY VAGABOND.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

I Am fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks; and those who stayed, seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby cloaths.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, Sir,' cried I; 'but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show: last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted—he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane; and I to starve in St. James's Park.'

'I am sorry, Sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties,'—'O Sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three halfpence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating,

and without money to pay for a dinner.'

As I never refuse a small expence for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. 'I like this dinner, Sir,' says he, 'for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing—No meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.'

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough—'And yet, Sir,' returns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very foundations of Nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother: they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar—Calvert's butt out-tastes Champagne; and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there—if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew.' The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. 'That I will, Sir,' said he, 'and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard, while we are awake; let us

‘ have another tankard—for, ah! how charming a tankard looks when full!’

‘ You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum. I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectful a genealogy: but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch, and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain—he has his will—I have mine—and you have your’s. Now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another’s.

‘ The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen; I asked leave to quit the service; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention; and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was—[Sir, my service to you]—and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people’s discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? “ If I have not money,” said I to myself, “ to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away.” I deserted; and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

‘ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment. I sold my soldier’s cloaths, bought worse, and,

in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked a hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction; and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety—[Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health]—discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear. In short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months wages.

‘ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure: two hens were hatching in an out-house; I went and habitually took the eggs; and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of—“ Stop thief!” But this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold—I think I passed those two months at the curate’s without drinking—Come, the times are dry;



dry; and may this be my prison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months, in all my life.

Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them. I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order. They were employed in setting their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way. I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabelst I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them: I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

I love a straggling life above all things in the world: sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when—[the tankard is out]—it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenderden, and took a large room at the Greyhound; where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. *Romeo* was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; *Juliet* by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles—all excellent in our way. We had figures enough; but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served *Romeo*, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend *Mercutio*; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for *Juliet's* petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary's answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole adj-

once were enchanted with our powers; and Tenderden is a town of taste.

There is one rule by which a strolling-player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing; nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarcely leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please, in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness: that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it.

As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself. I snuffed the candles; and, let me tell you that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices; when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever! This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go in a body to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive: I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate: they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me—[Sir, your health]—and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

I found my memory exceedingly helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bade adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments; and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse; and

"and I informed my companions—matters now no longer—of the surprising change I felt within me. "Let the sick man," said I, "be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction: he may even die, if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed." I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear; and immediately all the genteel places were bespoken. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. "Gentlemen," said I, addressing our company, "I don't pretend to direct you—far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude. You have published my name in the bills, with the utmost good nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me: so, gentlemen, to shew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual." This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it—it was irresistible, it was adamant. They consented; and I went on in King Bajazet; my frowning brows, bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice: my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses—[the tankard is almost out]—of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance. In general I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach—it is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits. In short, I came off like a prodigy; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even

from a firloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person. "Upon my word," says the squire's lady, "he will make one of the finest actors in Europe: I say it; and I think I am something of a judge." Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time: we obeyed; and I was applauded even more than before.

At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenderden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors.—[Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir.]—We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero! Such is the world—little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject—something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune—but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed; if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to

to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merit; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick; and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they

expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff—the lady was solemn, and so were the rest—I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back—still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned, and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do: all my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hystERIC grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was: my fame expired. I am here; and—[the tankard is no more!]

## THE DANGER OF DECEPTION.

OR,

### LOVES OF CLORA AND LEONTINE.

SOME time since, a country gentleman of good understanding, but a little antiquated in his dress and deportment, walked into the quadrangle of a college, in one of our universities, to view the building. His uncouth garb soon drew round him several of the young students; who, as they are too apt to misplace their wit, as well as their time and money, began to banter the good old gentleman on account of his dress.

Leontine, a young student of gentler manners, who happened to be reading at one of the windows, perceived the poor old gentleman's embarrassment, and came down to his relief. He rallied his brother students most severely on the part they were acting; but in a manner, and with a grace, which bespoke the man of sense and politeness. He told them, that their behaviour was not only base, rude, and ungenerous, but mean and unmanly in the highest degree; and that he was absolutely ashamed any of his associates should be so scandalously depraved: that, if they considered themselves either as scholars or gentlemen, they should act consistently with those characters; but, if they preferred being considered as buff-

foons to the character of gentlemen, they had better change their gowns for a parti-coloured jacket. In short, his remonstrances dispersed most of these inconsiderate young men, who seemed heartily ashamed of their conduct; for virtue will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. Leontine then took the stranger by the hand, and begged that he would refresh himself with a glass of wine; intreating him not to take any bad impression of that university from the rude sample he had received. The good old gentleman, without hesitation, accepted of Leontine's invitation; and, after he was sufficiently refreshed, that youth shewed him every thing worthy of notice in the university. By the observations and reflections which Acasto made—for so it will be proper to call the old gentleman—Leontine discovered that he was a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and of a generous and cheerful disposition. What he had of the old man about him, appeared rather as a foil to set off his other excellent qualities; and, notwithstanding the great disparity in their ages, Leontine thought himself happy in such

an acquaintance. The town being at that time remarkably full, and the accommodations at the inns very indifferent, Leontine entreated Acasto to make use of his apartment, while he stayed at the university; assuring him that it would not be the slightest inconvenience, as he had the liberty of a fellow-student's room who was then absent. Little ceremony should be used between persons of sense and good-breeding; for the business of politeness is to render us agreeable, not troublesome, to each other: Acasto, therefore, after some little hesitation, handsomely accepted the offer.

When he left the university, he embraced Leontine, and gave him a strong invitation to his house, situated in a remote country: this request was soon after repeated in a letter, attended by a respectful present.

Leontine, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's visit; and was received with all the tender tokens of friendship and esteem.

At his first entrance, he was struck with the splendor and magnificence of the house, the furniture, and the attendants; and had the pleasure to find that his friend was a man of much greater consequence than he could have imagined. When Acasto had discoursed some little time with Leontine, giving him several most complacent looks, and cordial shakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter; who was, indeed, a beauty inferior to none in that country.

After dinner, they took a turn in the garden; where Leontine was surprized to see how greatly the dædal hand of nature had been improved by the assistance of art.

That every thing might wear the face of nature, all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth; the thorn, the hazel, and even the Bramble, had their places among the rest. There was a delightful and just irregularity in the trees, some of which proudly towered their tops to the clouds, while others humbly submitted to their superiors, and bowed themselves beneath the lofty branches. His statues were not placed at the extremities of the avenues, or to terminate long walks, but judiciously concealed among the trees and underwoods: and thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to hide his riches, Acasto made every thing appear more agreeable,

more elegant, and more splendid. Through trees loaded with pippins and pears, Pomona was barely discoverable; Flora had concealed herself in a large bush of roses, jessamine, and honeysuckles, surrounded by tulips, pinks, and carnations; Sylvanus appeared retired into a thicket of trees; and Diana, duly respecting her characteristic chastity, was clothed so thick with surrounding shrubs, as scarcely to be perceived; while Bacchus seemed gaily to rejoice under the luxuriant foliage of his favourite vine.

In the middle of the garden was a sort of thicket, or wilderness, of trees and shrubs; where Acasto, at the request of Clora, who was his only child, had erected a little hovel in the form of a ruined cottage. The inside was cycled with moss, and the outside over-run with a thick ivy, which afforded a safe asylum for the birds, especially those of the smaller species, who frequented this delightful spot in great numbers, and were the only inhabitants of the place, the young lady herself excepted, who spent great part of her time with them; and had, by continually feeding her sweet pensioners, taught them to hop, with the most enchanting confidence, around her. Kindness and constancy, indeed, will tame the fiercest animals; and it is perhaps owing to our cruelty that we are abandoned by many of the most innocent and agreeable companions.

While Leontine was admiring the rusticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, Clora reached an ivory flagellet, and played several short melodies; which, to Leontine's astonishment, were repeated by several bullfinches, and imitated by other birds.

It was impossible to enter this retirement without being charmed; and particularly with the divine Clora, who had the art of making every thing more agreeable. Leontine, the first moment he beheld her, was struck with admiration; which her good sense and engaging behaviour soon converted into an ardent affection. The youth, however, endeavoured to conceal his love, till he had reason to believe, from the manner in which she entertained him, and her general deportment, that her own heart was precisely in the same situation.

There are certain indelible characters in every visage, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety

nicety discover the sentiments of the heart; for, as a certain great general and politician observes, it is much easier for a man to command a large army, than the muscles of his own face. A lady of Clara's good sense, therefore, must undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusions of her lover as he had of her.

Leontine's honour, and the friendship he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances without the certainty of obtaining his consent; which he would have readily asked, but was still intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of sense is never so much at a loss for words as when he is really in love. Acasto, however, was a person of too much good sense and penetration not to perceive from his manner, and the frequent pauses in his conversation, that something of this sort was labouring in his breast; and, to relieve his perplexity, and save him the pain of a blush, the old gentleman kindly asked if any thing he possessed could make him happier; generously bidding him answer without ceremony or reserve. Leontine lost not this opportunity to unbosom himself; and the good old Acasto, without making any reply, led him by the hand to Clara. She was then in the garden; and the old gentleman saluting her, said—'My dear child, this is the only gentleman in the world to whom I am ambitious of being related; and, if you can approve of him for a husband, it will greatly add to my felicity.' Then, turning short, he left them together.

The blunt manner in which Acasto made this proposal to his daughter, though it proceeded from extreme candour and generosity, and was merely the result of his friendship and good-nature, induced Clara to entertain apprehensions that this courtship had been concerted between her father and Leontine at their last interview, and that the young gentleman's passion arose less from a consideration of her personal merit than of her abundant fortune.

She was therefore determined to satisfy her scruples in this respect, before she gave Leontine the smallest encouragement; and, though they walked together near an hour, she replied not to any of his affectionate expressions, but seemed inattentive and melancholy.

Before they quitted the garden, on his earnestly entreating to know the cause of her reserve, she fell suddenly on her knees,

and conjured him, if he had any regard for her future welfare, not to oppress her by farther solicitation: adding, that her refusal proceeded not from any objection to his person or character, but arose from a prior engagement, with which her father was unacquainted, to a young gentleman who had visited in the neighbourhood, and who was then in London.

This was the severest shock Leontine had ever felt: for a few moments he stood motionless, and was unable to make her any reply; at length, summoning all his fortitude, reinforced by every sentiment of honour and generosity, he assured her, the tears bursting from his eyes, that whatever fate might await him, his affection for her, and his friendship for her good father, would not suffer him to persist in any thing which might be capable of producing her a single moment's uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own hopeless suit, but endeavour to obtain the consent of her noble parent for the union which appeared so essential to her happiness, however destructive of his own.

From this period, Leontine grew pensive and melancholy; but he forgot not his promise to Clara. Having obtained Acasto's written consent for her union with the person she loved, he gave it her one evening in the garden; assuring her, in the most solemn manner, that he surrendered, at the same time, his eternal peace, and all that was valuable to him on earth. He then passionately embraced her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

Though Clara could not avoid remarking that he trembled excessively, and felt unaccountably cold, she resolved to take another turn in the garden, congratulating herself on the success of this ill-timed artifice: for, in reality, she was so far from being under the smallest engagement to any one, that she had at first been deeply enamoured with Leontine, and fully determined to marry him; having only adopted this expedient, as already hinted, to prove his affection. Clara enjoyed this stratagem the more, as it had served to raise him in her esteem, and effectually convinced her of his truth and fidelity. While the fair trifer was thus employed in reflecting on the excess of happiness she had thus secured, her father called to be informed what could have induced Leontine suddenly to take his horse out of the stable, with his own

hands, and abruptly ride away at that time in the evening, without so much as taking leave of him, or speaking to any other person in the family.

All the woman was now alarmed; every golden prospect of felicity instantly vanished; and the unhappy Clora's thoughts became wholly employed in contriving means to recover the forever lost Leontine. Having acknowledged to her father the whole truth of the affair, he was greatly enraged at her indiscretion, and still more affected at the loss of his esteemed friend; after whom messengers were instantly dispatched to every place in the neighbourhood where they knew he was at all acquainted, and even to the university. Their fears, in the mean time, were yet more increased by a violent tempest of the most dreadful thunder and lightning, attended with hail and rain, and which must evidently have overtaken him before he could possibly get over the adjacent plains.

The quarrel between Clora and her father had rendered a separate apartment necessary, where she remained inconsolable till the several messengers returned without any tidings of Leontine; when she was seized with strong hysterics, and confined to her bed. This alarming state brought on a reconciliation with the good old Acasto; who, seeing his beloved daughter so dangerously ill, sat by her day and night, impatiently waiting for tidings of Leontine.

They had remained in this miserable state near a fortnight, when a gentleman's servant one morning arrived, with a letter for Clora, to be delivered into her own hands. When the old gentleman saw the letter, concluding it must come from Leontine, he sprung from his chair with joy; and, snatching it from the servant, ran to his daughter, kissed her, and put it into her hand. Clora, ready to devour it with eagerness, cried out—'My Leontine! my Leontine!' and breaking open the epistle, after a short pause, in which her soul appeared labouring with something too powerful for utterance, exclaimed—'Ha! his will! his will!'—and died away.

The letter which inclosed the will was from Leontine's friend Horatio, and contained the following melancholy relation—

MADAM,

I Have the unhappiness to inform you, that Mr. Leontine, my dearest and most esteemed friend, died of a violent fever, and strong convulsions, last night at eleven o'clock; occasioned, as I apprehend, by a severe cold, which he took in the late violent tempest. He came to my house, in the night, extremely wet, and greatly indisposed. You must imagine that all possible means were used to preserve a life I so much valued. Two physicians of his acquaintance attended him. In the intervals of his delirium, he made the inclosed will, with express orders for me to open it, in the presence of the gentlemen named on the back, the day after his decease; which has been this day done, pursuant to his request; and as, after some few legacies, and bequests to charitable uses, the bulk of his fortune is left to you, it was thought most advisable to send his will.

I must not omit to mention, that he frequently called on you with great emotion; and that he was also extremely desirous to see your good father. But of this I was not apprized till about two hours before he died; and I would then have immediately sent, but the physicians assured me he could not possibly live an hour. I can only judge of your loss, and that of your father, by what I myself feel; for he was of all mankind to me the most valuable acquaintance. But let us reflect, Madam, that our friends are born to die, and that it is our duty to submit with resignation—nay, with cheerfulness—to the dispensations of Providence: to whose gracious protection I heartily recommend you; and am, Madam, your greatly afflicted friend, and servant,

HORATIO.

The unhappy Clora recovered from her swoon; but it was only to fall into a violent delirium, which in two days dismissed her afflicted spirit to follow that of Leontine.

The shock of these agonizing events hastened the period of good Acasto's days, who never experienced a moment's felicity, or ease, after receiving the sad intelligence of Leontine's death; and, in less than three months, his remains were deposited in the same tomb with those of the two lovers.

## FAMILY PICTURES;

OR,

## SKETCHES FROM DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY A LADY.

I.

## ARISTUS AND ASPASIA;

OR,

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

**I**T is frequently lamented by the advocates for matrimony, that there are very few happy couples: the few, however, who are happy, sufficiently prove that the marriage state is productive of as much felicity as human creatures can reasonably expect, when it is entered into with prudent views, and proper dispositions.

Well should the *matrimonial vows* be weigh'd;  
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in churches  
made.

If people are urged by sensual or fond motives to attach themselves to each other for life; if they only join their fortunes together, in order to make a figure in the gay world, without paying any regard to the domestic duties, or considering the hymeneal union in any other light than a political one; they will probably repent of their connections, and live to feel the emptiness of external appearance, when inward peace is wanting. There are moments in which the most thoughtless and dissipated are driven to reflection; and these moments, if they are not quite divested of sensibility, will be miserable.

Aristus, one of the best and most amiable men in the world, is happily married to a woman, who is equally amiable in her temper, and exemplary in her manners. Aspasia is possessed of the powers of pleasing a sensible man to a very eminent degree. She is not a beauty, but extremely agreeable in her person; and few women have stronger understandings. Aspasia always took more pains to cultivate her mind than to dress her head; and her husband is, therefore, never under a necessity of going from home in search of a suitable companion.

Aristus has a literary turn; and Aspasia a high relish for letters, with a very just taste. Reading, consequently, employs many of their leisure hours; and when they are engaged in the perusal of works of merit, they are never sensible of the flight of time.

Few people are so happy as Aristus and Aspasia in the marriage state; because few people reflect seriously on the rites which united them. The generality go through the forms prescribed by authority, without considering their force; and after they have, "in the most solemn manner, sworn to the observance of their engagements, think no more about them, when they have turned their backs on the altar. The binding words, which ought to make a deep impression on their hearts, die upon their lips as soon as uttered; and the approaching festivity of the honey-moon totally obliterates all moral, not to say religious, ideas.

When Aristus and Aspasia advanced to the sacred spot, and heard the conditions on which they joined their hands, they heard them with the most serious attention, and promised to perform the duties required with the most devout punctuality. The marriage ceremony did not to them appear trifling: they considered the importance of it before they made their vows; and when they had made them, would have forfeited their lives rather than have broken them.

To a number of even 'good sort of people,' according to the common phrase, matrimony is here drawn in colours rather too grave; and many will say, that I make it appear quite gloomy, because there is something in the very sound of a wedding-day which operates

like a charm on the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and tends to excite gay thoughts in the mind, and pleasing sensations in the heart. But I mean not, by dwelling on the seriousness with which the marriage ceremony ought to be performed, to banish mirth and good-humour from the first, nor to damp the pleasurable sensations of the last. The seriousness which I recommend, is the true source of nuptial delight, and naturally tends to inspire the contracted parties, however paradoxical the assertion may seem, with cheerful reflections and happy feelings: and I flatter myself, that those who have any the faintest notions of the morality of matrimony, will subscribe to what I have said in it's behalf.

Aristus and Aspasia are always studying, by a thousand refinements in their behaviour, to make each other more and more happy every day: there is ever a complacency in their countenances, which arises not from a casual and involuntary motion of the features, but is evidently expressive of heart-felt felicity. They are singular in many respects from what is generally called *the world*, and they are not ashamed to appear so. They walk about together commonly, without desiring the company of a third person to entertain them; and are consequently stared at, as a couple of odd folks, who are very particular. They chuse to be very odd: their joy is to be particular.

Sauntering together one day in the Park, they met Flirtilla, who being married to a man she horribly hated, envied every woman happier than herself in a husband. Aspasia had often seen her at the house of a lady, with whom they were both acquainted, but they did not visit. Flirtilla, as she passed Aspasia, whose hand was round the arm of the amiable Aristus, asked her what was the price of a pair of doves. The joke was too plain to be mistaken; but it was also too ridiculous to be gravely returned. Aspasia looked full at her, but made no reply. She turned directly to Aristus, and with the most winning smile convinced Flirtilla how much she gloried in her husband, and thereby mortified her more than if she had used a thousand sarcastical expressions. The severest expression is not half so mortifying as a contemptuous silence.

While Aristus is transacting his busi-

ness abroad, Aspasia employs herself at home, to make his domestic retreat more and more delightful, by scheming something for his amusement at his return, which he did not expect to find at his taking leave of her. She is certain, by thus employing herself, to make him redouble his endearments; and those endearments amply reward her for the exertion of her abilities to preserve his affections, and to increase them. Her little attentions upon these occasions always answer her expectations. She wishes, by diversifying his domestic pleasures, to render such pleasures his favourite ones; and she is never disappointed. Home is, by a constant assiduity, and ingenious talents, the place wherein the only happy hours of his life are spent. When a woman is thoroughly acquainted with her husband's inclinations, and from having a sincere regard for him makes it the employment of her life to flatter them before they are discovered to her, she will hardly ever fail, unless she is linked to a brutal wretch, who carries about him no marks of humanity except in his figure, of making herself permanently agreeable to her husband, and of strengthening his attachment to her.

Aspasia is fond of pictures, and nobody knows better when they are executed in a masterly manner. Landscapes give her the greatest delight, because they represent scenes and objects which she can look at without ever wearying her eye. Those who have a high relish for the beauties of Nature, are never tired with beholding them: they are always new, and always agreeable; by these the best copies of Nature's charms are viewed with a particular pleasure at all times. Aspasia loves the country: the painters therefore who exhibit rural views, and the manners of rural life, in the most lively colours, and with the greatest precision, are the artists whom she particularly admires. She never visits any collection of landscapes without expressing her satisfaction at the sight of those which have real merit to recommend them to her attention; and that is never attracted by indifferent pieces. Aristus hears her raptures with singular joy, when she is reviewing the animated performances of Barret, Wilson, Gainborough, and Smith; and when he has discovered what picture she prefers, approves her taste in the strongest terms.

He



He says no more at the time she is giving proofs of her discernment in virtù, but takes an opportunity, ere he quits the house, unseen by her, to order it home early the next morning, before she is stirring, that she may be surprized with the sight of it when she comes down to breakfast. His connoisseur friends compliment him on his having enriched his collection; but he assures them, that Aspasia's judgment directed him in the choice of the picture which they admire.

With the same artful address, and concealed delight, he surprizes her with every thing in the toy, porcelain, and *bijouterie* way, which her delicacy, he knows, will not suffer her to purchase for herself: it appears very soon after she has hinted that it is vastly pretty, and that she should like it extremely, either upon her cabinet or dressing-table. She starts at the sight of what she never expected to see in her own possession; and, in the exultation of her heart, cannot help breaking out into fond encomiums on the generosity of her dear Ariftus, who stands in a corner of the room unperceived, and enjoys his own praises with double pleasure, because they were not intended for his hearing.

Ariftus and Aspasia have been married ten years, and are as happy now as they were on the day which crowned their wishes. They have no children; they never had any; but they are, nevertheless, happy. If they have never known parental pleasures, neither have they felt parental cares. The felicity which they have for so many years enjoyed, by their mutual endeavours to cherish the flame which they mutually endeavoured to raise, might be weakened, if not destroyed, by untoward, undutiful children; but it cannot be increased by the most amiable offspring.

The behaviour of Ariftus and Aspasia in company, to each other, is always admired, even by those who would blush to be so unfashionable as to follow it: their behaviour makes, on every one who observes it, whether it is thought worthy of imitation or not, an impression in their

favour, because it plainly appears to be natural, and not occasionally assumed. Their politeness is so easy and unaffected, that it leaves no reason to suppose it not habitual. Ariftus is as complaisant to Aspasia as he was during his courtship; and she is quite as obliging to him as when she received his addresses. At the most elegant tea-tables in town, whatever ladies are in the room, Aspasia is the principal object of his attention: if he sees that her cup is empty, while the servant is otherwise employed, he flies to take it from her; and if the finest woman in the kingdom sat near her, in the same situation, she would only in the second place attract his notice. In this behaviour to Aspasia, in the gentlest companies, he obstinately perseveres, contrary to the common practice of the married men of the age; but he perseveres with so much propriety, that those who are most ready to ridicule such behaviour, respect him for it. Aspasia's carriage to Ariftus is, upon all occasions, equally polite, and equally respectful.

The familiarities which are authorized by matrimony, are too apt to throw down the fences raised by good-breeding against the encroachments of licentiousness, and we see too many instances, every day, of matrimonial infidelity, resulting entirely from a disregard to those soft civilities which give to social life all its agreeableness, and are particularly necessary to make the married life desirable. Ariftus and Aspasia, thoroughly convinced of the consequence of these positions, are as studious, by the most refined good manners, and a strict observance of the above-mentioned civilities, to preserve each other's affections, as they were solicitous, ten years ago, to gain them. Let those who enter into the marriage state with a desire to be happy as Ariftus and Aspasia, follow their examples: with such dispositions theirs, and by such methods as they pursue, in the management of their lives, the same happiness, allowing for different situations, may be, not unreasonably, expected.

II.  
ARATUS AND LIVIA;  
OR,  
THE UNHAPPY PAIR.

**A**RATUS would never have married Livia, if he had not been threatened by his father with disinheri- tance, in case he refused her. He ran into matrimony, therefore, to preserve himself from ruin. He saved himself, indeed, from the jaws of poverty, by marrying a woman whom he hated; he secured his patrimony by his obedience, but he lost his peace. Parents are too apt to suppose, that a rich marriage must be a happy one. It is strange that such notions should be so often entertained, even by men who in general make right reflections, when the experience of every day proves their absurdity.

If Livia was only deformed in her person, Aratus might in time, perhaps, conquer his aversion to it, or at least he may endure, though he cannot love her; but as she is, unfortunately, as crooked in her mind as in her body, she is, by her double deformity, odious to him in the highest degree. Haughty, passionate, and satirical, censorious and contradictory, Aratus enjoys not a moment's pleasure in her company from morning to night. She crosses all his designs, thwarts him in every thing; nay, even studies with a malicious ingenuity to tease him, because she knows that he married her merely from compulsion: and she discovers the more acrimony in her behaviour to him, as Amanda, whom he was obliged to desert on her account, possesses many charms both personal and intellectual; and is, indeed, an object every way as amiable as herself is disagreeable. When he does not come home exactly at the hour she expects him, she concludes that he has been with Amanda, and makes the house ring with her abusive language; for having had a very illiberal education, and being naturally vulgar, she communicates her sentiments in expressions only proper for the most plebeian mouths, and which any woman, ever so little raised above the common herd, would blush to utter; so gross, so indelicate are her ideas, and so adequate to those ideas is her diction.

Aratus has reason, every day he wakes, to wish that he had, in opposition to the

menaces of his father, followed his inclinations at the expence of his duty; so severely does he suffer for his obedience. With Amanda's small fortune he would have been happy, in all human probability; with Livia's immense riches he is certainly wretched. He lives, it is true, with more splendour now, than he could have done with Amanda; but, what is splendour without felicity? But why do I mention felicity? What an unfashionable word! Who ever thinks of being happy in the marriage state? I ought to make an apology for giving the least hint, that felicity is of more consequence than fortune!

Aukward, however, as I may appear to polite readers, I will persist in asserting, that those who marry only for the sake of making a splendid figure in the world, can never be happy; not even if they are indifferent to the persons with whom they are united, and flatter themselves that they can lead very pleasant lives unconnected with them.

As happy pairs, who love sincerely, have a thousand ways of rendering the marriage state agreeable to each other, which they never thought of before they came together; so unhappy pairs, who hate as sincerely, have innumerable methods to render it disagreeable to one another, by which, if they have any feeling, they must be affected. Nobody can hate his wife more heartily than Aratus hates Livia; but he cannot arm himself with insensibility, and pretend not to be hurt by her endeavours to make him unhappy. He avoids her as much as possible; he is seldom at home; but while he is there, her behaviour, together with his own thoughts on the misery which he brought upon himself, almost drive him to distraction. The visitations of Providence may be borne without murmuring and repining; but when sufferings are occasioned by our own follies, they gall us with double severity, and make us accuse ourselves with double vehemence.

Aratus inherits his father's estate; but he cannot enjoy it. Were I to say that he enjoys it with such a wife as Livia, nobody, after the sketch I have drawn

drawn of her, would believe me. Aratus lives suitably to his fortune; but, till Livia dies, he cannot live agreeably to his taste. Livia embitters all his moments, even those which he snatches to dedicate to his Amanda, who still loves, and with pity beholds him. Sensible that, when he was forced to leave her, he fondly doated on her, and did not leave her without doing the greatest violence to his inclination, she feels her tender heart throb for him alone; and often receives his penitential sighs upon her chaste bosom, with a melancholy delight. The scenes between Aratus and Amanda are always highly pathetic. They meet with smiles, but their conversations are too interesting to prevent their parting with tears. The moments which Aratus dedicates to his Amanda, are the only happy ones of his life; but those moments are few; and those few interrupted by his reflecting, in the midst of them, upon the shortness of their duration, and the hours of unhappiness which are to succeed them.

The extreme kindness with which Amanda always receives Aratus, gives him infinite pleasure; but the delicate tenderness of her behaviour often raises painful sensations in his breast. It makes him look on himself in a contemptible light. He calls himself to a severe account for having quitted so amiable a woman, though conscious that filial duty, and not a sordid passion, urged him to give his hand to the most unlovely being in the universe. Amanda, with gentleness, constantly rebukes him, when she hears his self-corrections; and tells him, that she knows too well the motives by which he was actuated when he married Livia, to think him answerable for them. He almost adores her for the nobleness of her sentiments; and bears the pressure of his yoke as patiently as he can, hoping one day to exchange it for a lighter.

The sight of a worthy man in such a situation as I have exhibited Aratus, naturally calls up reflections in a mind addicted to reflection, on the tyranny of parents with regard to the disposal of their children in marriage. The happiness of his child should be, one would think, the principal object of a good parent's attention; and yet we daily see men and women pretending to have nothing so much at heart as the happiness of their offspring, taking the only mea-

sures in the world to render them miserable. The observations I here introduce are, indisputably, very trite; but such observations may surely be with propriety repeated, as long as new subjects arise to extort them.

With a great share of low cunning, without a grain of good-nature, Livia, from the time she rises to the time she goes to rest, tortures her imagination to disturb the happiness of all her acquaintance in general, and to destroy her husband's felicity in particular. Against him she exerts her art of tormenting with singular satisfaction, and very ingeniously contrives to make him exquisitely wretched. Out of respect to her sex, Aratus refrains from violence, and is too well-bred to return the language which he receives. As a man, he scorns to strike her; and, as a gentleman, to use scurrilous expressions: but she is often so provoking, that he is with the greatest difficulty able to keep his passions within the limits of decorum.

Being naturally of an ill-natured disposition, Livia feels a kind of happiness in the distresses of her fellow-creatures; but if her temper was less diabolical, and more angelic, Aratus would find home no desirable place; for, setting aside her malevolence, there never was a more uncompanionable woman. Livia's intellects are extremely shallow; she has no attainments; her ignorance is excessive; and she is illiterate beyond all bearing. She has an unconquerable aversion to books; and wonders that Aratus can pore over them hour after hour, 'muddling his brains!' to borrow her own elegant phrase, which is frequently uttered.

To draw the picture of an unhappy married pair, is not an agreeable employment; but it may, perhaps, be an useful one. There are many views to be taken of matrimony, and the agreeable ones will appear to double advantage, when they are contrasted with those which are otherwise. By pointing out some of the general causes of infelicity in the marriage state, I may, I hope I shall, prompt those who are going to enter into it, to endeavour to deserve the approbation of the best part of the world.

From what I have already said, the unhappiness of Aratus with Livia is not to be doubted; but it may be placed in a still stronger light. By the jealousy of Livia,

Livia, Amanda too has many uneasy moments, as well as Aratus; and his uneasinesses are considerably increased by her's. Every pang which so amiable a woman feels on his account, stabs him to the heart. When he thinks of her sufferings, he is, indeed, completely unhappy. He almost wishes every day that Livia would put it in his power to sue for a divorce, by resenting his contemptuous treatment of her, in a manner which a great many women of spirit would practise, without any impertinent, conscientious scruples; but she is so very disagreeable in her person, that Aratus has no hopes of being dishonoured by her. When a man is driven by the behaviour of his wife to this extremity of wishing, how much is his situation to be compassionated!

Livia, from the jealousy of her temper, is always upon the rack: she never sees Aratus go out of the house but she thinks that he is going to visit Amanda; and is mean enough to bribe his servant often to watch her husband, and inform

her whenever he is with Amanda. Of all the passions which torment us poor mortals 'in this pinfold here,' jealousy is most devoutly to be dreaded; because it never leaves the breast which it inhabits. All other passions are temporary; they pain us for a while, and are often followed by pleasurable sensations:

But those who are by jealousy possessed,  
With peace of mind are never, never blest!

they live in a state of continued anxiety, and are tortured with all the pangs of avarice, without feeling any of its pleasure. Avarice has some pleasures, but jealousy feels none.

I have been insensibly drawn into the above reflections on this miserable passion, because Aratus suffers so much infelicity from it's having taken full possession of Livia's heart. Every body who knows him pities his situation; more especially, because he cannot extricate himself from it without throwing himself into greater difficulties and perplexities.

### III.

## FLORIO;

OR,

### THE AMIABLE SON.

**C**HILDREN, when they are dutiful and affectionate, are certainly blessings: I will not say that they are, when they behave so as to make their parents repent of having contributed to their existence. The joy of a happy father is not to be conveyed by words: the grief of an unhappy one is also inexpressible.

Among the number of the first is Benevolus; and no man ever deserved more to be blessed with an amiable offspring, for I never knew a more indulgent parent. Benevolus treats his son in such a manner as to make him sensible, that he is not only his father, but his friend; characters not so often united as they ought to be: and Florio, by his whole behaviour, shews that his filial affection is equal to his filial duty. Fathers like Benevolus, and sons like Florio, are seldom seen: there are luckily, however, a few scattered up and down in the world, to prevent my being charged with drawing ideal beings.

Benevolus is a widower, and has no child except Florio: he married late in life, and is now advancing to the last stage, while Florio is in his prime. The contrast between them is very striking. Few young people think seriously enough to make proper allowances for the difference of years, even among their common acquaintance; still less are they inclined to make allowances for a remarkable difference in point of age between themselves and their parents. The majority of young folks, rising into their meridian, are too apt to look upon their old relations, especially their nearest ones, as bars to their happiness; and if they do not absolutely wish them out of the way, behave as if they would not be at all sorry to be decently deprived of them. How different from his contemporaries, in this respect, is Florio! The advanced age of Benevolus, instead of diminishing his duty, or lessening his affection, animates him to give the most pleasing proofs both of the former and the latter.

Florio

Florio never thinks the time thrown away which is spent in the company of his father, because he knows that the chief happiness of that father's life arises from his filial assiduities, and endeavours to amuse him. He is of a lively disposition, loves society, and no young fellow is more happily qualified for spirited conversation, but he suffers no pleasurable party to divert him from paying due attention to his parent.

Benevolus is a man of fortune, and of a liberal disposition. Objects in distress, if they deserve to be relieved, always attract his notice. He lives, though in affluent circumstances, with great economy and frugality, that his beneficence may be more extensively exerted; and contents himself with very few of the *unnecessaries* of life, in order to enlarge the circulation of his bounties. Florio sees his father so generously employed, without the least desire to interrupt his liberalities: on the contrary, he encourages them, and studiously searches for objects proper to be compassionate. Benevolus never opens nor closes his eyes without returning thanks to Heaven for being blessed with such a son as Florio; while the latter is equally grateful to Providence for such a father as the former. Happier mortals than the one or the other I never saw; and I question whether persons enjoying a greater portion of temporal felicity can be produced.

Strangers, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Benevolus and Florio to know their characters and connections, never behold them walking or riding together, without wondering to see youth and age upon so friendly, so sociable a footing. As a young and an old man, they view them always together with evident marks of surprize; but, when they are told that the objects of that surprize are Father and Son, they stare at them with redoubled admiration, and can hardly give credit to the intelligence. How would their wonder be increased, were they to be spectators of all the *minutiae* of behaviour in their private hours! By all who are intimately acquainted with them they are beheld with a respectful satisfaction, approaching to veneration.

'What would I give,' said Infelix one day to Benevolus, 'what would I not give to be as happy in a son as you are?' Florio was with his father

when these words were uttered, and it would require a masterly hand to paint the looks of both at their delivery.

Florio, very early in life, discovered the most amiable dispositions, and an aptitude to receive the instructions of those who superintended his education. He had a very strong capacity, and gave his masters great pleasure by the quickness of his apprehension, and the docility of his temper; by his eagerness to acquire knowledge, and his ardent desire to enlarge the powers of his mind. To encourage that eagerness, and to promote that desire, Benevolus was ever ready; and as he himself was possessed of an improved understanding, and very extensive literary accomplishments, he took an infinite delight in marking the swift progress which Florio made in his intellectual exercises. He would have been highly pleased to have seen such amiable dispositions, and such a happy propensity to literature, in any youth; but to see those dispositions and that propensity in his own son, gave him a secret solid pleasure which 'beggars all description.'

As Florio grew up, he rather grew more than less addicted to letters. With his increasing years, his thirst for knowledge likewise increased: his acquisitions in learning are, at this time, amazing. But he is not only admirable for his literary acquisitions, he is equally extraordinary for his virtues as for his attainments. He had luckily an excellent pattern before his eyes in Benevolus, and by that example he was animated to a close imitation of it. After what I have said concerning Florio's capacity, taste, and temper, it is needless, I imagine, to add, that he has found very few companions of his own standing suitable to him, either in their minds or manners: I might subjoin, morals; though in this polite age the morality of a companion is considered as a thing of the least consequence. Florio was never of this opinion; the number of his associates therefore is very small: his father was early his favourite, and to this moment continues so. With his father's conversation he is always improved, as well as entertained; and Benevolus, by encouraging Florio to a free disclosure of his sentiments, is no loser. He is not one of those self-sufficient people, who, at the latter end of life, think themselves too well accomplished to receive any addition to their knowledge; he frequently

tells his friends that he feels himself wiser by conversing with his son, as well as happier by his filial regard.

What an agreeable sight is such a father and such a son; each studying, with the most refined address, to render the other happy! The sight must surely be agreeable to indifferent spectators; but it must prove doubly so to those who are in the same manner happily related.

Florio gave not long ago a more striking proof of his filial affection than any I have yet related. Though he has a strong understanding, he has also a tender heart, and is not ashamed of his sensibility. Who ever possessed such a heart, without being in love? Florio is at this instant desperately enamoured with a girl whom his father approves, and with whom he wishes him to be united. Benevolus, with his usual good-humour, joked him on his being so dilatory in his amours, and urged him to accelerate matters. Florio's answer upon the occasion was uncommon, and will do him honour as often as it is repeated.—

‘Though I love Sylvia, Sir,’ said he, ‘next to you, as much as I love my life, I will never marry her while she refuses to be mine unless I bury the son in the husband. The woman who refuses to let so good a father live with me after I am married, is unworthy my esteem.’ Benevolus embraced his son tenderly for this singular instance of his real regard for him, but was too much agitated by the most agreeable sensations to articulate the joy which they occasioned: he murmured out his happiness in broken, detached sentences; in which there was, however, as much true elegance as if he had delivered the effusions of his heart with all the graceful pomp of oratory. He thought, before this instant, that he could not possibly love Florio more than he did; but he

certainly does love him more for his spirited, dutiful, and affectionate behaviour, with respect to Sylvia. There are few fathers, indeed, who deserve such a sacrifice; there are fewer sons, I am afraid, disposed to follow Florio's example in similar circumstances.

Sylvia, piqued at the violent attachment of her lover to his father, in opposition to her desires, has, ever since she was shocked by his refusing to gratify them, taken infinite pains to weaken that attachment, and to laugh him out of his amiable prejudices. Florio is not shaken by her raillery, nor diverted from his resolution to marry her only on his terms: but as he has actually a passion for her, and prefers her to every other woman in the world, he suffers disquietudes which are not to be described. The struggles which he feels disturb his peace, but they produce no alteration in his sentiments in favour of his mistress. Painful as it is to give her up, his filial piety supports him under the conflicts which he endures, and renders him an exalted character; a character certainly to be admired even by those who have not virtue enough to imitate it. Benevolus sees the uneasiness of his son with concern, because he fears that it will endanger his health; but he almost venerates him for the virtues which produced it.

Such a domestic situation as I have described is not frequently met with; and many people will, I fear, regard it as fictitious: but there are many domestic situations, besides this, which would be called romantic, if they were exhibited to the world. Common characters may please common readers, to whom every extraordinary character will appear in a romantic light. Benevolus and Florio are drawn for readers of a different stamp.

#### IV.

### MITIO;

OR,

### THE PROFLIGATE SON.

CHARACTERS like Benevolus and Florio are, I am sorry to observe, uncommon; those which I am going to draw are not rare. We see them every day, almost every hour; and, by seeing them so frequently, look at

their opposites with the greater astonishment.

A more unhappy parent than Infelix never perhaps existed: he does not deserve to be unhappy, because he is the kindest father that ever lived; but all

his

his tenderness is thrown away upon an obstinate, ignorant, immoral, ill-humoured, undutiful son, who is heir to his estate, and who will certainly run headlong to ruin whenever he unfortunately comes to the possession of it. Mitio, pleasing himself with the prospect of future riches, takes no pains either to improve his mind, or render himself, in any shape, useful to society, of which indeed he is a most unworthy member. His ignorance is extreme, and can only be exceeded by his ill-nature. He has a mortal aversion to reading, and can hardly bear the sight of a newspaper; though, by a cursory perusal of those daily repositories of politicks and literature, he might, without much trouble, pick up much useful intelligence, and make a tolerable figure in a modern conversation-piece. But Mitio never reads; and is therefore not properly qualified even to talk nonsense. He appears totally insignificant and contemptible in company; he goes about to public places, sees the world, stares around him, but makes no observations. The objects which strike his eyes go no farther; when they are removed, they are forgotten. He has no memory, and as little sentiment. Were he only stupid, one might bear him; but he is so malevolent as well as ignorant, that he is really a detestable creature. No monkey is more mischievous: all his pleasure arises from giving pain to some living creature about him. He is perpetually plaguing animals; and if he can create any uneasiness to his own species, without risking his person, for he is a contemptible coward, he will do it with immense satisfaction. It would be a tiresome task to enumerate all the freaks of his malevolence, which divert no person but himself. Every body who sees in what manner he employs his time, pities his poor father; and no father is certainly more entitled to compassion.

Mitio's temper is so refractory, that he acts diametrically opposite to the advice of his parent in every respect. He is vicious, and extravagant; delights in low company, and is proud of being at the head of it. Drinking, gaming, and gallantry, all in the lowest style, by turns he pursues; and in the pursuit of those vices is making hasty strides to a miserable manhood: he has not yet attained sixteen; but if he is not carried off by his debaucheries before the age of inheri-

tance, his constitution will be demolished. He may live to inherit his father's estate; but I may venture to say that he will never enjoy it.

Sophronia, the mother of Mitio, in every respect an amiable wife, being of a gentle disposition, and in the strictest sense of the word a good woman, is very much hurt by the vicious and perverse behaviour of her son, whose extravagance and debaucheries will, in all probability, soon put an end to her existence; for she has too much tenderness not to be deeply affected by his profligacy, and is too delicately formed to endure the anguish occasioned by it long. He sees her every day visibly declining in her health without emotion; and though he is often told that he is himself the cause of her indisposition, hears it with unconcern. Mitio has no filial sensations; he has no feelings. If his father and mother, and all his relations, lay dead at his feet, he would drink his half-pint bumper over them dry-eyed.

Infelix and Sophronia, with all their admonitions or reproofs, cannot make any impression on their son, nor divert him from his attachment to those vices and follies to which he is by nature prone, and in which he seems determined to persevere, though he has already sinned for his sins, and has been more than once seized with dangerous disorders. He is insensible; he is incorrigible; equally deaf to advice, and regardless of warning. No young fellow ever took more pains to dishonour his species: he never appears happy but when going to gratify a pernicious passion, or to indulge a brutal appetite. In the gratification and the indulgence of such passions and appetites he spends the greatest part of his time, and to the most ignoble purposes employs the little glimmering of reason which distinguishes him from the irrational animals of the creation. We are very ready to call a man of this cast a brute; but I believe it would puzzle a naturalist to produce a brute half so contemptible as a human being disgracing humanity.

Though Mitio is almost every day, in the kindest manner, intreated by his parents to quit the paths of libertinism and debauchery, he pays not the least attention to them, but leaves them with a ridiculous laugh, and tells them that they must not pretend to teach him how to conduct himself. If at any time they

grow very serious in their reprehensions, and express their uneasiness at the turpitude of his behaviour, he desires them not to trouble their heads about his affairs; informs them, not in very dutiful language, that he does not understand such treatment; flies out of the house in a violent passion, and threatens never to return.

Mitio, besides his propensity to the greater vices already mentioned, has a remarkable *p penchant* to the lesser ones, among which I reckon mischief-making in it's numerous branches, pride, pertness, self-consequence, envy, and detraction, with others of the same stamp. With all these lesser vices, by which the peace of families is so frequently disturbed, Mitio is alternately tainted; and very ingeniously contrives—for in low cunning few people excel him—to make the whole house unhappy while he is in it, and to set half the neighbourhood in which he lives by the ears. His haughty carriage to the servants at home, and the arts which he practises from morning to night to make them incur the displeasure of their master and mistress, render him thoroughly obnoxious; and the servants in every family which he visits are not more satisfied with his behaviour.

The companions which Mitio chuses for his joyous moments are so opposite in their manners to Florio, that they seem to be the inhabitants of another world; and, while such companions are his darlings, Infelix cannot reasonably hope for a reformation in him.

Infelix and Sophronia often, before Mitio, mention the peculiar happiness of Benevolus in having so excellent a son as Florio with the strongest marks of admiration; and paint all that young gentleman's filial virtues in the most striking colours, hoping to make their son thoroughly ashamed of his own vices, and undutiful behaviour: but Mitio hears them lavish their encomiums without the least desire to merit the same; he hears them, but commonly in a very inattentive manner, whistling, drumming with his fingers upon the table, scratching the wainscot with a key, or by applying his lips to the hollow part of it, making it resemble a cat-call; and, by such silly signs of inattention, increases the uneasiness which his parents feel on his account.

At the birth of Mitio, Infelix thought

himself supremely blessed in having an heir to his estate. He had lost two boys soon after they were christened, and the sight of a third gladdened his heart beyond expression: but the joy which Infelix felt at the birth of Mitio lasted no longer than his childhood; for, as soon as he was breeched, a variety of bad dispositions prognosticated the conversion of that felicity into the sincerest sorrow. Mitio has from that time degenerated every day, and his unhappy father is every day more and more grieved when he thinks to how unworthy a successor his riches may be transmitted. There is, indeed, a very strong probability that Mitio will die before Infelix, though there is a great disparity in their ages. According to the course of nature, Mitio has certainly the advantage of his father; but, in point of constitution, Infelix promises to be the longest lived.

I heartily wish that the character I have here drawn, was imaginary: it gives me no small pain to say, that it is copied from the life. There is great satisfaction in painting a Florio; but none in working upon a Mitio. The exhibition of both characters, however, may be attended with agreeable consequences; the former by alluring young persons to the paths of virtue, and the other by deterring them from following the foot-steps of vice.

The father who is blessed with a son amiable as Florio, will naturally thank Heaven, while he is reading the character of Mitio, for his happiness as a parent; whilst he who has a son like Mitio, though he cannot be charmed with his lot, ought not to murmur, but cheerfully and patiently resign himself to such a severe calamity. He who impatiently wishes in vain for an heir to inherit his possessions, should reflect seriously on the parental character, and consider whether his unhappiness would not be more increased by a son of Mitio's turn, than his happiness would be enlarged by one of Florio's disposition. By reflecting in this manner, he will learn to correct his impatience, and submit with humility to the dispensations of Providence. The vanity of human wishes, in general, has been pointed out by several ingenious authors with the greatest propriety; and the particular vanity of wishing for children, merely to succeed to our fortunes, cannot be too severely exposed.

V. UXANDER;



V.

UXANDER;

OR,

THE SILLY HUSBAND.

**T**HERE cannot be a more good-natured husband than Uxander: he is so extravagantly fond of his Liberia, so charmed with the beauties of her person, and so enraptured with her engaging behaviour, that he is never happy but when he is either carrying her into public places to be admired, or filling his house with friends to admire her. Whenever he has company at home, or meets his friends abroad, he goes about from one to the other, and says—'Did you ever see so fine a creature? Is not she a picture? Am I not a fortunate fellow to have such a delicate piece of flesh and blood in my possession?' His friends all flatter his vanity, though they laugh heartily at his folly. They extol her to the skies, and wonder how he insinuated himself into her affections! Uxander smiles with an air of self-satisfaction, and answers—'The dear creature, to be sure, saw something in me which struck her; I don't know how to account for my felicity!'

Liberia is, indeed, a very fine woman; majestically tall, and delicately formed; she has very regular features, bright eyes, and a blooming complexion: in short, she has charms sufficient to draw admiration wherever she appears, and she is not in the least displeased with it. Like an obedient wife, in compliance with her husband's passion for seeing her admired, she gives him all the pleasure she can in his own way, by suffering his friends to take a thousand pretty innocent freedoms with her before his face. He, like a good-natured soul, sits by, and with the greatest complacency of countenance hugs himself to think what a jewel of a woman he possesses, receiving every compliment paid to her person as a compliment to his own taste. He is likewise so good-natured, that he does not insist upon going in parties, of pleasure with her, when she hints a desire that his company should be excluded from them; he is satisfied that she will be admired, whether he is with her or not, and is therefore extremely easy upon those occasions.

Liberia, when Uxander first married

her, having had a sober education, under the direction of very prudent parents, was as good as she was beautiful; but by losing her own amiable relations, and being connected with her husband's, she became less and less strict in the performance of the conjugal duties; and this present time, in her fifth connubial year, though not quite so bold, brazen, and abandoned, as Lady —, cares as little for her husband, and abuses him with as few corrections from her conscience. With her ladyship's liberal disposition, she possesses also her exquisite ingenuity; and makes poor Uxander believe while she is increasing his family with doubtful offspring, that she is a saint the first order. He has, it is true, frequently surprized her in situations which did not appear to him very sanctified; but she has always art enough to clear herself from unfavourable construction.

Had Liberia fallen into the hands of a man of sense, she would have made, all probability, an excellent exemplary wife, and would have been distinguished for her conjugal virtues; but not having a very elevated understanding, and being wedded to a man who had a very weak one, she was easily drawn into indiscretions; and, when once a woman begins to be indiscreet, she is in a way to be infamous.

No man, the Roman satyrists say, was ever execrably flagitious on a sudden; the highest flights of villainy are reached by gradual deviations from rectitude. To this assertion we may add, No woman was ever eminently incontinent till after frequent violations of the laws of chastity.

Liberia, by the extravagant fondness of her husband, being soon intoxicated with the fumes of adulation, soon grew indifferent to him; and though she was not over-burdened with wisdom herself, had sagacity enough to know, that if she was linked to as foolish a fellow as ever existed; and that she might, with a little dexterity, make a most comfortable cuckold of him. Dazzled with the lustre of her charms, he is totally blind to the errors in her conduct; and while she

admires

admired by the world, gives himself no kind of concern about them.

Liberia was, at first, rather cautious in her deportment, and circumspect in her carriage before those with whom she intrigued; but she soon grew so emboldened, by her husband's excessive easiness about the management of her amours, that she now makes her assignations before his face, and talks with as much familiarity to her gallants in his presence, as if he were absent. Liberia is now, indeed, grown so thoroughly assured of Uxander's extreme good-nature, and facility of disposition, that she has, like an Italian wife, her particular friend, a young well-dressed coxcomb, to attend her to all public places; and who is so constant a visitor, that he may be fairly said to live in the house with her.

The egregious idiot of a husband often tells his wife, even in the presence of her gallant, that some men would be jealous, but that he has too good an opinion of her, as well as of their *mutual friend*, to entertain such vulgar notions; and, to convince them that he is sincere in these declarations, he immediately leaves them to enjoy a tête à tête together. They laugh at him; his servants laugh at him; and he is laughed at by all his acquaintances; nor is he less despised for his meanness, than ridiculed for his folly. Many make no scruple to call him what he undoubtedly is, and deserves to be, in very coarse language: my readers may do as they please; I cannot, surely, be accused of severity, if I distinguish him by no harsher an appellation than that of the Silly Husband.

## VI.

### QUERELA;

#### OR,

#### THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

**G**REAT and numerous are the advantages of self-inspection. If we are thoroughly acquainted with our own foibles and frailties, we shall learn the necessity of correcting them; and, by endeavouring to correct them, acquire by degrees a rectitude and steadiness of mind which will enable us to bear not only the little disappointments and vexations of life, but even the calamities and misfortunes which 'flesh is heir to,' without peevishness and despondency.

It is for want of communing with ourselves, that we are too often addicted to despair when we meet with cross accidents. We are afraid to arm ourselves with resolution to turn our eyes inward, and to take an impartial survey of our hearts: our self-love is hurt by such a scrutiny; we are shocked at the appearance which we make to ourselves in the moments of examination. Our passions are strong and lively, our prejudices deeply rooted; and it is an arduous task to regulate the first, and to remove the last. While the bark of life glides along with propitious gales, we flatter ourselves that all is right at the helm; but, as soon as a storm arises by the sudden variation of the wind, we are unnerved with timidity; we see every thing through a false medium; and either mourn our

misfortunes abandoned to despair, or grow clamorously dissatisfied with every body about us, and find fault with others in a peevish fit, instead of blaming our own imprudences, and making efforts to rectify our own errors.

Querela is one of the most restless, discontented, unhappy women, in the kingdom; a torment to herself, and to all who have any connections with her. She spent her youthful days in finding out embellishments for her person, which had many natural charms, but suffered her mind to remain entirely uncultivated.

Querela is perpetually railing at the corruption and degeneracy of the times, and rendering every body who comes within the reach of her tongue uneasy by complaining, disputing, contradicting, and prognosticating.—'There is no honesty in the world, no confidence to be reposed in any body!' She has no comfort, no happiness, from morning to night: at night she is alarmed by every sound; a dream frights her out of her senses.—'Somebody will certainly die, or be at the point of death. She can get no rest; she is quite miserable; she shall never sleep any more.'

In the day-time she is offended with every thing she sees or hears. A sudden

up at the street-door louder than usual throws her into hysterics; and an unexpected visit from a person who thinks differently from her, unhinges her for eight-and-forty hours. The weather is too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry: all the vexations of life are insupportable burdens to Querela. Every body is happier than herself; a coachman, a cobbler, a chimney-sweeper, or any of the lowliest among the human species, who appear with cheerful faces.

She always forebodes a terrible misfortune to herself or her family: if she sees a dark cloud while they are abroad, 'They must be drowned, to be sure, in coming home.' If they stay a few minutes longer than she expects—'They will certainly be robbed and murdered.' If she is sick—'She shall never be well again.' The seasons are quite changed—'There never was such unsettled weather in her memory: every thing is so dear, and will be dearer, that there will be no living.'

Public affairs afford her as much disquietude—'Nothing is managed right, either in peace or war.' If she reads a newspaper, she picks out the most disagreeable paragraphs, on which she dwells, and magnifies, without paying the least regard to probability. Whatever is in our favour cannot be true.

If you relate a story full of diverting circumstances, she will, most probably, condemn it with vehemence, and give a perverse turn to it. If you endeavour to alleviate her uneasiness by offering to her the cup of consolation, she dashes it from your friendly hands. She will not taste the salutary liquor which it contains; she will not be comforted.

Querela thwarts and opposes every one who presumes to contend with her about the most frivolous and trivial occurrences. If you tell her that it is a fine day and very mild, she says, that it is a rough and a dismal one. If you say the wind is south, she declares, without any hesitation, that it is north. She is, indeed, so well furnished with objections, that as soon as you have answered one set, another is ready to start from her prolific brain.

If you offer expedients to obviate her complaints, she is deaf to them all. If you ask her why she complains, she grows outrageous; her passions are roused; she attacks you with fierceness and impetuosity, and the fury prevails over the woman. Contradiction makes her

mad. She wonders what you mean by your behaviour; she will not be treated in such a manner!

With all these imperfections, (and from imperfections who is free?) Querela has, however, many valuable qualities. She is naturally of a benevolent and generous disposition, and inclined to be as serviceable to those who stand in need of her assistance as her abilities will permit her. She loves her husband, is fond of her children, and injures her own health by grieving when they are sick, fearing that she should lose them. She has laudable intentions, and never imagines that either her conversation or her behaviour give offence, though she is continually offending by her actions and her words. She is sincere, and boasts of her sincerity; but it is a sincerity that disgusts; it is a bluntness which shocks. She often utters truths, but they are home-ones, and delivered with so much tartness, that they make a very unpleasant impression on the minds of those who hear them. This is the portrait of Querela, drawn from the life, without flattery on the one hand, or injustice on the other; the portrait of a woman whose mind is over-run with weeds, because it was not properly cultivated in the season of cultivation.

Those who store their minds with the precepts of wisdom in the spring, bid fairest to spend the winter of life with satisfaction. By an early improvement of the intellectual faculties, a man learns to meet the calamities to which mortality is every hour subject without surprize, and to bear them without impatience. Such a man, when his relish for juvenile gaieties has been blunted by satiety, is furnished with an entertainment with which he can never be cloyed, and of which he can never be deprived: he sinks into the vale of years with corrected passions, and regulated appetites; and feels an internal composure, a sweet tranquillity, which the world cannot give. Such a man is an useful and an agreeable companion to himself, and is beloved by all who are acquainted with him. He walks to the verge of the grave without trembling; and, when Death commands him to plunge into it, obeys without a murmuring reluctance, because he is fully convinced, that they who have made the best use of the talents allotted to them here by an all-wise Being, will be amply rewarded by the same Being hereafter.

If *Querela* could bring herself to think in this manner, she would be much happier herself, and make her family so; but, for want of reflecting properly on her own conduct as a woman, a wife, and mother, she rather increases than diminishes the domestic infelicity of her husband and her children: they love her, they pity her; blest with happy tempers themselves, they wish to see in her a disposition to be pleased, which is the foundation of domestic happiness; and without which, indeed, such happiness cannot be rationally expected.

## AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF LINNÆUS.

ONCE upon a time, the Seven Wise Men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them, to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the windows that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country, coming to make them a visit, advised them to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines,

and the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of the strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity: so that this whole day was spent in gallantry; till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed; and the third day the cause was heard: and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described; but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these Three Days, the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, Youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator. All that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, Manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, Old Age, in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits, and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

LINNÆUS'S

## LINNÆUS'S DREAM.

**L**INNÆUS, whose fame has spread throughout all Europe, had spent many days in examining and classing those wonderful plants which he had collected from the craggy mountains of Norway. He admired their beauty and structure, but knew not their use; nor was he able accurately to determine what place they held in the vegetable creation. He saw plainly that much remained to be known; and lamented his ignorance, while the world was admiring him as a prodigy and father of science: nor could he forbear bitterly bewailing the shortness of life, which put a stop to philosophical enquiries, and renders it almost impossible to attain even the smallest degree of perfection in any one branch of knowledge. 'Alas!' said he, 'why is man's existence circumscribed within such narrow bounds? and why, surrounded as he is with the glorious works of God, is he permitted to know so little of them? Scarcely are we born into the world, scarcely do we acquire skill to perceive what is most worthy our notice, before we are snatched away, and hurried to the grave, leaving our undertakings unfinished, and in the hands of those who either have no skill to carry them on, or chuse some other pursuits!'

His thoughts distressed him; but still he retained that humble acquiescence in the will of the Supreme Being, which is ever inseparable from a truly philosophical mind: he knew, that whatever the Author of nature appointed was certainly right and good. Humbled, therefore, but not discontented or repining, he retired to rest, and in the visions of the night was instructed.

He fancied himself busied in searching for some extraordinary plants which he had long desired to be possessed of, and that he had wandered insensibly to one of the most delightful spots in all Norway. It was the brow of a high mountain: the vast ocean was before him, on which appeared, with swelling sails, a large fleet, passing to convey the products of the north to the more pleasing regions of the south; and on the other part, through a vale bounded on each side by craggy rocks, was seen the adjacent country, which the warm sea-

son, just begun, had clad in all its verdure. Beyond a river that bent its course through rich pastures filled with cattle, appeared to the right a large and populous town, over which the rising ground exhibited to the view corn-fields, and all the variety of a well-watered country: and to the left a thick wood, through a large opening, in which, formed by nature, appeared the ruins of an ancient castle, heretofore the seat of Gothic valour. Linnæus's attention to his pursuit was for a while suspended; and he stopt to survey alternately these pleasing scenes. In the meantime, the sun setting in full glory beneath the waves, caused the horizon to exhibit the brightest colours of the rainbow; and these gradually fading, the starry concave of heaven began to be enlightened by the rising moon. But soon the scene was changed, the whole sky became veiled with thick clouds, and a distant roaring proclaimed the approach of a dreadful storm: already the rain descended in vast torrents, the heavens blazed with lightning, and the rocks resounded with loud claps of thunder.

Linnæus, filled with terror, was seeking where to shelter himself, when a voice from a cave, whence suddenly issued a gleam of light, bade him approach, and consider what he saw. With trembling he obeyed, and entered a spacious cavern, adorned on all sides with pointed crystals, which had been formed by water distilling from the rock, and which reflecting the light that proceeded from a golden lamp hanging in the midst, made it as bright as day. Here he found a venerable old man, in a loose robe of purple ornamented with ermine, who had before him a large concave mirror, and in his hand a golden rod: he seemed calm and serene, and approached Linnæus with a smile of complacency that dissipated all his fears—'Behold,' said he, 'thy sincerest friend, who has desired thy happiness, and long sought to discover himself to thee. I would gladly always abide with thee, but the state of things in this world forbids it; and I can only use favourable opportunities of conversing with thee: at such times I would make thee partaker of my riches, and they will continue

'for ever. Seest thou this mirrour? observe attentively what it representeth to thee.'

Having thus spoken, before Linnæus could reply, he waved his wand, and immediately there appeared a garden that had been lately planted: the trees were covered with a bright green, and began to shoot forth their various blooms on every part, and to fill the air with fragrant sweets. But suddenly there came forth those who had the care of the plantation, and stripped them of all their boughs and verdure, leaving only their bare and unadorned trunks; which, instead of the pleasant scene that before presented itself to the view, afforded only a disgusting and barren prospect. Soon, however, there were grafted on these fresh branches of every kind; and again they sprung to a more delightful verdure, and produced more fragrant blossoms, and in the end the finest fruits, and went on increasing in beauty, strength, and usefulness.

Linnæus was filled with admiration, and began diligently to observe their various kinds, that he might know to what classes they belonged, when the venerable old man interrupted his speculations, and thus addressed him—

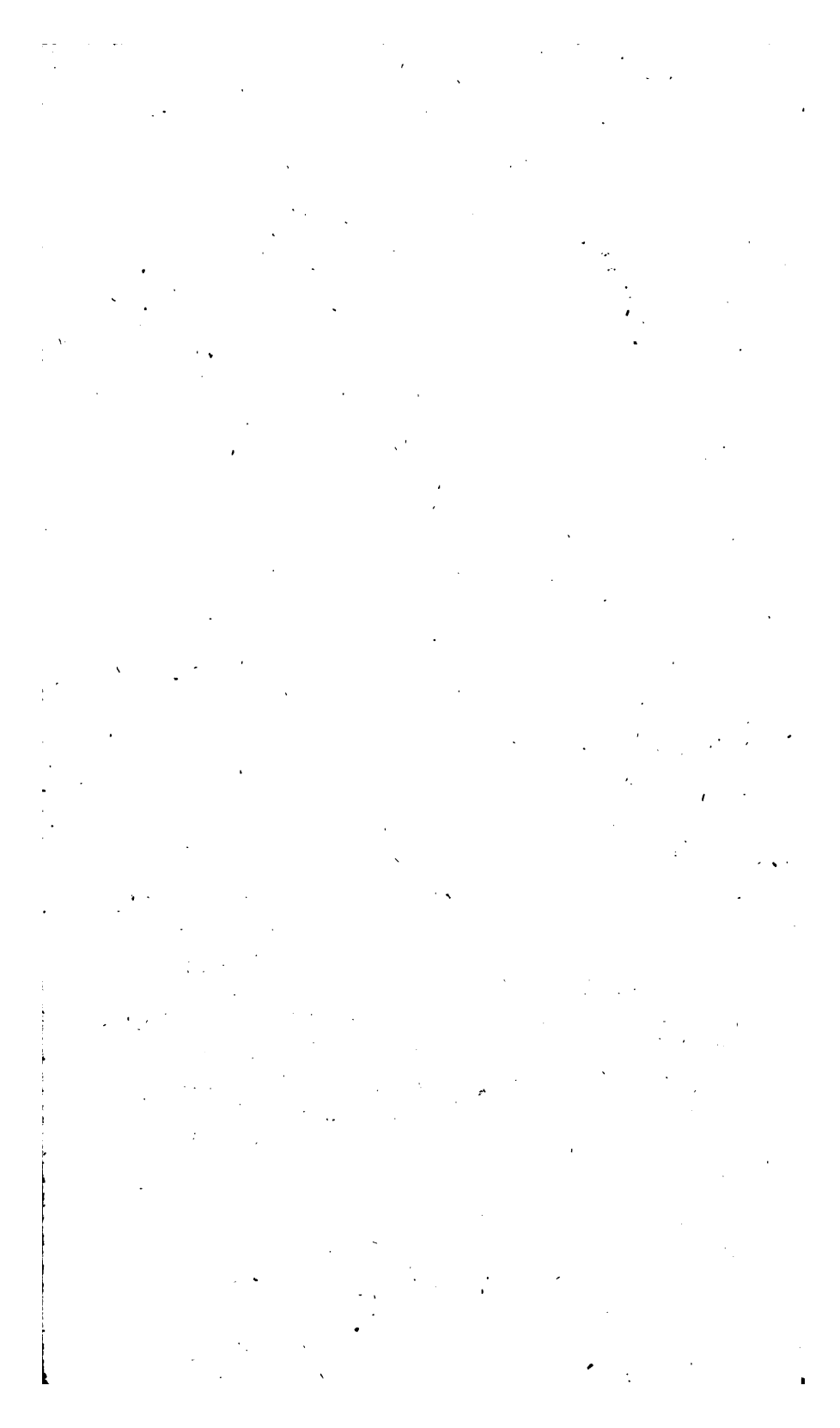
'Know, that no evil is permitted but for good; and that the shortness of life which thou lamentedst, is consistent with the designs of a wise and gracious God, the tender Father of all created beings. Thou sawest the plants beautiful and pleasant to the sight, and it perhaps displeased thee that they were so soon stripped of their glory, and prevented from attaining that perfection to which they seemed to be tending; but thou sawest also, that thereby they became in the end more beautiful, and instead of continuing useless objects, only pleasing to the sight, yielded the finest and most delicious fruits. So it is with man. His days are short, during which he exists in an imperfect state on earth, and he is quickly removed from thence, to flourish in that more exalted station for which he was created. In this world he begins to exert the powers of his mind, and to enquire after knowledge; and, having obtained some small portion of wisdom, to promise himself a great increase, and to form plans of much improvement, and of perfec-

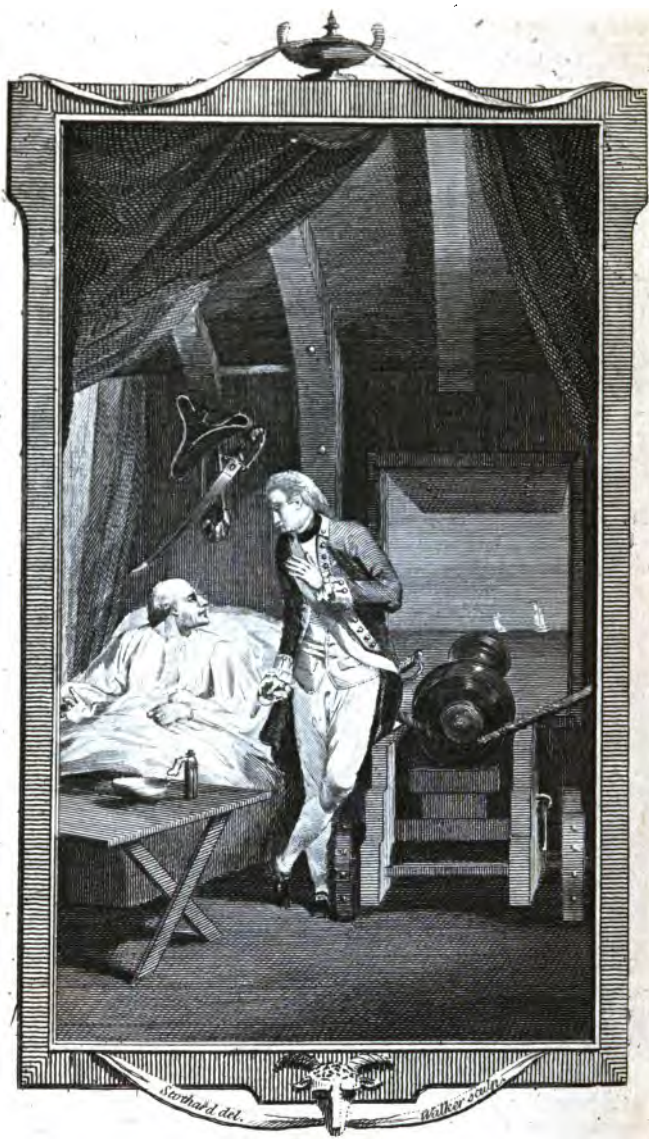
tion, in what he has undertaken; but being designed for pursuits of a still nobler kind, he has a period put to his existence and progress here. He is, like the plants thou sawest, deprived of his first beauty and lustre, in order to be exalted to a more glorious state, and to be endued with higher faculties, that shall be grafted on his human nature, and by the assistance of them he shall attain to the utmost his soul can desire.

'It must not be revealed to man too clearly what are the glories of that exalted state, lest he should be unwilling to remain his appointed time in this, and rushing immaturely into it, should fail in the desired end; but he is permitted to have some faint glimpses to quicken his desires, and his endeavours to fit himself for it. What happiness must there be in a state, wherein man shall have before him a prospect of existence to all eternity, without meeting with any obstacle to put a stop to his pursuits!—wherein he shall have leisure thoroughly to contemplate and investigate all the ways and works of God, and to gain a perfect knowledge thereof, observing accurately every thing that exists, and learning its place, its order, and its design!

'What refined enjoyment in a state, wherein he may be permitted to learn the history of this world, through which he shall have passed, and of all its revolutions; of the actions and ways of men, and of the dealings of God with them!—wherein he may learn the history of other worlds, visible and invisible, and the scheme of Divine Providence with regard to the whole! and, reflecting thereon, may become acquainted with all the attributes of the Deity; and, being filled with unfeigned love and adoration, may draw near to the Most High, and see him as he is!

Linnæus was in raptures at these words. He no longer lamented his condition; he became suddenly contented with the shortness of his days, and even wished to arrive at the end of them: but, conscious how much attention and care it required to reach that desirable period in such a manner as to have well-grounded hopes of enjoying the state of happiness he so earnestly wished for, he addressed himself to the sage, to beg his direction





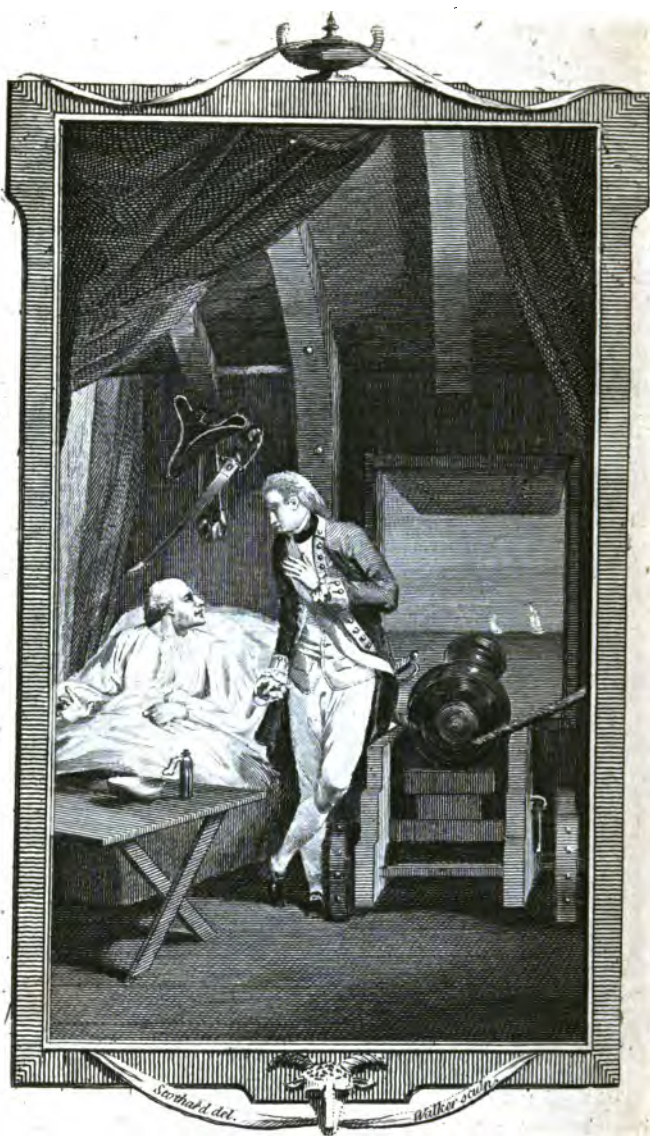
## THE FALSE ALARM.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. Jan 11, 1877



and infirmities

Venerable



## THE FALSE ALARM.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison and Co. Jan 13, 1787.

direction and instruction.—‘ Venerable monitor,’ he cried, ‘ teach me, O teach me how to live, so that I may with certainty attain a happy end !’

But such was the fervour and solicitude of his mind, that he awoke; and lo! the whole which he had seen and heard was nothing more than a dream.

## THE FALSE ALARM.

BY MR. MARTYN.

**H**OW short-sighted are the views of mortals, and how weak is the perspective which attempts to throw light on the dark shade of futurity, and to open a prospect necessarily bounded by the wisdom, as well as the mercy, of the Great Disposer of events !

In the spring of the year 1777, General Harcourt was appointed to a command in the British army in America; and, on his journey to Portsmouth, to embark for that continent, a slight indisposition detained him a day at Petersfield.

As he was wholly unaccompanied, he had passed great part of the morning in writing letters to his numerous friends, and directions to those who had the care of his affairs, for their conduct in case of accident to a life which was about to be exposed to peculiar danger; and in a disposition softened by these employments, he rose from his seat, and walked to the window, seeking for some object to call off his attention from considerations which, however natural, he did not think proper to occupy his mind, at a time when the welfare of his country, and his own thirst for glory, had induced him to exchange ease, affluence, and safety, for toil, difficulty, and danger.

He had not remained at the window above two minutes, before he saw a very genteel young man, plainly but neatly dressed in a blue frock and white waistcoat, go out of the same inn where he himself rested, and after pausing a few moments, as if irresolute which way to go, pass hastily down the street on one side, and after a very short stay return as quickly on the other, and re-enter the inn, from whence he again sallied in five or six minutes, and repeated his former course.

Curiosity, arising from the disturbed and agitated air of this youth, induced the general to attend to his motions for an hour or two, during which time he

had made such a number of these excursions, and exhibited such signs of perturbation and distress, that the general could no longer resist his inclination to gain some intelligence which might account for this extraordinary behaviour; and he accordingly ordered his servant to summon the master of the house, under pretence of giving orders for his dinner.

The host soon appeared; and, after dispatching the least consequential part of his business, he made some distant enquiries of him about his other guest, but could obtain no other information, than that the gentleman came there late the preceding evening on a post-horse, had appeared at some times thoughtful, and at others disturbed, had made no mention of his intention to depart, and had just ordered his dinner.

After a moment's consideration, General Harcourt charged his host with a message to the young gentleman, purporting, that a fellow-traveller, detained by indisposition, and quite alone, would esteem it as a favour if he would partake of his chicken with him: an invitation which was readily accepted; and Mr. Mandeville, the name by which he had desired to be announced, entered soon after the apartment of General Harcourt, and expressed his thanks for the honour conferred on him, and his apologies for his dishabille, in terms which would have interested the worthy general strongly in his favour, if he had not at first sight received an impression which needed no other prepossession.

As the conversation naturally turned on the journey of each, and that subject drew from the general a full account of his destination, it seemed incumbent on the young traveller to be equally communicative; but he rather avoided an explanation, though he appeared more embarrassed than reserved, and to want that encouragement which was kindly given him by the general, in assurances,

that though he sought not to extort from him any circumstance which he might think it prudent to conceal, yet that, if his apparent anxiety arose from any of the common disappointments of life, he might safely unbother himself to a man who, having shared in the calamities of human nature, had a heart to feel, and at least to pity, the distress which he was unable to relieve.

Thus soothed, Mr. Mandeville informed his kind companion, that he was a friendless orphan, who had been deprived of both his parents at a very early period of his life; that he had been liberally educated by a sister of his father, who he had also very lately had the misfortune to lose; that the care of his person, and the very scanty remains of his father's fortunes, had, at her death, devolved on her's and his father's elder brother, who was a country squire of little understanding, and less humanity, and who had placed him, against his inclination, to learn a profession which he abhorred, and had absolutely forbid him to think of any other way of life, on the pain of his withdrawing from him his protection; that notwithstanding his total dislike of his situation, he should have persevered in his endeavours to conquer this aversion, but that a hopeless love-entanglement had made it necessary for him to quit at once the object of his passion, and the seat of his dissatisfaction; and that he was now on the stream, doubtful what course to steer; but inclined and thus far on his way to Portsmouth, to enter into the service of his country as a private soldier or sailor; to either of which stations he had much rather submit, than put a cruel restraint on his inclinations on the one hand, or involve the object of his passion in his distresses on the other.

This communication, the truth of which the general found not the least reason to doubt, induced him to become, at once the patron and protector of the unfortunate youth. He told him, he applauded his resolutions, as the efforts of a virtuous mind, though, perhaps, the generality of the world would not be ready to subscribe to his prudence; that he had too much delicacy to ask for farther particulars, and would even decline enquiring what part of the kingdom he had left; that he would immediately procure him a pair of colours in the regi-

ment he was about to join; and as he doubted not but his conduct would justify his recommendation, he would from time to time assist in his promotion as opportunity offered, and his merit demanded.

Penetrated with gratitude at an offer which led to the gratification of every wish of his heart, he attempted to unburden his overflowing soul, and to pay the tribute of thanks to his kind, his benevolent benefactor; but he was only eloquent in tears, and his endeavours were exhausted in the broken and incoherent expressions of 'Father!—Friend!—and Messenger of Heaven!'—A language more delightful to the ears of the brave and generous Harcourt, than all the powers of oratory, aided by the utmost graces of elocution.

He accordingly embarked with his protector, who liberally supplied him with every necessary for his voyage; and joining the British forces on the continent of America, he continued to serve there for two years; with unblemished reputation; his public conduct recommending him to the notice of his superior officers, and his private character procuring him universal regard and esteem. At the expiration of this time, General Harcourt, preparing to return to England, on account of his health, which had been impaired by a dangerous wound, which had never been completely cured, he obtained leave of absence for Mr. Mandeville; who was become so dear to him, that he could not bear to be deprived of his company, at a time when his spirits, which always appeared to labour under some particular weight, were peculiarly depressed from bodily infirmity, and the cheerful and enlivening conversation of his youthful and less affected brother in adversity, and his grateful and affectionate personal care, were so necessary to alleviate the distresses of his mind, and the pains of indisposition.

In the course of the voyage to England, after a night of unusual restlessness, during which he had been attended with the most watchful solicitude by his young companion and friend, General Harcourt took an opportunity of mingling with the tenderest expressions of approbation, some hints of the causes of his own mental uneasiness; and finding Mr. Mandeville eagerly though diffi-

dently.

dently anxious for a more explicit communication, he gave him the following short sketch of his history.

That he was the only son of a private gentleman of large fortune, whose fondness had prevented his parting with him, even for the purposes of education, which he received from a private tutor in his father's house, till he was of a proper age to be sent to the university—that he there contracted an intimacy with the son of a clergyman; and visiting with him at his father's, he fell in love with his friend's only sister; and, after offering her marriage privately, and engaging himself to her by the most solemn ties, she, in a moment of tenderness, surrendered to him that virtue which he was bound to protect—that his amour was very soon discovered by his father, who compelled him to accept a commission in a regiment then embarking for the East Indies, where he had remained but little more than three years before he was informed that his wife (for so he had ever esteemed her) had paid the debt of nature, together with an infant son, who had been born a few months after his departure—that the letters which conveyed this intelligence contained also an invitation to him to return, and he accordingly procured leave of absence from his regiment; but, on his arrival in England, found that his father had been dead some months; and having now no attachment, he determined to pursue a military life; and purchasing superior rank in a regiment stationed in America, he took his passage for that continent in a vessel which carried several other passengers, and among them a young woman with whom he formed a connection, and who had brought him a daughter; but as he had great reason to disapprove the conduct of the mother, they had parted, and she had since married; though he had charged himself with the care of the child, who was now about seventeen, beautiful in her person, and of disposition truly amiable—that he had never got over the impression of his first love, nor found it possible to suppress an idea that the fruit of that unhappy affection had survived its unfortunate mother—that he had, however, in vain sought to discover his existence; and was now returning to England with a design to retire to the seat of his ancestors, and to spend the remainder of a life, which, from a com-

bination of mental and corporeal injuries, seemed drawing to a period, in the enjoyment of those comforts which he might derive from the conversation of his darling daughter, and in providing for her such an establishment as might extend his care of her happiness even beyond the period of his dissolution—that on his arrival in England, he should spend some months in the metropolis, for the necessary purposes of arrangements, as to past and future concerns; and should immediately send for his Annabella, who had never yet known the name she was in future to bear, and whose education he had entrusted to a worthy and excellent woman at N——.

As the general advanced in his recital, the mind of Mandeville underwent the most agonizing sensations of curiosity and apprehension; but the conclusion of it removed all his doubts, and excited all his fears: to have found in the person of his beloved, the daughter and intended heiress of his benefactor, to aspire to whose hand, would be equally absurd and ungrateful; yet, at the same time, to have found an additional reason for the increase, if possible, of an affection which could only be heightened by such discoveries; were circumstances so distressful, that an involuntary exclamation of "Good God!" escaped him the moment General Harcourt had finished his tale; who, turning his eyes to his young friend, was astonished to find him bathed in tears, and discovering the most violent emotions, though his attention only had appeared to be engaged during the former part of the recital.

It was impossible for him to avoid enquiring into the occasion of this very extraordinary appearance; and the general had no sooner asked Mr. Mandeville what particular part of his story had proved so extremely affecting to him, than he threw himself at the feet of his patron, and with anguish which wrung the heart of the humane veteran, besought him to abandon the most unfortunate of men: who was not only destined to feel the sharpest pangs of misery himself; but, like a contagious disease, to communicate his wretchedness to those whose tenderness deserved from him such returns only as should be productive of pleasure and satisfaction. "But though you abandon me, Sir," continued the unhappy Mandeville, "condemn me not: my offence has been involuntary;

‘involuntary; nor, when I loved the all-perfect Annabella, did I know that she ought to have added to that name the additional one of Harcourt.’

However this discovery might affect the general with surprize, it by no means excited his anger; a passion of another kind was predominant in his mind. He paused for a few moments; and having then soothed the anguish of the afflicted Mandeville, by the tenderest assurances of unabated friendship, and undiminished esteem, he raised him from the floor, and besought him to leave him, that he might endeavour to calm the perturbation of his mind, and collect fortitude enough to reveal to him another secret, no less interesting to both than that which had just escaped his bosom.

But he did not keep the tortured Mandeville long in suspense; he soon summoned him to return to the cabin, and desired him to prepare for a communication, which would do violence to his love, but afford him an opportunity of contributing to the happiness of the object of his affection, by the performance of his duty in a very different capacity.

‘My dear Mandeville,’ says the general, ‘you may remember my hinting to you my suspicion, that the offspring of my unfortunate connection, with my first and indeed only love, had survived his unhappy mother. Though all my endeavours to ascertain this fact had proved fruitless, the moment I first saw you at Petersfield, a resemblance of my adored Charlotte struck me so forcibly, that it has been impossible for me to divest myself of the idea that you (tremble not, my beloved Mandeville!) are the son of whom I have so long been in search. Your manners, your disposition, strengthen the likeness; for, like her, you are mild, gentle, and inoffensive. Yet one difficulty remains, which I am unable to get over: that son, if alive, would be now twenty-six; and, according to your account of your age, it does not exceed twenty-two. Besides, you have mentioned an uncle on the side of your father—can you lend any assistance to unravel this mysterious and important business?’

If the first discovery had agonized the gentle mind of Mandeville, this last had almost deprived him of his senses. He

had probably exchanged a protector for a father; but he had lost what the dearest relationship could never replace: he had escaped from a crime, at the bare recollection of which he shuddered with horror; but he felt that the ties of consanguinity, and the affection of a sister, could never equal that ardency of love which had been inspired by the fair Annabella, unknown to him by any other name, and claiming from him only respect and admiration.

As soon as he could recover the powers of speech, which were suspended by so violent a shock, he repeated to the general the story he had often related; to which he declared he could only add, that he had been informed his father was in the army; and that from every account which he had received, both from his uncle and aunt, and from his own recollection of his progress to manhood, he was well assured that he had not misrepresented his age, which he could very confidently assert was no more than twenty-two.

As it seemed impossible to solve this palpable incongruity, they were both under the necessity of remaining in suspense till the completion of the voyage, which now drew towards a conclusion. In a very few days they made the land; and arriving happily at Portsmouth, they proceeded immediately to the metropolis.

General Harcourt now determined to set on foot an enquiry after the brother of his Charlotte, who, for obvious reasons, he had hitherto avoided; and having learnt that he had long been settled on a parsonage in a distant part of the kingdom, he addressed a letter to him, explanatory of his whole history, and earnestly intreating him to give him information concerning the pledge of the sacred affection which had subsisted between him and his excellent sister, whose fate he had never ceased to deplore, and was now more than ever anxious to discover whether there yet remained a possibility of bestowing his unabated love on the object which had derived its existence from his ill-fated passion.

The answer to this letter cleared up all the general's doubts. It informed him, that the same deceit had been practised on him and the partner of his heart—that about a year after his departure, an account of his death had been communicated to her by his father; and

and that this intelligence was accompanied with the payment of a considerable sum of money, as a pretended legacy left by his son—that the infant fell a sacrifice to the distress of its mother at the separation, and died before it saw the light—that, yielding to the importunities of her friends, she had some time after given her hand to a Captain Mandeville, a worthy officer, who had previously been made acquainted with her story, and who treated her with the utmost tenderness; but that her first impression had been too strong to yield either to time or the affection of her husband; and that she fell into a consumption, and died within two years after her marriage, leaving one son—that Captain Mandeville did not long survive his wife; and that his relations, who lived in a part of the kingdom very remote from the place of his residence, having taken upon themselves the care of the orphan, he was unable to give any other account of him, than that he had heard a few years before, that he was living; and, being grown to manhood, had been placed by his uncle to learn a genteel profession at N——.

If the general had by this intelligence lost the relation which, from the similitude now accounted for, and the other concurrent circumstances, he had supposed to exist between him and Mandeville, he however suffered but little by the disappointment. It was now in his power to make him actually his son, and to confer on him, and (by what he could gather from the distant and dissident hints which had from time to time dropped from him) on his daughter also, the

most complete happiness; he should gain companions for his advancing age, and in all probability see a progeny rise, which would be intitled to his parental and his friendly care: and he determined to enjoy, without delay, the supreme satisfaction of communicating the blessings which Providence had empowered him to dispense.

But if such were the sensations of the worthy general, what were the emotions of the rapturous Mandeville, when he disclosed to him the secret of his birth, and the extent of his own generous intentions! Reason scarce maintained her empire at this burst of unexpected happiness; and all was wonder, gratitude, and thankfulness.

General Harcourt now dispatched the favoured lover to pour out his whole soul to the object of his regards; and gave him, under his own hand, credentials which announced his high approbation. He soon followed himself; and, lest any accident should happen to dash the cup of felicity, he gave to the happy Mandeville a treasure of which kings might boast; an accomplished, amiable, beautiful, and affectionate wife.

Reader, the ways of Providence are frequently mysterious, and her paths difficult and obscure; but those who tread them in humble confidence, nor deviate into the less painful roads of vice and folly, will at length be surely conducted to the regions of happiness; and, though they may not always reach them in the short journey of an earthly pilgrimage, will have a prospect, beyond the grave, of more perfect and permanent felicity.

## TACITUS AND CORINNA.

OF all matrimonial broils and dissensions, none was ever conducted with more prudence and secrecy than the late voluntary separation of Tacitus and his fair bride; as perhaps nothing ever gave greater surprize to the acquaintance of both, than to see two persons so diametrically opposite in temper and character, agree in so material a point as matrimony.

Corinna, a woman of the most finished person, was young, gay, and fond of play to distraction; and so careless of her words and actions, that her charac-

ter seemed the least thing in the world to be regarded; and, rather than lose her share of pleasure in a party at quadrille, she would, at any time, break through the rules of reserve and decorum. It will seem strange, no doubt, that a lady so taken up with business of this kind, should, at the same time, be the greatest coquette in being; but so it was; and though her lovers were so numerous, not one could boast a greater share of her esteem than the rest, and few more than that their names were entered in her pocket book; and, notwithstanding she had

had perhaps a set of the most practised admirers in the gay world, their advances were all disregarded, for the superior address of their powerful rival *Pam*, to whose ill success, in falling a victim to the *bearts* of some of her female antagonists, (the consequence of which was a very considerable loss on her side) was owing the favourable reception of Tacitus.

It was at that lucky crisis, when great with the thoughts of revenge, he found an opportunity of renewing his addresses; which Corinna was in a much better temper than ever to give ear to: she accordingly began seriously to reflect on the subject, and very wisely to weigh the conveniences and inconveniences attending it. Tacitus, she knew, was dull, hated gaming, very cautious of giving the world offence, and had a veneration for an irreproachable character: then, on the other side, he was good-natured, rich, foolish enough to love her, and very easily to be imposed on; these she looked on as very proper accomplishments in a husband. Having thus cast up the account on each side, on balance, she ventured to declare Tacitus the happy man; and as such he was saluted, envied, or laughed at, amidst the whole circle of his acquaintance.

It is a little to be wondered at, if a lady, who had so great an aversion to restraint before marriage, should have a much greater afterward, when her liberties and indulgences were considerably increased; and Corinna was so high-spirited a creature, that she would go to the utmost length of her rein, let it reach as far as it would.

Many months had not run away, during the triumph of the bride over the too easy temper of the fond and obliging Tacitus, ere he began to wake from his dream of happiness, and coolly to reflect on the prospect of the continuance of it; and which, from her behaviour at that time, gave him very little satisfaction: the consequence of this reflection was a gentle reprimand to his lady, who, surprised at this unexpected behaviour, began to exert her spirits a little too freely on the occasion. Though the temper of her husband was not easily moved to resentment, he laid up her words till a proper opportunity; and it was not long before he had a very sufficient one for such a memorandum, which happened thus: A bad run at cards hav-

ing reduced the unhappy Corinna to draw rather too soon upon her banker, who was no other than Tacitus himself, he now somewhat more severely reproved her conduct, which reproof had the same or worse effect than his former reprehensions; he, however, made her no other reply, than the reminding her of an engagement he was under for the day, which he immediately went to fulfil, without the least sign of granting her request. Now Corinna began to look on her fortune as desperate; and without ever allowing time for reflection, or ever so much as dreaming of the consequence, was, in the absence of her husband, at high game all the day with the celebrated Lorenzo; and, having good fortune on her side, made shift to pick up an hundred guineas, or so, before his return.

Perhaps no man had ever the command of his passions like Tacitus; he pretended to be wonderfully pleased at his wife's good cast, and thanked the loser with an excess of politeness; who, being a man of much greater gallantry than penetration, went away highly diverted at what he thought the insensibility of his behaviour: but he was not a little surprized, the next morning, at the receipt of the following letter—

TO LORENZO.

YESTERDAY my wife pressed me for a supply to her extravagances, which, thinking unreasonable, I refused her. I find, however, she has other friends to apply to, who are generous enough to make up the deficiencies of a husband; but, as I scorn to be obliged in this respect to any man in the world, I desire to know your motive for so extraordinary a piece of generosity. I expect in this place, Sir, a satisfactory answer on the receipt of this.

TACITUS.

Lorenzo, who was not up when this came to his hands, jumped out of bed with an air of great satisfaction, and ordered his man to prepare his sword and pistols; for he was one of those sort of madmen, who very strenuously stand up for that inestimable privilege of a gentleman; I mean, the liberty of cutting each other's throats, allowing no time for redressing or repenting an injury till too late; while the common race of men are only entitled to bruise each other heartily



heartily, and live to be good friends again, serviceable to each other, and useful members of the community in general. Hence animated, the gallant Lorenzo drew his sword; and, confident of his skill in the science, made a pass at the button of his hat lying on the table; but, by some means or other, most luckily missed it. I say, luckily; for just at that moment popped into his head—what before he did not at all dream of—the probability of his missing in the same manner the injured Tacitus: upon which some farther consideration ensued, and the effect of it was, the putting his sword peaceably into its scabbard again, and writing the following letter.

## TO TACITUS.

I Must confess you have sufficient reason to be incensed: the motive of my generosity I need not explain; and as I am not in a humour to repair one injury by committing another, I am willing, if it will be to you any satisfaction, to accept of my purse again; for, as you have an indisputable right in the lady, it was injurious in me to bid money after you had bought her. However, Sir, if you are willing to part with her on any reasonable terms, you shall find me as generous as you could wish; or, if you intend the contrary, I shall bid up no more for her.

LORENZO.

Any other man than Tacitus might have possibly looked on this as the highest affront; but he, being fully convinced that happiness could never subsist between two persons of such different tempers as Corinna and himself, was resolved at all events to bring about, if possible, a separation. He accordingly went home, shewed her Lorenzo's epistle, and calmly, yet with a great deal of resolution; made overtures on the score of parting. The prospect of ready-money, and the benefit of using her pleasure with it, was too captivating to Corinna to make her refuse almost any thing on that condition; the many agreeable parties she should be enabled to make one of, and the hopes of the sums she might possibly gain by having a great deal to stake, easily determined her resolution. The separation accordingly ensued; and, as before has been observed, with much less noise than their first mutual agreement.

Corinna appears, as before, mightily taken up with business of no consequence, gaming, followed, toasted, and admired, as much as ever: while the contented Tacitus appears also in *statu quo*; reads the papers of the day; drinks his glass; and, as he is out of danger of being accounted an old bachelor, rails at women, protests he values the whole sex as a paragraph in the news, and says, with great composure, that *it is very well it is no worse*.

## GODRED CROVAN.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY DOPNAL SYRRIC SCHELD  
OF GODRED CROVAN, KING OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BY MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ARISE, O son of Harald the Black,  
for the son of Syrric sleeps upon  
the mountain, under the mossy rock;  
prepare thy silver lance, shake the clot-  
ted gore of the wolf from thy spreading  
shield: Fingal of the brown lake, whose  
sword divides the lofty pine, whose spear  
is ever moist with the blood of the slain,  
will assist thy arm. Cullislin, who sleeps  
on the brow of the mountain, whose  
feet are swift as the days of mirth, will  
draw forth his troops from the forest.  
The lions of the plain, Morvor and  
Esfyr, will swell thy army, as the fall-  
ing rain swells the silver brook: they

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wait for thy presence, as the brown  
meadow for the spring; they will shoot  
out in blood, and blossom in victory.  
Godred Crovan, son of Harald the  
Black, whose name has put to flight  
armies, arise!  
Godred arose; he met the chiefs on  
the plain: they sat down, and feasted till  
the evening. There sat Cochlin with the  
Long Spear, whose arm is a thunderbolt;  
on the banks of the sea he fought an  
host, and rained blood on the plain of  
Mervor. Brown is his face as the sun-  
burnt heath; strong his arm as the roar-  
ing sea: he shook his black locks like  
clouds

2 O

clouds tossed by the winds; he sings the song of joy. Godwin, of the rusky plain, lay upon the skin of the wolf; his eyes are stars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin sat by his side; he sung sweet as the birds of spring, he fought like the angry lion.

“O Tatwallin! sing the actions of Harald the Swift.”

Tatwallin arose from his seat; the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

“Hear, ye sons of blood, whilst the horn of mirth is refreshing your souls, the actions of Harald the Swift!”

“The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his silver shield; the sons of war assembled around him: Swain, of the cleft-hill, shook the spear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, died in gore. Fergus, of the spreading hills, was cased in black armour; his eyes shone with rage, his sword sported with the beams of the sun.

“Warriors,” said the chief of the host, “let us assault the foe: swift as the hawk let us fly to the war; strong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight! The followers of Harald, the son of Godwin, shall melt away as the summer clouds; they shall fall like the flowers of the field; their souls will fade with the blasting of our valour.”

Swain prepares for war; he sounds the brazen helmet; his followers lift high the deadly spear.

“The son of Godwin appears on the bridge, his banner waves in the wind; like a storm he scattered the troops of Swain.

Edmund shot the arrows of death.

Maddened by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the sword of Edmund sounded on his helmet; their silver shields were heard upon the stream; the sword of Edmund sunk to the heart of the son of Egwin; he bit the bloody sand at his feet.

Harald the Black stood on the bridge, he swelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the strong rock; armies melted before him, none can withstand his rage. The son of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he seized the flaming banner, and sounds the silver shield.

“Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his shadow!” With a troop of knights, fierce as even-

ing wolves, they beset Harald the Black; like a tempest they rage, like a rock he repels their assault: hills of the slain arise before him, the course of the stream is turned aside.

“Warriors,” said the son of Godwin, “though we rage like a tempest, like a rock he repels our assault. Morcar, let one of thy knights descend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a spear.”

Selwyn, swift as a falling meteor, shot beneath the wave; the sharp spear pierces through the back of Harald the Black: he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes shot fire, and his teeth gnashed with rage. He dies.

The hopes of Norway are no more! Harald the Swift led his troops to the bridge: they started at the sight of the mighty body; they wept, they fled.

Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thousands of the war, prepared thy sword for battle: they dragged thee from the field.

Great was the sorrow of the sons of Norway!

Tatwallin ended his song. The chiefs arose from the green plain; they assemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Ceormond, with the Green Spear, marshalled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and displayed the shield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the souls of the unburied warriors; his company were all chiefs. Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like dashing waves, they rushed to the war: their swords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breast, he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might, by thy hand the two sons of Osfor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors stretched upon the bank of the Lexy like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill; whose spear, like a star, blasts the souls of the foe; see, he sleeps with the chiefs upon the skin of the wolf! The battle is raging in his fancy; he grasps the bloody spear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow. Thus sleeping, he is as the sun slightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnal, who inhabits the isles, whose barks

barks are swifter than the wind, stands on the bank of the stream: his eyes are bent on the spangling wave; his hands press the silver-headed spear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wise as the ancient priests.

Wilver stands on the right-hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempest of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flourishes in the heat of the glory of his fire: the warriors are like the stars of the winter night.

The noise of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred sets his troops in order for war; they are seen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the isles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is strong as the flourishing oak; his wisdom deep as the black lake: his swift ships flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains.

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood: the horn, embossed with gold, graced his spoils; he returned to his castle over a sea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the mossy plain; he kept the water of the seven springs. Wynfyll, and his warriors, fought to bear away the water in the horn of hospitality. Dunhelm arose from his strong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

'Children of the hills,' said the son of Olave, 'restore the water to the gently-running stream.'

The son of Meurig answered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the stones of hail, when the loud winds shake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the sun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black; he led his troop down the hill, and began the fight with Ospray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whistle over the sharp cliffs of the rock, was the noise of the battle.

Summered rose in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Ostha, who fought for Godred, opposed the passage of his rage; his shield was like the rising sun, his spear the tower of Mabyn: the spear of Summerled founded on the shield of Ostha; he heard the shrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground; his sword fell upon the shoulder of Summerled; he gnashed his teeth, and died.

Ospray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Ostha follows behind him, dyeing his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the son of Vorti; his spear sounds upon his helmet; the sword of Ostha divides the shield of Elgar: the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long spear through the heart of Ostha; he falls to the ground. Wilver sets his foot upon his breathless corpse, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm: the troops of Wilver and Ospray slowly retire. Dunhelm falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior: so falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain; the troops of Dugnal and Ceormond melt before him.

Dugnal lifts high his broad shield against the breast of Raignald; his sword hangs over his head: the troops of Raignald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the son of Harald the Black, fly to the war: the foe retire before them. Raignald encourages his men: like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt; the bands of Dugnal and Ceormond forsake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with shame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are scattered like broken oaks.

Godred sounds the silver shield; the chiefs assemble round his tent.

'Let us again to the war, O chiefs, and drive the foe over the mountains.'

They prepare for war. Dugnal leads the wolves of the isle; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the sword of Raignald. Cullisin scatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the sword of Elgar.

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend; his sword pierced the heart of Elgar, he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Eßyr raged like sons of blood, thousands fell around them. Godwin scattered slaughter through the host of the foe. Tatwallin sweeps down the chief of the battle. Like the noise of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noise of the fight; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood. The sword of Cochlin is broken, his spear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak. The chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead; the night approaches, and victory is undecided: the black clouds bend to the earth, Raignald and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred assembled at the tent of council: Tatwallin arose and sung—

‘When the flowers arose in the verdant meadows, when the birds of spring were heard in the grove of Thor, the son of Vieta prepared his knights for war: strong as the mossy tomb of Urfic were the warriors he had chose for his band; they issued out to the war. Wecca shook the crooked an-lace at their head.

‘Halt,” said the son of Vieta; “let the troops stand still.” Still as the silent wood, when the winds are laid asleep, the Saxons stood on the spreading plain.

‘Sons of blood!” said the immortal Wecca, “the foe against whom we must fight are stronger than the whole power of our king. Let the son of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them spread themselves like the bursting cloud, and rain a shower of blood; the foe will be weakened, astonished, and fly!”

‘The warriors held their broad shields over the head of the son of Vieta; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and sang the song of joy.

‘Hennack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood.

‘The sun arose, arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle: like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved. The fight continued till noon; the troops of the son of Vieta fought like the dragons of the mountain: the foe fainted; they were weakened, yet they fled not.

‘The son of Henna drew forth his band to the plain: like a tempest they

‘fell upon the foe; they were astonished, they fled.

‘Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cause, let us pursue the same method; let the mountain of Secafull conceal Dugnal and three hundred chosen warriors from the eyes of Raignald; when he is spent in the fight, let them issue to the war.’

Godred arose from his throne; he led Tatwallin to a seat at his right-hand.

Dugnal prepares his troop; sing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengist and Horfa.

Tatwallin arose from his seat—

‘When the black clouds stooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine perished, when the yews only smiled upon the russet-heath, the sons of Woden led the furious warriors to the bank of the swift stream; there sat the horse of the hill, whose crooked sword shone like the star of the evening.

‘Peada was the banner of the hills; when he waved his golden torse upon the bodies of the slain, the hearts of his companions beamed with victory. He joined the numerous bands of the sons of Woden: like a swelling stream they enter the borders of the land of Cuccurcha.

‘Locca of the Brown Valley founds the shield; the king of Urrin hears the sound, he starts from his seat: assemble the lions of war, for the enemy are upon the borders.

‘Sons of Morven, upon whose shields are seen the hawk and the serpent, swift as the wind fly to the warriors of Abon’s stream: sons of war, prepare the spreading shield, the sword of fire, the spear, the azure banner made sacred by the god.

‘Cuccurcha issues to the war, as an enemy’s wolf to the field.

‘Selward, whose face is a summer cloud, gleaming with the recent lightning of the storms, shakes the broad anlace.

‘Eadgar and Emmioldred, sons of the mighty Rovon, who discomfited Osniron with his steeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood-stained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are seen in the troop.

‘Oreada,

‘ Creadda, whose feet are like those of the horse, lifts high the silver shield.

‘ On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their swords rained blood, shields echoed to the valley of slaughter.

‘ These were the warriors of Cuccurcha, the lions of the war.

‘ Hengist and Horfa met them on the sandy plain; the shafts of death clouded the sun, swift as the ships of Horfa, strong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar sustained the blow of Hengist; great was the fury of Emmieldred, his spear divided the broad shield, his anlace sunk into the heart: the sword of Anyoni pierced the breast of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

‘ Creadda rages in the battle; he is a wild boar of the wood. The anlace of Horfa sounds on his round helm, he gnashes his teeth, he churns the smok-ing gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long spear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes: the anlace of Hengist alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

‘ The men of Urrin fled to the forest: the lions of war, Hengist and Horfa, throw the spears of flight; they burn up the souls of the flying foe; the great image is red with blood; the flame lights the stars; the moon comes forth to grace the feast; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors.’

Tatwallin ended his song.

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnall with his troops retired to the forest on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland prepares for battle. Ragnald came down to the plain: long was the fight, and bloody.

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the shield. The warriors upon the mountain heard the sound of the silver shield. Swift as the hunted stag they fly to the war: they hear the noise of the battle; the shout of the onset swells in the wind; the loud din of the war increases, as the thunder rolling from afar. They fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the sharp rock are scattered around; they ascend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of Olloch. Their helmets sweep the dawn of the morning; the saffron light shines on the broad shield; through the dark dells they

cut a passage, through the dells where the beams of the sun are never seen.

On the rushy moor of Rossin they astonish the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan; death sat on his sword: the yelling breath of the dying foe shook his banner; his shield, the stream of Lexy, which surrounds the dark-brown wood, and shines at the noon of day. His anlace dropped blood; and tore through the helmets of the foe, like the red lightning of the storm.

Dugnall, chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his shield and spear through the heart of Morval. The weapon perforated; he yelled like a wolf of the mountain; he died.

Weolmund of the White Rock arose in the fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe: his spear a blasted oak, his shield the sea when the winds are still, he appeared a hill, on whose top the winter snow is seen, and the summer sun melts it up. Victory sat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who supports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of summer over the plain, shakes the crooked sword as he rages upon the hills of the slain, and is red with living gore. The spears of the foe are gathered about him, the sharp javelins sound on his shield: he looks around the field, the savage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their shields are red with blood.

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric displays his starry shield, the chiefs fall at his feet; he rises on the breast of Rynon, storms of blood surround his sword, blood flows around him.

When the storm rages in the sky, the torrents roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the castle falls to the ground; such was the fury of the fight on the moor of Rossin. The chiefs fell: our foes halt; they fly, swift as the clouds of winter. Ospray throws the spear of Chaso: swift as their fear he flies to the pursuit. The soul of Godred melted: he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimson stream. His warriors dance around him; they sing the song of Harald the Black: they hail him king; the golden sandal is thrown over his helmet.

May the Gods grant this war for empire be his last!

## THE STORY OF WILL WIMBLE;

OR,

## A VISIT TO BEDLAM.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

**H**AVING been requested by a worthy country gentleman, my particular friend, to accompany him to Moorfields, as soon as we entered one of the melancholy apartments of Bedlam, I heard a voice call out to me with great vehemence; and, turning round, saw the remains of a face I knew perfectly well, though I could not immediately recollect whose it was. The poor man very familiarly took me by the hand; and, while I was ruminating on his countenance—"What!" cried he, "don't you know me? Have you forgot your old acquaintance, Will Wimble, with whom you have been so happy at Sir Roger de Coverley's? Ah! the merry moments we have had together. Poor Sir Roger! We shall never shake our sides again at any of his Christmas tales and gambols. There has been no good done in the county since his death. I am quite sick of the parish of Coverley now, and came up to town with an intent to go abroad. Who would stay in this place? Why, English hospitality is out of date, and all good neighbourhood destroy'd! This earth will by and by be inhabited by fiends only, for every age degenerates. The sun don't give half the light it used to do, and the moon is perpetually in a cloud: there are but six of the seven stars to be seen, and one of those has got the green sickness—"

"But why should we quarrel for riches,

"Or any such trifling toys;

"A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,

"Go thorough the world, brave boys!"

Here the poor creature began to rave; which one of the keepers perceiving, immediately took hold of him. The sudden transition, from incoherent madness, to solid reasoning, which this occasioned in him, really surprized me; and I was no less pleased to see with what dexterity he endeavoured to conceal his confinement. He whispered some time with the keeper; then shook him by the

hand; and, as he was coming towards us, called to him to walk about, and not be uneasy, for there would be time enough to get home. When he had joined our company, he did not forget to intimate that the person who laid hold of him was a countryman, whom he had brought there to shew him the place, for he was a mere bumpkin. Poor Will carried the farce so far, as to offer to treat me with a glass of wine; and even attempted to go out for that purpose, but was soon stopped by the porter. This affected him prodigiously, and he raved to a degree not to be described. But when he saw the people come about him, and found that he must submit, he made me a bow, and walked off. Generous minds will ever be deeply affected with accidents of this sort, and especially when they happen within the compass of their acquaintance. Poor Mr. Wimble's misfortune gave me so much uneasiness, that I was unable to stay any longer in the place; and the good old gentleman, my companion, was indeed greatly concerned, and would not permit me to leave him, till I had written down Mr. Wimble's case. While he was reading it he shed many tears, which confirmed my good opinion of him; for I consider tears thus shed, in pity to the distressed, as testimonies of a good heart. Before we parted, he enjoined me to make the case public, as he apprehended it might have a good effect, and induce parents to make an honest distribution of their effects, and take more care of their posterity.

THE CASE OF MR. WILLIAM WIMBLE; WHICH IS A VERY BAD CASE, AND INSERTED HERE FOR THE INFORMATION OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE LARGE ESTATES TO LEAVE, AND SENSE ENOUGH TO RECEIVE INSTRUCTION.

**M**R. William Wimble was the second son of Sir Richard Wimble, of Wimble Hall, in Worcester-shire. His father

father was possessed of a fine fortune when he came of age, but in his youth dealt away a great part of it at cards; and, to mend the matter, married a wife who had neither abilities nor inclination to repair it. However, as he grew old he grew frugal; and, having now nothing so much at heart as the honour and dignity of the family, he would hardly allow himself necessaries till he had discharged that debt on the estate, and made an addition to it of some farms that lay contiguous.

His eldest son happened to be a mere booby; but notwithstanding that, he was the elder, and consequently heir to the estate: and Will, to whom Nature had given a good share of sense, was to seek his fortune in any manner that would not disgrace the family. He had no inclination to the Pulpit, for he did not love reading; Physic was his aversion; and he had too much conscience for the Law, and too much compassion for the Army. A mercantile Trade was what Will of all things wished for, and what his genius naturally led him to: but that was denied by his father; who, indeed, was angry that he should be so mean-spirited as to think of introducing buying and selling, and keeping paltry accounts, into his family.

When Will was about eighteen, his father died; and, for the dignity of Wimble Hall, but without any regard to paternal duty, left the eldest son an unencumbered estate of four thousand five hundred pounds a year, and his son William only three thousand pounds; for the payment of which, a newly purchased farm was made liable. As this money was not to be paid till Will came of age, he had three years to live without any other means of subsistence than his stock of good nature; which, indeed, happily made him a welcome guest at most tables.

The plan that Mr. Wimble laid down to live, and at the same time to endear himself to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, is, I think, an instance of good sense and address. Mr. Addison, who has often been with me at Sir Roger's, and frequently in company with Mr. Wimble, assured me—That he was a great master of all those little trifling arts and manufactures in which gentlemen delight. He hunted a pack of dogs better than any man in the county, and was very famous for

finding a hare: he made a May-fly to a miracle, and furnished the whole country with angle-rods and tobacco-poppers. He carried a tulip-root from one to another, and exchanged a puppy between two friends who lived at a distance with great dexterity. The young heirs he frequently obliged with a net of his own weaving, a setting dog that he had made himself, a quail-pipe, or a new lash for a whip. The mothers and sisters he generally complimented with a set of smutty-cocks, or a pair of garters of his own knitting; and, whenever he met them, excited a good deal of mirth, by enquiring how they wore, and by craving leave to tie them up. Then he composed all differences between gentlemen and their servants; and though Will never gave the footmen a farthing, they stood in more awe of him than they did of their own masters. He would sometimes interfere in family quarrels, but very cautiously; and I have frequently known him act the part of a good arbitrator.

In this capacity he was often of great use to his brother: yet, notwithstanding these, and other good offices, he charged William three hundred pounds for the first year's board after his father's death. This occasioned some difference between them, which was afterwards accommodated by Sir Roger, who had such influence over his brother, that he induced him to take one hundred, and to advance William five hundred more on the security of the legacy, till the whole became due.

Before this term expired, some disputes arose concerning the title of the farm which was charged with William's legacy; and a law-suit commenced, that continued several years.

William, during this time, was obliged to shift, and supported himself chiefly by the skill he had acquired in farriery; so that while one brother, with very unequal abilities, filled a place in the House of Commons, and was composing laws for the kingdom, the other was obliged to seek his bread from house to house, by curing the farcy, or the quitterbone, for both which diseases William had excellent receipts.

Sir Roger's house, indeed, was always open to him; and, while that good knight lived, Will was in no danger of want: but, from the time of his death, Mr.

Mr. Wimble may date the period of his ruin; for the law-suit being now determined against his brother, that gentleman was deprived of the farm, and poor William of his legacy. But the cruellest cut of all was from the inhuman brother; who, as soon as this suit was ended, prompted by malice, spite, and the devil, arrested poor Will for the five hundred pounds advanced him by cash, and for his board, and threw him into the county jail, where the unfortunate gentleman, agitated with the folly and cruelty of his father, and the tyranny and oppression of his brother, completely lost his senses; and was, by the order, and at the expence, of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, removed to this place, for the benefit of the charity.

Thus was the community deprived of a useful member, by the pride, ignorance, and folly, of the father: for, though Mr. Wimble had no inclination to either of the learned professions, as they are called, he might undoubtedly have made a good tradesman, which seems to have been the peculiar cast of his genius; and this, I think, should be studied by all parents, before they place their children out in the world.

Perhaps it is this want of regard to genius, and opposition to the dictates of Nature, that makes so many appa-

rent blockheads in every business. Most men have a genius for some art or science, in which they very likely would excel were they permitted to follow it; and, for my part, I honour the man who first invented a Mill, as much as he who composed the first Epic Poem. This, I hope, will not give any offence to the Poets; for, by their leave, I shall always consider him as the greatest man who is of the greatest service to society.

Sir Richard Wimble intended his son William for the law; a profession which I wish with all my heart he had followed; he would then, probably, have found out some flaw in his own favour, and thus proved a match for his inhuman brother. But for a father to deny him the privilege of getting his bread in the manner he was most likely to obtain it; and, after that, to leave him none to subsist on; was such an act of barbarity, as could only result from pride, ignorance, and folly: and whoever acts in so preposterous a manner for the future, will, I hope, be considered not only as an imperious fool, and an unworthy member of society; but be legally deemed *non compos mentis*, and a more equitable distribution of his estate and effects consequently take place, under the direction of the Lord Chancellor.

## ABAH RABIEH.

OR,

### THE VINDICTIVE FATHER.

AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER D'ARVIENA.

**A**N Arabian living at Aleppo, whose name was Abah Rabieh, had two children, a son and a daughter. The son, now grown a man, went into the service of France; the daughter was a genteel young woman, and so remarkably beautiful, that Abah, who was extremely jealous of the honour of his family, and of his whole race, as the Arabians generally are, was under continual anxiety, lest the girl's person and charms might tempt some man to endeavour to seduce her chastity. Her mother being dead, he was doubly watchful of her, and seldom permitted her to stir out of his sight: but all this

watching, all this restraint, proved wholly ineffectual. Whether the girl was of a complexion more than ordinarily amorous, or what arts were used to seduce her, is equally uncertain; but all the father's vigilance was unable to prevent the approaches of a lover, and at length of her proving with child.

The jealous father soon perceived some alteration in her person, which immediately alarmed his suspicion. He was on the rack to be satisfied; and, one morning, as she lay fast asleep on a carpet—for so they repose during the summer season in the Levant—he was resolved to discover the truth. It was a fatal examination,



examination, and he had reason to repent his curiosity, for he found the symptoms of what he most dreaded but too abundantly evident. The good Abah Rabieh was ready to sink into the earth. Imagine the distress of a worthy man who doated on his child, and was jealous, even beyond the generality of his own nation, of the honour of his family. However, he contrived to dissemble it for a few weeks. In the mean time, the unhappy creature's burden increased to such a degree, that the father thought she was ready to be delivered. He then took her aside, and commanded her to tell him who the man was that had injured him in her person. The poor girl, in her fright, denied all. She asserted that she was sick, and that the swelling he perceived was only owing to a dropy, for that she had never known man. Abah pretended to believe her, and gave her more liberty than usual; imagining, that this indulgence would draw the gallant to her again, and that he should by that means discover him. But this stratagem did not happen to succeed. He then used menaces; but nothing would induce her to own it: she persisted in asserting her innocence till the very hour of her labour.

When she was delivered, her father made use of no reproaches; on the contrary, he treated her with great tenderness, and carefully concealed from all his relations, and from the whole world, the misfortune that had happened in his family. He himself carried the child privately out of the city, and delivered it to a country woman to be nursed; telling her he found it on the road, and giving her a sum of money to take care of it, under the pretence that he did it out of charity, to save the life of an infant that must otherwise have perished. When he came home, he acquainted his daughter with what he had done to hide her dishonour.

The poor unhappy girl thought that all was now over; but Abah Rabieh had quite different sentiments. He went next morning to the Cady, or chief justice of Aleppo, and begged a private audience; when he communicated to him the calamity that had befallen him, and entreated that he might be permitted to kill his daughter. The Cady, astonished at such a proposal, at first treated him as a madman; then endeavoured to pacify him; but, in the end, dismissed him with

severe menaces, to deter him from such barbarity.

The unhappy Abah went away, but could find no peace in his mind. He then took the resolution to sell all he had in the world, and to convert it into ready-money: as soon as this was done, he put the greatest part of it into a bag, and went to the Bashaw of Aleppo, and begged an audience of him. Here again he recounted his misfortune; and, throwing the bag of gold at the Bashaw's feet, he said—'My lord, I am come to offer you all I have in the world: my honour is gone; permit me to kill my daughter, who has brought this disgrace on our family, that I may repair the injury she has done our whole nation; or kill me, for I cannot survive, my misfortune.'

The Bashaw, struck with horror at the singularity of a such a request, bade him take his money, go home, and endeavour to forget his misfortune; but Abah threw himself at the Bashaw's feet, and by the strongest entreaties endeavoured to prevail on him to consent. The Bashaw, on the contrary, said every thing he could think of to soften him, to comfort him, and to divert him from so cruel and inhuman a design.

Abah Rabieh now plainly perceived that he should never be permitted to execute his purpose: he therefore took up his money, and seemed to be pacified; fearing, if he should still appear determined, the Bashaw, touched with compassion for his daughter, might take her from him.

As soon as he went home, he sent to all his kindred, to all who had the smallest relation to his family, and invited them to dine with him next day, when a most magnificent entertainment would be prepared for them.

The friends came; and while they were discoursing together before dinner, Abah Rabieh withdrew to his daughter's chamber, where he had ordered her to wait till he should send for her, and there executed a most cruel tragedy on his own flesh and blood, by taking away the life of his child. When the poor creature was dead, he cut off her head, and put it into a covered dish, which he carried into another room. This done, he returned to his friends; and, putting on a more cheerful countenance than could have been expected from a man in so melancholy a situation,

she could not, without regret, remark the mouldering state of their circumstances; nor help repining at being assured, that the sacrifices she made were offered up to vice, dissipation, and dishonour.

Nor did her husband long maintain even the appearances of civility; every run of ill-luck produced a chagrin, which was sure to find vent upon his unfortunate wife; and every disappointment in his more criminal pursuits, was the source of contempt and insult to the wretched partner of his bed.

As his circumstances grew more desperate, he proceeded to still greater outrages; nor did he refrain from laying violent hands on the innocent and amiable Delia, who, with exemplary patience, scarce remonstrated against this treatment; and in the arguments which she sometimes offered, to dissuade him from the ruinous course of life in which he had engaged, carefully avoided even the most distant hints of the injuries he had heaped on herself.

As he never condescended to make her his confidante, she was a total stranger to the real state of his affairs, though she knew, generally, that they were extremely embarrassed; and as she had succeeded to the effects of her grandmother, which were by no means inconsiderable, she thought it prudent, when she surrendered them to her husband, to make a trifling reserve; as he was now so sparing of his purse to her, that she could hardly obtain enough from him to purchase the little necessities, which could not be comprized in those tradesmen's bills, the payment of which she saw daily protracted; and, with a view to prevent the necessity of those applications to Mr. Arabin, which always occasioned ill-humour, and not unfrequently ill-usage, she laid by three hundred pounds when she presented her husband with twice as many thousands.

After spending the night abroad, Mr. Arabin returned one morning, at a time rather unusual, and found his wife at breakfast in her dressing-room; into which he rudely entered, and without giving himself the trouble to speak to her, threw himself into a chair, and with wild and disordered looks, directed a servant to order a chaise for Newmarket.

Mrs. Arabin, who well knew by his appearance that he laboured under some pecuniary distress, and recollecting the

sum she possessed, was tempted to try how far a reasonable offer of it might rescue him from the anxiety under which he apparently laboured, and beget some return of gratitude and regard. With this view she arose from her seat; and approaching her husband, in her way to the cabinet where her treasure was deposited, she laid her hand on his, and kindly told him she was sorry to see him unhappy, and flattered herself she could contribute to his relief.

Roused from a state of sullen stupidity by this tender application, he started from his chair, and with the most brutal rage, made a blow at the devoted Delia, with such violence and effect, as to lay her senseless and bleeding at his feet; and, leaving her in this wretched state, he rushed out of the house, informing the servant who opened the door to him that his mistress was ill, and wanted the assistance of her maid.

As he verily believed he had dispatched his unfortunate wife, he thought it prudent to take shelter for a while on the continent; and having procured a small sum of money from one of the companions of his iniquity, he hastened to Dover, and embarked in a packet, which he found just ready to sail for Ostend, leaving injunctions with his friend to learn and communicate to him the consequences of his brutality.

But the event proved less fatal than might have been expected: the blow, which deprived her of her senses, occasioned no lasting injury; and the blood, which had excited such terrors in her husband, had flowed only from her nose, and not from the wound which he naturally supposed he had inflicted. The unfortunate lady was soon recovered by the assiduity of her attendants, and she was shortly after informed of the flight of her husband, under the impressions of that fear which his guilt had naturally produced.

After this fresh proof that her life was in extreme danger, if she continued to cohabit with a Russian devoid of even the common principles of humanity, and a stranger to those sensations which create tenderness and respect for the female sex from the most savage nations of the world; she determined to retire from the house of her husband, and seek protection where she might avoid his farther persecution, by remaining unknown, and in a situation not to be discovered.

To this end she withdrew (without making any of her domesticks acquainted with her design) to the house of a female friend, on whose fidelity she was sure she could rely; who heartily entered into her plan of separating herself from her husband, and offered her advice and assistance in fixing on such measures as might place her beyond the reach of his brutality.

In consequence of these deliberations, it was resolved that the most likely way to elude the searches of her husband, and to provide that maintenance which her scanty provision, consisting only of her little reserve, would by no means furnish, would be to place herself as a companion to a lady in some respectable family; a situation in which she would not incur the smallest risk of discovery.

The enquiries of her friend were successful, and a very few days placed her in a station, for which she was only qualified by an accommodating mind, which enabled her to forget her birth, fortune, and early expectations, and submit to such a change of condition without a complaint or a murmur.

The ladies to whom the engaged herself were the sisters of the Earl of Cranmer; two amiable women, whose penetration soon discovered that there was some secret in the history of their new companion: a discovery which excited an additional degree of that tenderness to which they were by disposition naturally inclined. Yet though they were every day more strongly convinced that she was now in a sphere very inferior to that in which she had been accustomed to move, they forbore to perplex her with questions which they were aware would only prove troublesome; and, with a delicacy peculiar to exalted minds, they strove, by the assiduities of kindness, to lessen the weight of misfortunes, into the nature of which they did not think themselves at liberty to enquire.

Nor did the appearance of this new inhabitant of his house escape the notice of the virtuous and elegant Earl of Cranmer. Disappointed by the authority of a stern father in the gratification of his first passion, his heart had remained free from a second enthrallment; and he had reached the age of thirty-two, without having been prevailed on, by the solicitations of his

friends, to enter into engagements which might afford hopes of perpetuating a family, the honours of which would expire with himself.

But the still lovely Delia excited sensations in his mind to which he had long been a stranger; and the conversation which he enjoyed at those meals of which the indulgent ladies had constantly compelled her to partake at their own table, having assured him that he could find with her that happiness the loss of which he had so long lamented, he meditated the means of discovering the real name and condition of the fair inmate, and determined, if it should turn out as he expected, to offer her his hand and his heart.

Mean time, Mrs. Arabin was informed by her friend that her husband had returned to England as soon as he was assured of his safety; but had expressed much less concern at the flight of his wife, than at the other consequences of his absence: advantage of which had been taken, by his creditors, who he found in possession of his house and effects; but which proving insufficient to satisfy their demands, he had been arrested by one of them for 150*l*. and now remained imprisoned for that sum.

On the receipt of this intelligence, she hesitated not a moment to inclose, in an anonymous letter written in a feigned hand, two-thirds of her little stock; earnestly exhorting him, as a friend who did not chuse to discover himself, to engage in some honourable employment, and to abandon those paths which led to certain destruction. But she had the mortification to learn that her advice proved unavailing; and that, after his release from confinement, he had pursued the same line of conduct, till some disgraceful and dishonourable transaction had compelled him to disappear; and that, for some time, his retreat had not been known even to his most particular friends.

Matters were in this situation, when, on a journey from his house in town to his villa in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, Lord Cranmer's coach, which contained his sisters, Mrs. Arabin, and himself, was stopped by a single highwayman, during the absence of the only servant who attended it, and who had accidentally loitered behind the carriage; and the highwayman having presented his pistol to the bosom of one of  
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the ladies, they were busily employed in collecting their money, when Mrs. Arabin, lifting her eyes to the invader of their property, gave a loud shriek, and instantly fainted.

At this moment the servant, alarmed at the shriek, hastened to get up with the carriage; which being observed by the robber, he withdrew his pistol from the coach, and discharged it unsuccessfully at the servant, who returned the fire, and lodged the contents of his pistol in the body of the unfortunate plunderer.

During this transaction, Mrs. Arabin, had remained in a state of insensibility, from which she recovered by the assiduities of Lord Cranmer; but had no sooner opened her eyes, than she turned them on the body of the highwayman; and having exclaimed, 'My husband!' she relapsed again into the state from which she had been summoned to inexpressible anguish.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene, or the consternation of the terrified ladies, and their still more anxious brother. The first care of the latter was to get the body removed to the next village, which was effected by the opportune arrival of an empty post-chaise, which was on its return from the metropolis; the second, and more important, was the recovery of the afflicted widow; and in this, too, he had the happiness to succeed, though he was obliged to suspend a curiosity, which was far from being disinterested, for some days, during which he employed himself in preventing disagreeable discoveries at a coroner's inquest, which was necessary on the occasion, and in directing the interment of the unfortunate Arabin. At length, however, the afflicted Delia grew more composed; and, at the earnest request of the ladies, suggested by their impatient brother, entered on a detail of those circumstances which had produced such afflicting and alarming events: a recital which, while it excited the tenderest

pity in the breast of the amiable sisters, conveyed inexpressible satisfaction to their no less worthy brother, who now saw no impediment to the hope he had long entertained that he might be at liberty to offer the participation of his honours and fortunes to her who had already possessed his heart.

Nor was the gentle Delia insensible of the virtues and personal qualifications of the generous Cranmer: with modest diffidence she avowed eternal obligation; and, in the acknowledgments of her gratitude, betrayed the situation of her heart; a discovery of which her admirer did not fail to avail himself, in earnest solicitations to render his happiness complete, which she was easily prevailed on to promise; and, as soon as decency would permit, she received the reward of her virtues in the hand of the truly noble Cranmer; a much more valuable gift than the honours and fortunes with which it was accompanied.

Hence let not the virtuous doubt but they are the peculiar care of that Being whose dispensations are always just; and who, even in this life, seldom fails to distinguish them, by bestowing his choicest and most desirable blessings! Nor let them repine, even though adversity should attend them to the close of a life which, while they have preserved the consciousness of integrity, cannot have been spent without the enjoyment of a degree of happiness to which the most splendid iniquity will ever remain a stranger!

Hence let the vicious tremble! and while he beholds the unoffending victim of brutality prove the innocent instrument of punishment, let him learn, that the laws he has transgressed are never to be violated with impunity; and that, however long he may escape receiving the reward of his crimes, vengeance will surely overtake him at last, and that too in a degree strictly proportioned to the nature and extent of his offence.

## STORY OF DON JUAN,

BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

**T**HE following story is so extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as

the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no other wise than by the

the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after he was with child by him. This gentleman had for some years before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain. I was shewn his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork-trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, that although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronimite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos to make enquiry into the case. The supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial it came out, from the confession of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils. Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son; and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant; and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died in a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her death but a few days; and the father threw himself into a convent of Mendicants, making over, by deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts; for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so

contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore, to compel the prisoner to a farther elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm at what was going forward, told his judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he would truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable. He said he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection, and a promise of marriage; which, however, he acknowledged had not been solemnized: that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question; that the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name; and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him. He begged his judges therefore to observe, that he never understood Josepha to be his sister: that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her: that with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did; and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man while he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison. Don Juan, bursting into tears for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison. 'Was that poison contained in the medicine she took?'—'It was.' Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself? Neither the

the apothecary nor himself was guilty. Did the lady, from a principle of shame, he was then asked, commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge? He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness, that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any farther interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession he had said she did die by poison, and yet by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicion could possibly rest: there was, however, one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady. Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents? 'No,' replied the prisoner, in a firm tone of voice; 'I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners if I imputed it to them.' The judges upon this declared with one voice, that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack: they would, however, for the last time, demand of him if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha. To which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it, and they might dispose of him as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures. They had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities, and passed over an axle, which was turned by a windlass: the strain upon his muscles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and Nature spoke her sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; the sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom; yet the man was firm amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped; and the fiend

who was superintendent of the hellish work, declared they might increase his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now began a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary, so as to exert acuter pains from the application of the engine to parts that had not yet had their full share of the first agony; when suddenly a monk rushed into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately, with a loud voice, exclaimed—'Inhuman wretches! delegates of hell, and agents of the devil! make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent! for behold'—and so saying he threw back his cowl—'behold the father and the murderer of Josepha!'

The whole assembly started with astonishment; the judges stood aghast; and even the demons of torture rolled their eye-balls on the monk with horror and dismay.

'If you are willing,' says he to the judges, 'to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it, hear me! if not, set your engine to work without farther enquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your lives you may now insist with justice!'

'Proceed,' said the senior judge.

'That guiltless sufferer, who now lies insensible before my eyes,' said the monk, 'is the son of an excellent father, who was once my dearest friend. He was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years, without visiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many sums of money on his son's account. At this time, a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs, and a passion for extravagance, inspired,

inspired, of converting the property of my charge to my own account. I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account; let me do her the justice to confess she withstood them firmly for a time. Still fortune frowned upon me; and I was sinking in my credit every hour; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace but this infamous expedient.

At last persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity, conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. I maintained a correspondence with his father, by letters pretended to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length, the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met with no resistance in my mind; and, determining upon removing this bar to my ambition, I proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror; and for some time her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack. After some time, the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils; and as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to disover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil, on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which in fact was destined for our only child.

She took it: Heaven discharged its vengeance on our heads; and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with those we felt? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child; she bewailed us, she consoled, nay, she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter, with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution, by disclosing what had passed. Alas! alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word: behold, he dies a martyr to honour! your infernal tortures have destroyed him.

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh; a second would have followed, but Heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart for ever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror; and as he stretched out his mangled limbs at life's last gasp—'Accursed monsters!' he exclaimed, 'may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some consolation in the thought that you partake it's torments!'

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart; and, whilst his blood spouted on the pavement, dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

## SIR BERTRAND.

## A FRAGMENT.

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT ROMANCE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards; but at length the increasing darkness, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ear—he started up; and, turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpse of moon-light, he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered; and instantly the light, which proceeded

from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vanished: at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent!—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed; and, approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death!—He looked in at the lower window, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch; and, seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again!—He repeated the strokes more boldly, and louder. Another interval of silence ensued!—A third time he knocked; and a third time all was still! He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front. It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before!—At the same instant, a deep, sullen toll, sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop!—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and, urged by honour, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch, and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the grate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand;—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled!—He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he



he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs; and, after a moment's deliberation, ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished!—At the same instant, another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness; and, with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left-hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropped it, and rushed forward with a desperate valour.

The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault.—He went forwards; and, proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forward the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample

folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to the brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards; and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clasped their sabres, and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash.

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance; and, on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table; and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast, delicious music playing all the time.

Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures.

After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words—



## THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

A Passion for solitude and rural pleasures induced me to pass the finest months of autumn in the most delightful and romantic part of Tuscany. In one of my excursions, I was bewildered in an adjacent forest; in vain I endeavoured to find the path which would conduct me to the villa of my friend. In this situation, night came suddenly on, and created those alarms which result from being exposed to the dangers of some savage prowler. Chance conducted me through an avenue, at the end of which I found a large extensive plain covered with yews, beech, and venerable oaks. On an eminence was seen the ruins of an uninhabited castle, where a majestic linden reared its towering branches over the mouldering battlements. An ancient chapel, which had as yet escaped the ravages of time, the clattering of a neighbouring mill, the hollow rumbling of the winds, and the melancholy murmurings of a water-fall, spread around this lonesome scene a gloomy horror. I heard the piercing accents of a human voice; I hastened to the spot from whence it came, and there beheld the mournful complainer, clothed in black, prostrate on the ground, his hands lifted up to heaven, his hair dishevelled, and a countenance expressing all the bitterness of woe.

I approached him with respect; and enquiring my way to Prato, he made me no reply, preserving the same posture and attitude. I repeated the question again and again, with some importunity; at last he turned towards me, and with a deep sepulchral tone of voice articulated—

‘The days are for you—the nights for me! Cease to disturb my meditations.’

Terror and dismay seized my soul. Astonished at my timidity, I in vain attempted to resume my presence of mind—I thought I saw this being of darkness increasing in bulk and hideousness—frightful spectres seemed to surround me—the air darkened in an instant—a panic caught my senses, and a cold deadly sweat bedewed every limb. I fled the spot with the swiftest precipitancy, till

I found myself at the brink of a precipice which seemed to terminate in the regions of departed spirits. I paused; and looking which way to pursue my flight, a spire appeared before me, and at my nearer approach, I saw the glimmerings of some scattered cottages. My fears were instantly dissipated, nor could I refrain smiling at my cowardice; nevertheless, what I had seen and heard impressed on my mind a sensation of the blackest melancholy.

I repaired to the parsonage-house, where I minutely related what had passed. The simple old gentleman assured me I had seen the ghost who had for some time haunted that part of the forest; that he had frightened many of his parishioners; adding a long string of idle stories, which bespoke this ecclesiastic the son of superstition and ignorance. I partook of his hospitality, and retired to rest as soon as possible. No sooner was I alone, than my heated imagination called up a chaos of shocking ideas. ‘Strange!’ said I, ‘that a rational or irrational being could thus the light, and the society of his fellow-creatures! Perhaps he is some unfortunate lover, who has lost the object of his tenderness, and comes to weep and deplore his fate at her grave—Perhaps an unhappy wretch, whose remorse for some abominable crime devotes his nights to expiation and penitence—Perhaps Heaven has permitted him to fall in my way, to awake a sense of past follies, and call me back to the paths of virtue.’

An irresistible curiosity prompted me to return to the very scene I had quitted in my fright: ashamed of my pusillanimity, I was firmly resolved to brave every danger; and in this determination, I the following evening quitted my reverend host, bending my steps towards the spot, which was now disarmed of all its terrors. I calmly contemplated the object, when I found him in the same posture of sorrow and humility. The rays of light emitted by the moon and stars, gave me an opportunity of watching all his actions.

Already the night was far advanced; yet

yet I determined not to quit my position, till the *désuëment* of this strange adventure. Some hours after, he rose from his kneeling, bathed the ground with his tears and kisses, and retreated through a kind of labyrinth, but with so slow and solemn a step, as enabled me to follow at a proper distance. He soon descended into the bottom of a valley: at the end of it projected a little eminence, covered with box and creeping ivy, and at the foot of which he instantly disappeared. I hastened my cautious steps, but could not discover the least trace of a habitation. I still persevered in my search; and at last I found an aperture in the rock, into which I entered, but with much difficulty; and as I advanced in this subterraneous passage, it became more and more spacious.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed I, 'that this can be the retreat of any human being? Is it even probable, that a man voluntarily conceals himself in the very bowels of the earth? No, certainly not! In fact, I knew not what to think, and I began to lose that presence of mind necessary in such situations. I thought of returning back—I feared I had gone too far, and rashly exposed my life to some beast of prey retreated hither. The reiterated noises heard at some distance, which appeared to be coming nearer and nearer, were dreadfully alarming. My courage, however, did not totally forsake me; I advanced till a piece of rock opposed my passage. On farther examination, I found it suspended by a kind of equilibrium; for it easily gave way, and with it's fall the cavern resounded with a tremendous noise.

A sudden light, joined to a frightful spectacle, now opened to my view, and exhibited on every side an image of religious horror. Here this ghastly inhabitant was extended upon a large stone, hewn out in the form of a coffin, and absorbed in so profound a reverie, that even the clamour I had occasioned did not excite the least emotion. I drew nearer to this unhappy mortal with a kind of dread, mixed with a feeling of the tenderest compassion; and, on closer inspection, I saw the strongest impressions of despair and grief had furrowed his livid cheeks, which wore every mark of extreme wretchedness; nevertheless, there still remained some faint traces of youth and comeliness. His eyelids half open—

his looks fixed and haggard—one hand extended towards heaven, the other impressed on his heart, which throbbed with all the pangs of a perturbed imagination. Around him hung on scrolls rudely sculptured, and in large characters, the most striking sentences from the sacred volumes.

As the assassin in his sleep pursues the bloody phantom of him whom he has murdered, starting from his bed awakes; so in like manner this living corpse was roused from his reverie, exclaiming—

'Wretched body! when wilt thou return to dust? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' His frame trembled with the excruciating torments of his mind, while the big starting tears, or rather drops of blood, rolled down his pallid cheeks. The picture was too distressing to behold in silence—I ran to console his miseries. 'Pardon, O pardon the powerful interest you have inspired; I have been witness to your sufferings; I have sympathized in your agonies—deign therefore to tell me what terrible calamity has made you so singularly wretched.' 'Surprise and astonishment were seen in every feature of his face. 'What destiny,' exclaimed he, 'what destiny is more rigorous! I have fled the society of men—you have discovered a retreat that I would have concealed from all human nature. What new enemy of my fatal existence has conducted you to this lonely and deserted cell?'

'No enemy, but the suggestions of a compassionate, tender heart. It was I who addressed you the other evening; it was I whose voice knew not how to respect your solitude. Your words struck me to the soul; they incited an unconquerable propensity to learn your fate, to offer you my friendship, and give you every possible consolation.' 'Consolation can never enter the sepulchre I inhabit; it is sacred to groans, sighs, and fruitless lamentations. I have consecrated it to penitence and tears.'

'But remember that the Deity condemns a penitence too austere, and rejects the vows which have for their object the destruction of our being.'

'A life contrary to what I now experience would be an offence towards Heaven and human nature; yet I welcome the voice which invites Affliction  
'to

to lift up her languishing head. But my fate is fixed, and my resolution cannot be shaken; nevertheless, I will unfold the shocking tale, provided you will swear religiously to keep it as a profound secret, as also the place of my retirement; that you spare me all manner of superfluous advice, and that you leave this cavern never to enter it again."

My eagerness to hear the history of so extraordinary a character, induced me to comply with his injunctions. He then gave me the following narrative.

"My family is so well known and respected, that, from motives of tenderness, their names will not be mentioned; suffice it to say, that in my twentieth year I united to the externals of person and address, a heart insensible to every liberal pursuit. In this early period of my existence, I was a consummate master in every species of intrigue and seduction. I made a brilliant figure at the gaming-table, while my atheistical notions and profligacy gave me such an éclat, that I became the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other. The amiable foibles of youth I coloured with so delicate and high a varnish, accompanied with an ingenious railery and good humour, that I gave the *ton* to those circles which were then frequented for high breeding and conviviality; and in mixt companies I cautiously veiled these shining talents under the mask of a most respectful politeness, and a studied air of candour, modesty, and diffidence. My knowledge of the world was already such, that I had no difficulty in discovering the leading features of those I addressed; and discriminated the language of prudery, coquetry, cunning, assumed gravity, and the pretty prattlers of sentiment and virtue.

"In this career of dissipation, vice, and crime, I intended passing a few months in the country, with some choice spirits of similar dispositions. In our route we passed near the celebrated abbey of B\*\*\*, which furnished us with a number of jocular conceits, and common-place observations, on the immense folly of those young women who had buried their persons and attractions in that lonesome and dreary prison.

"What treasures of love," exclaimed

one, "are here concealed from the world! What new scenes of delight could the lover here realize! What rapid conquests to be made! How easy the road to their feelings, could one but obtain admittance!—Here," my friend addressing himself to me, "here is a process worthy the most renowned knight; I wonder indeed thou hast not added this to the list of thy *bonnes fortunes*. Thy person and figure are propitious for the glorious enterprise; thy face is perfectly feminine, adorned with the loves and the graces: in a woman's dress, thy admission is indubitably certain; one of us will present thee in quality of a boarder or novice. This is the very quintessence of gallantry. Novelty, my boy, will create new transports; the sighs of penitence will be soon changed to those of love; every heart will fly to thee alone; thou wilt be a complete sultan in the midst of a royal seraglio. Be cautious, however, for thou canst not throw thy handkerchief to all; but a knight of thy rank and importance knows how to triumph over every obstacle. Add this to thy heroic achievements, and thou mayest defy the malice of thy competitors."

"I would, indeed, have braved every danger, rather than not attempt this novel feat of gallantry. I was too jealous of preserving my acquired superiority over the companions of my pleasures; I was even vexed not to have been the first to suggest such a measure: I instantly adopted it, lest some other should tear this additional laurel from my brow.

"We returned to town, to procure the necessary appendages for a young lady of my assumed consequence. I bound my friends to secrecy while I remained an inhabitant of the convent. I was delighted with the frolic; and no sooner metamorphosed into petticoats, than a carriage brought me to the abbey. Here they introduced me as a dove destined to the altar, and whose fervour and disposition earnestly solicited to imitate the pious examples of that holy order. The lady abbess received me as wearing the looks and robe of innocence; and I performed this wicked part with such inimitable *naiiveté* as even staggered my conductors.

"Being thus successfully introduced into

into this religious sanctuary, my immediate pursuit was to select a proper victim; the superior attractions of a young lady, called Cecilia, in the bloom of youth and beauty, adorned with the loves and the graces, engrossed my sole attention. Her apartment was adjoining to mine: an intimacy soon took place, and her heart spoke the genuine language of the most tender amity. In fact, we loved each other, but with different feelings; her's flowed from a pure and unaffected friendship; mine from an impetuous passion, which sought to triumph over honour, principle, and sentiment.

This was indeed the first impulse of a real attachment; and this attachment was greatly augmented by a retreat from the world, and all its fashionable dissipations. In contemplating this all-accomplished and elegant woman, I became a new creature; and at that moment felt the deepest remorse for my past follies, and the infamy of my proceedings. I began to know and set a just value on the reciprocal union of two virtuous and susceptible hearts; I even sighed after the happy period when I was to begin the career of a refined sensibility.

"Can I have the savage cruelty to seduce this artless, affectionate, and unguarded innocent? Can I bring the blush of sullied purity on the witching cheek of her who has not as yet even the suspicion of artifice or perfidy?" To my shame be it said, that this was the first time in all my life I ever felt the least compunction, in betraying the woman who listened to my addresses; but I passionately loved Cecilia, and therefore could not think of abandoning an object who was mistress of my affections. My feelings, however, took the lead of my reasoning faculties; for our interviews became so interesting, ardent, and inexpressibly seductive, that I no longer thought of any other measures than such as lead on to ruin and sensuality.

One night—a night ever horrible to my remembrance, a night which ought to be effaced from the annals of time!—being in the apartment of Cecilia, she poured into my bosom the effusions which sprung from a joy of having placed her esteem on an object worthy of unbounded confidence. Unhappy maid! Little did she dream of her cha-

rishing a serpent in her breast, who was dooming her to a rapid and inevitable destruction!

The progress of our intimacy was at last carried to such a degree of familiarity, that she innocently proposed our sleeping together: this proposition crowned my most sanguine wishes, and I dared to carry my audacity to the consummation of the blackest crime, even in the asylum of protected virtue.

The clock struck two—I tiptoed to Cecilia's chamber, who was glad to see me; and although I considered myself as the worst of villains, I did not tremble to ensnare the best and most lovely of her sex! Like the blood-thirsty tiger watching his destined prey, I panted for the moment to erect my triumph upon her credulity and eternal infamy! Sleep at last took possession of her whole soul—the wished-for moment was arrived.

A taper at the farther end of the room threw a feeble light on the alcove, in which lay for the last time the tranquil Cecilia; this light, faint as it was, disclosed to my longing eyes a multitude of charms. O what a fascinating spectacle is that of beauty and innocence in the arms of sleep! Unhappily I was too great a slave to my passions to revere the temple of chastity; I saw nothing but what served to inflame my senses, my eyes rioted in forbidden pleasures—my burning kisses lighted up new fires in the bosom of this angelic maid: this discovery bereft me of every consideration—and Heaven was witness to my criminal delights.

The lost Cecilia beheld me with amazement, terror, and distraction—I with difficulty stifled her cries against her brutal ravisher. I threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to look upon me as an unhappy mortal—an unhappy mortal, whose audacity had but too justly incurred her hatred and indignation. "Who," said I, "could behold such ravishing attractions, and not pant to possess them? Let me conjure you to make the avowal of your passion; and if the words of the most tender and devoted of lovers can efface the crime dictated by the acuteness of his feelings, suffer me to add, that Heaven condemns this tyranny exercised on susceptible hearts: break, then, the

"the chain imposed by ignorance, prejudice, and cruelty—in a speedy flight I shall become less culpable in your eyes—embrace the fortune of your adorer—this is to follow the sweet invitation of nature, and the sure road to future happiness. Let us fly these prison walls—let us fly to the land of liberty, where——"

"Cease, vile seducer!" said the distracted Cecilia, "this pitiful harangue inspires me with that contempt which I have for your person and sentiments—think rather to finish the abominable work, by not suffering me to live after you have robbed me of what is dearer than life itself."

Tears, sparkling with the fire of indignation, ran trickling down her animated cheeks, and her stifled sighs announced the extreme agitation of her mind. She seemed to struggle against the most visible despair: she remained for some minutes in the profoundest reverie; at last, a more than human courage brightened up in her countenance.

"The crime is consummated," said she, endeavouring to conceal the horror I had inspired; "haste, take me from the spot which is now become insupportable!"

At these words, joy and rapture succeeded that supor of astonishment into which I was before plunged. Without losing an instant of time, I ran back to my chamber, dressed myself in the cloaths of my sex, and adopting every precaution which prudence suggested, I effected our escape in the most perfect security.

We had, however, scarcely lost sight of the convent, when Cecilia drew back, and, with a countenance expressive of anger, and a smile of ineffable contempt:—

"Villain! do you think so meanly of me, then, as to suppose that I should abandon myself to my assassin? If these feeble arms cannot punish my insulted honour, Heaven is my avenger, nor shall I implore that aid in vain." These words were scarcely uttered, when she fled from me with amazing swiftness.

"I was petrified!—nay, for some time I remained motionless as a statue; but the moment I recovered from my surprise, I followed her steps, which redoubled her speed, till she had reached

a river then in view. Without a moment's hesitation, without turning her head, without uttering a single word, she plunged into the rapid stream, and instantly disappeared.

Judge, then, my situation! I had nearly caught her cloaths, when a watery tomb closed on this injured, unhappy creature! I saw the curlings of that vortex where she had sought the most violent of deaths! I instantly threw myself into the circling eddy, calling most piteously upon the undone Cecilia; but the rapidity of the current carried me down the stream. In this state of distraction, a consciousness of my danger, however, predominated; and, after many violent struggles for life, I reached the ever-detestable shore. I wandered along the margin, searching the spot where the fatal catastrophe had happened, and fancying at every step I saw the corpse floating on the surface. Nature changed its whole aspect—the rocks, surcharged, hung threatening over my head—the heavens coloured, the winds, the trees, the waters—every thing around me, pronounced my sentence of eternal misery! My tortured mind realized all the horrors of my situation, which were heightened by discovering among the rushes the lifeless body of my Cecilia cruelly disfigured. I will not torture your feelings with the then distracted state of mine; suffice it to say that, in the midst of this shocking scene, some fishermen passing by, heard the accents of my distress; they made towards me. Judge their astonishment, at the sight of a man, wild with grief, embracing a corpse clothed in the habit of a religious order!

"O my friends!" exclaimed I, "in pity rid me of an existence that is now become intolerable! I have plunged a dagger in the bosom of innocence—here she is—here is the victim of my treachery!"

The monastery was alarmed, pursuit was made—they found me; and dragged me to a magistrate, before whom I confessed the atrocious crime, and was instantly ordered into close custody, loaded with irons, and treated with that rigour I had so justly merited. Heaven, however, reserved for me the torments of a long and cruel penitence; for my family were soon informed of my imprisonment; and their influence

influence reversed the sentence of an ignominious death, and changed it into banishment.

I no sooner learned this circumstance, than I not only resolved to quit my native country, but to shun the society of the whole world. This project engrossed all my thoughts, and I feigned every necessary preparative for my going abroad: in this interval, I meditated on making my retreat hither, which I have ever since consecrated to penitence and tears. To effect this,

disguised myself in a dress suitable to the horrors of my mind, and this cave I devoted as my future asylum, from whence I never ventured out but when an universal darkness reigned; then I visited the place where you first heard my fruitless complaints. There I seemed to hear her shade reproach me for my perfidy; but, far from being dismayed at this phantom of my imagination, I was even pleased to contemplate it, which I thought wandered incessantly about me. I even prostrated myself before her, and endeavoured to appease her manes with inarticulate sounds, sighs, and tears. Every night these woods, these recesses, are responsive to my bitter wailings; and my only luxury is the luxury of woe. There, I asked, What are the pleasures of a sublunary mortal? And I answered, They are like the rays of the sun sporting on the deep, which are obscured by the first passing cloud.

"I see," added he, "however, in you, Sir, the appearance of youth, health, and cheerfulness; but you have as yet made but a few steps into the career of life, a life which at first offers a series of reiterated delights. But be not deceived by such fallacious appearances! Guard against the inclinations incident to youth; for if you once suffer them to blind your reason, you are from that moment treading upon precipices which will lead you to inevitable destruction.

"It is here, Sir," pointing to his heart, "it is here spring all the evils incident to human nature: we carry with us the seeds of misfortune, vice, and crime—a thousand objects, a thousand circumstances, nay, some trifling incident, may lay a train of accumulated wretchedness. This heart of mine has been my only enemy—my woeful history shews it with a vengeance! Let  
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my misfortunes then serve as a terrible lesson—and remember the important truth, That the road to happiness is never to be found but in an uniform controul of the passions."

Here ended the recital of a tale which had filled my soul with the tenderest compassion. I had sworn to obey his injunctions, and therefore silently retired from this scene of singular distress.

The day began to re-animate every creature, and opened a new world to my ideas. I now, for the first time, reflected on the train of evils resulting from a criminal indulgence of the passions. I even saw those objects, which before I used to consider as the highest bliss, in a point of view which called up a sentiment of pity. I entered a pretty village on the banks of the spreading Po; and from it's numerous flocks, and the hilarity of it's inhabitants, I pictured the return of the golden age. Among a troop of blooming damsels was one in particular, who appeared to be a perfect beauty. She wore a hat ornamented with flowers, which half discovered a pair of eyes that darted fire. I was struck with the elegance of her figure, her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the delicate whiteness of her bosom. Never did the Egyptian Queen, when drinking costly pearls, dying with love and voluptuousness, display half the charms of this artless creature; nor could I figure Venus more attractive, when in her Italian groves she caressed her favourite Adonis. I approached her with respect—the glanced a timid look, and instantly retired. My eyes followed the object that had fascinated my senses; I was going to follow her, when I was stopped by the recollection of the virtuous and affectionate Julia.

"What," exclaimed I; "what violence am I about to commit against the most lovely and the best of women! O no; I cannot injure thee in thought. I have only given way to the surprise of my senses—my heart is incapable of an infidelity. A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings; but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attractions. No, my Julia! never will I cloud the serenity of thy brow with that demon Jealousy. Thy empire over my heart is not to be shaken. My tenderness and assiduous attentions

• will justify thy happy confidence. I  
 • will fly to thy fond arms, and expiate  
 • my momentary error in thy endear-  
 • ing caresses. Then shall I hear the  
 • tender solitudes which my absence  
 • has occasioned.'

In pronouncing this soliloquy, I  
 hastened my steps, and soon after joy-  
 ously reached the villa of my friend,  
 determined to abridge my visit, that I  
 might return to the bosom of love, ease,  
 and tranquillity.

## THE UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

BY MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

**M**R. Sladon, a merchant of Bristol, by industry and diligent application to business, acquired a considerable fortune. As he was an enemy to noise and pomp, he neither set up his carriage, nor endeavoured to make a splendid appearance; his only care centered in Maria, his beautiful daughter: he spared no costs to complete her education; her genius requited his labour; no instructions were lost on her; and she excelled in every qualification which can dignify her sex. At the age of seventeen she was universally allowed to be a beauty. The reader will excuse the writer from giving a description of her person; let him cull from the volumes of poets and painters all his imagination counts beautiful, and throw into it an inexpressible softness, and he has Maria.

Mr. Hinckley, whose father was closely connected in trade with Mr. Sladon, struck with the uncommon lustre of Maria's person and mind, entreated his father to permit him to pay his addresses to her. 'George,' said the priest of Mammon, 'I commend your choice; Miss Sladon is a very good economist, and will have little less than a plumb to her fortune: go, and prosper.' Young Hinckley assured his father he had not the least mercenary view. 'Away!' replied the old man; 'when you have been as often upon 'Change as me, you'll know better.'

Young Hinckley had no cause to complain of his reception; Maria had never viewed him with eyes of indifference. Mr. Sladon rejoiced at the proposed alliance; all was unity and love; and, before the expiration of two months, George acquainted his father that he intended to request Mr. Sladon to fix the day: but was thunderstruck with his command, that he should not go such lengths till he had farther orders from him.

Mr. Sladon, who was himself above deceit, never suspected it in another; his generous frankness laid him open to the vile arts of old Hinckley; after being connected together the space of a year, he broke and ruined him.

Maria had by this time conceived the most tender passion for young Hinckley: it was allowable, as she had always considered him as her future husband. No words can describe Hinckley's excess of love. Imagine what an effect this stroke must have upon both! Nothing but imagination can paint it.

Mr. Sladon was only affected for his daughter: his noble soul rose superior to this revolution; he triumphed in poverty over the wealthy wretch who caused his misfortunes. Old Hinckley, whose fortune was increased, not diminished, by this infamous action, perceived with chagrin his son's madness for Maria; he endeavoured to divert his attention to objects more rich, and therefore, in his opinion, more deserving: but he laboured in vain; nothing could abate his love. Mr. Sladon saw his passion; he pitied him; but could not think of uniting his daughter to a man whose superiority of circumstances was derived from his own ruin.

Old Hinckley, finding all remonstrances useless, by some mercenary agents, persuaded Mr. Sladon that young Hinckley was privy to, and assisting in his ruin. The circumstances made it plausible; he believed it, and forbade him his house. Maria would have credited it of any other man; in this case it was dubious: her love for him was partial; but as she had looked upon the father formerly in the best light, she doubted whether she might not be deceived in the son. She was in this wavering opinion, when the only servant Mr. Sladon had, brought her a letter from young Hinckley: she knew the hand, she eagerly caught it; she recollected,





## THE UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

Plate X.

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lested, and dropped it on the ground. After a long struggle between duty and love, she sent it back unopened.

When a person of good sense and strong natural parts has not the happiness of a religious education, he is generally a Deist or Socinian. This was the case with young Hinckley; his father, endeavouring to qualify him for commerce, neglected Christianity. To the most refined notions of honour and morality he united an absolute contempt for religion: his passions were violent; but, as he was continually on his guard, they seldom appeared. When he heard that Maria had returned his letter, he raved to the utmost extravagance of madness; then appearing calm, he sat down, and writing a letter, sealed it, and left it on the table. Having done this, he went into his chamber, and immediately shot himself.

Old Hinckley hearing the explosion, ran from his compter, and ascending the stairs, saw his son extended breathless. He fainted, and continued in that condition till his servants occasionally coming in, recovered him.

The letter, which was directed to his father, contained what follows—

I shall not accuse your conduct, for you are my father; I shall only endeavour to vindicate the action I am about to perpetrate. This will be easily done. There is a principle in man (a shadow of the Divinity) which constitutes him the image of God; you may

call it conscience, grace, inspiration, the spirit, or whatever name your education gives it. If a man acts according to this regulator, he is right; if contrary to it, he is wrong. It is an approved truth, that this principle varies in every rational being. As I can reconcile suicide to this principle, with me it is consequently no crime. Suicide is sometimes a noble insanity of the soul; and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul. If ever a crime, it is only so to society; there indeed it always appears an irrational emotion: but when our being becomes dissocial, when we neither assist nor are assisted by society, we do not injure it by laying down our load of life. It may seem a paradoxical assertion, that we cannot do wrong to ourselves; but it is certain, we have power over our own existence. Such is my opinion, and I have made use of such power.

GEORGE HINCKLEY.

This seeming philosophy was lost on old Hinckley; he was really affected with the loss of his son, and did not survive him three months.

Maria! the beauteous Maria! had a still shorter date. She heard the fatal news; and expired within a week. Mr. Sladon loved his daughter too well to live without her; he completed the tragedy, and sunk to the grave, resigned and contented, amidst the chastisements of Providence.

## THE STORY OF ANTONIO.

IN an excursion-I made some months ago to the country, I paid a visit to Antonio, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field; where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-importance, gave me so much favour and affection for Antonio, that I never saw him afterwards without feeling those

agreeable sensations which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of Antonio for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house, without any previous enquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and death-like appearance of the good old man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had

almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand—'What a change,' said he, with a look of melancholy composure, 'is here, since you last saw me! I was two years older than your father; had he been alive, he would have been seventy-four next Christmas.'

The particulars of the conversation, though they have made a lasting impression on my mind, would be uninteresting to many of my readers; but the life of Antonio will afford an important lesson to the younger part of them.

The father of Antonio was one of the first men of family in Scotland, who had been bred to the profession of a merchant; in which he was so successful, that about the beginning of this century he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was at that time reckoned no inconsiderable fortune. He had two children who survived him; Antonio, and a daughter named Leonora, who was several years younger than her brother. As the father had received a liberal education, he was attentive to bestow the same benefit on his son; but, being equally sensible of the advantages of industry, he was at the same time determined that he should be educated to some profession or employment, though he did not restrain him in his choice. Antonio, on his part, seconded his father's views. His genius was inferior to none of his contemporaries; allowing for some little excesses, in which the liveliness and pliancy of his disposition engaged him, he exceeded them all in the assiduity of his application; and, as his manners were at once mild and spirited, he was both beloved and respected by his companions.

Being arrived at an age which made it necessary to regulate his studies by the profession he was to follow, he made choice of that of physic; which, including the different branches of science usually connected with it, may be said to embrace the whole study of nature. To these he applied rather as a philosopher than one who intended to be a practitioner in the art: he was, nevertheless, preparing to take his degree, when the death of his father left him, at the age of twenty, possessed of a handsome fortune.

Antonio continued his studies for some time with his usual assiduity; but, finding his income more than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. His house became the rendezvous of his former school-companions, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom, who were now entering into life, (I speak of a period above fifty years ago) and who found themselves flattered by those engaging manners in the man, which had attached them to the boy.

In consequence of these connections, Antonio found himself engaged in a line of life to which he had been little accustomed; but, as he had mixed the study of polite literature with science, and was master of the exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding, he soon acquired that ease in his address and conversation which mark the gentleman, while they hide the man of learning from a common observer. His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the occasional excesses of some of his companions; an elegant taste, and a sound understanding, prevented him from engaging in them too deeply.

Antonio's time was now mostly spent among the great. He made long and frequent visits at their seats in the country; he joined them in excursions from time to time to the different courts on the continent; and, when he was not abroad, he resided almost constantly in London, or the neighbourhood: so that he became, in a great measure, a stranger in his own country.

Among the companions of Antonio, were two sons of the Earl of Wordwell, who were particularly attached to him. Their father was not more envied by the ambitious for the distinguished rank he held in the councils of his sovereign, than by the wise and moderate for being father to two of the most promising young men of the age. They had been acquainted with Antonio from their infancy; they had grown up at the same schools, and studied under the same masters. After an absence of three years, they happened to meet at Venice, where Antonio had the good fortune to render them essential service, in extricating them from difficulties in which the impetuosity of the best-conditioned young men will sometimes involve them, especially in a foreign country.

ary. They returned together to Britain. Their father, who knew their former connection with Antonio, and had heard of their recent obligation to him, expressed his sense of it in very flattering terms; and earnestly wished for an opportunity to reward it.

I have seen few men who were proof against the attention of ministers. Though it does not always gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the most powerful passions; vanity, ambition, and avarice. Antonio, I am afraid, did not form an exception to the rule. Though naturally an economist, his mode of life had considerably impaired his fortune. He knew this; but he knew not exactly to what extent. He received gentle remonstrances on the subject from some of his relations in Scotland, who remembered his virtues. In the letters of his sister Leonora, (who still retained that affection and attachment to her brother which his attention to her, both before and after her father's death, had impressed upon her mind) he perceived an anxiety, for which he could not otherwise account than from her apprehensions about the situation of his affairs. The patronage of the Earl of Wordwell presented itself as a remedy. To him, therefore, he determined to apply. The intimacy in which he lived with his sons, the friendly manner in which the Earl himself always behaved to him, made this appear an easy matter to Antonio; but he was unaccustomed to ask favours even from the great. His spirit rose at the consciousness of their having become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem, on being reduced to use the language of solicitation for something like a pecuniary favour. After several fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no farther than to give a distant hint to his companions, the sons of the Earl. It was sufficient to them; and, at the next interview with their father, Antonio received the most friendly assurances of being soon provided for in some way suited to his taste and disposition.

Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a ten years' absence, to visit his friends in Scotland, and to examine into the situation of his affairs. Of the twenty thousand pounds left by his father, there was little more than ten thousand pounds remaining; and the half of that sum belonged to his sister Leonora. The knowledge of this made no great

impression on his mind, as he was certain of being amply provided for. Meanwhile, he thought it his duty to put his sister's fortune in safety; and, by his whole behaviour to her during a nine months residence in Scotland, he confirmed that love and affection which his more early conduct had justly merited.

Antonio returned to London about the breaking out of the Spanish war in 1739. The parties in the state ran high; the minister was attacked on all sides, in a language somewhat more decent than what is in use among the patriots of the present day, though it was not, on that account, less poignant and severe. Antonio's patron, the Earl of Wordwell, took part with the minister; and both he and his sons, who were by this time in parliament, seemed so much occupied with the affairs of the public, that Antonio was unwilling to disturb them with any private application for himself, until the ferment was somewhat subsided. In the mean time, he continued his usual mode of life; and, though he could not help observing that many of the great men with whom he had been accustomed to converse on the most easy and familiar terms, began to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sensibility than downright insolence; still the consciousness of his situation prevented him from renouncing a society in which the secret admonitions of his heart frequently told him he could not continue, without forfeiting the strongest support of virtue and honour, *a proper respect for himself.*

Sir Robert Walpole was at last obliged to resign, and along with him a few of his friends who were most obnoxious to the leaders of the successful party. The Earl of Wordwell was not of the number; he still preserved his place in the cabinet; and the new and old ministers having adjusted their different pretensions, a calm tranquillity succeeded, as the less powerful and disappointed patriots, rendered suspicious by the defection of their principal leaders, could not at once connect themselves into a formidable opposition.

Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his application. That delicacy which made him formerly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary favour, was now no more; his growing necessities, and the habits of submission they produced, had blunted the fine feelings of independence;

independence; and he could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at the levees of the great, like one who had never felt himself their equal. Fortunately there soon happened a vacancy in an office in the department of the Earl of Wordwell, which was every way suited to Antonio. He modestly reminded the Earl of his former promises; and, having made the first application, his request was instantly granted. At that moment Lord Crafty, who was supposed to be prime minister, arrived to ask the office for the son of a butcher in Kent, who was returning officer in a borough where there was a contested election. The Earl of Wordwell told the minister that he had just now promised it to that gentleman, pointing to Antonio. The minister had frequently seen Antonio, and was not unacquainted with his character; he congratulated him with much seeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl of Wordwell, paid him many compliments on his bestowing the office upon one of so distinguished merit. 'That consideration,' added he, 'can compensate for the disappointment I feel in not having obtained it for the person I mentioned to your Lordship.' Antonio was too well acquainted with the language of the court not to understand the tendency of all this. The Earl of Wordwell immediately observed, that, to oblige his Lordship, he had no doubt Antonio would readily give up the promise. This was instantly done; and these two noble persons vied with each other in their offers of service: he was given to understand, that the first opportunity should be taken to provide for him in a manner exceeding his wishes.

Though Antonio was not, upon the whole, very well pleased with this incident, he endeavoured to comfort himself with reflecting, that he had now acquired a right of going directly to the minister, which was so much the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived that the sons of the Earl of Wordwell, though they still behaved to him with more ease and attention than many others of his former companions, would, like the rest, soon be estranged from him. At school, at college, on their travels, and even for some time after their return, their pursuits were the same. Whether it was instruction or entertainment, they were mutually assisting to each other; and they

found Antonio to be in every thing their equal, perhaps in some things their superior. The scene was now changed. In the midst of their family and relations, possessed of the adventurous, though dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit of Antonio was hardly perceived. They now found him to be in some things their inferior. This alone would have, in time, put an end to their intimacy, unless, like many others, he would have contented himself with acting the part of an *ambulant attendant*. Having once opened to their views the career of ambition, and the prospect of rising in the state, they estimated their friendships by the extent of their political influence. Virtue and merit were now out of the question, or were at best but secondary considerations. Former services, compared to the objects in which they were now engaged, sunk to nothing; at the same time, a consciousness of duty led them to behave civilly to a man they had once esteemed, and who had done nothing to forfeit their good opinion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a fortunate moment, when impelled by a sudden emanation of half-extinguished virtue, they might have exerted themselves to serve him; but these exertions would not have been of long continuance; they would soon have been smothered by cold political prudence.

After two years solicitation, during which his patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and at others hardly deigned to take notice of his request, Antonio gave up all hopes of success. His fortune was now totally gone. His friends in Scotland had frequently informed him of this; but he continued to solicit and to receive small sums of money from time to time, which he was in hopes of being soon able to repay. These hopes being extinguished, he could not ask for more. He had also contracted several debts to the different tradesmen he employed. He frankly told them his situation; but they remembered the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and would not use the barbarous right of imprisonment to increase his calamities.

The accumulated distress to which Antonio was now exposed, was more than he could bear. After combating some time with the agitation of his mind, he was seized with a slow fever, attended with

with a delirium, which made it necessary to acquaint his friends. His sister Leonora basked to his relief. At the end of some weeks, his health was so far re-established, that he ventured to propose his undertaking a journey to Scotland, to which he at last consented, but not without reluctance.

He learned, by degrees, that the money he received for the last two years he resided in London, had come from Leonora; that she had paid all his debts there; and, with the small remains of her fortune, had purchased an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a short time, they retired to a village, not far from my father's residence, who had been an early acquaintance of Antonio's. My father joined his endeavours to those of Leonora to recover him from that depression of spirits into which his misfortunes, and the reflection on his past-conduct, had thrown him. They at last succeeded; and saw him, with pleasure, regain those mild and engaging manners which they had formerly admired. But his spirit and vivacity could not be restored. He seemed to engage in the usual pastimes and occupations of a country life, rather with patience than satisfaction; and to *suffer* society as a duty which he owed to a sister who had preserved him, and to those friends who shewed so much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to *enjoy* it as a source of pleasure and entertainment to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the company of a few young men who looked to him for instruction. He entertained them, not with murmurings against the world; or

complaints of the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pictures of society were flattering and agreeable, as giving the most extensive scope for the exercise of the active virtues. 'My young friends,' he was wont to say, 'carry with you into the world a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. No man can trust to others for his support, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires, and ill-founded hopes, pave the way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our own errors with the unjust accusation of others. Society is supported by a reciprocation of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity will *give*, justice cannot *demand*, a favour, without a recompence. Warm and generous friendships are sometimes, nay, I hope, often, found in the world; but in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open new views, and form new connections, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendships,' would he add, with a sigh, 'will generally be found the most lasting and sincere: but here, my friends, you will think me prejudiced; you all know my obligations to Leonora.'

Antonio and Leonora are now no more; he died a few days after my last visit. His sister he had buried about a twelvemonth before; and I have often heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, that to her other distresses there had not been added the regret of being left behind him.

## ORMAH.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY THE REV. MR. MAVOR.

**L**ET pride be humbled in the dust! let the arm of Omnipotence be universally acknowledged to over-rule the actions of men! and let every murmur at the dispensations of Providence, be silenced at the reflection of their justice!

Ormah, the son of Coulor, the sovereign of nations, was very early one of the most accomplished young men of the

East: he was born to the expectation of wealth, and the exercise of power; but his heart was soon elated with the consciousness of rank, and the pageantry of shew; and he forgot that authority is no longer desirable than while it is obeyed through love; and that no state is less enviable than that which excites at once fear and contempt.

No sooner was he seated on the throne of

of his paternal dominions, than he assumed an air very different from that which is the result of true dignity. His commands were delivered in menaces, rather than in words; his edicts were thundered with the awe of irrevocable severity; and every appearance he made in public was only a prelude to violence, rapine, and murder.

Restrained by no ideas of justice, and controuled by no advice, he sought for gratification only from the display of arbitrary power; and dreaded nothing so much as the imputation of pusillanimity and irresolution. The prime vizier was disgraced and banished, for daring to open his lips in defence of an innocent person, whom Ormah had condemned to death, without offering even a shadow of reason for the severity of such a decree; and every good, and every conscientious man, under his government, either deplored in private the misery of his situation, or met inevitable fate in daring to oppose it. Such was the unhappy disposition of the sovereign whom Providence had placed at the head of millions of subjects, that in a few years after his assuming the reins of government, he had not a man in his dominions whose heart was warm in his interest through love, or attached to his person through gratitude. His palace was only filled with the abandoned ministers of his vengeance, and the abject vassals of his power. He beheld with horror the desertion of his court; and uttered menaces of revenge, and denunciations of the severest wrath, at being prevented from the exercise of his former power; and, as sovereign sway was in his estimation of no value, without being displayed in acts of tyranny and despotism, he issued an order for every minister under his government to attend his person on an appointed day, on pain of the utmost severity that offended majesty could inflict. The orders at first were heard with terror; and irresolution seized on every dependent on the throne. In a short time the consternation which they had occasioned sunk into settled deliberation; and as the transition from fear to hate is only a natural consequence, a conspiracy was formed against the Sultan Ormah, and resistance to his commands resolved on by the unanimous concurrence of thousands whom only the fame of his cruelty had yet reached. To strengthen their hands, and ensure success to their undertakings,

they applied to a neighbouring prince to espouse their cause, and to lead them on to deliverance or death. Between regal powers, jealousy and secret hate generally subsist: an occasion to weaken or to ensnare one another will always be eagerly sought; and honour, which ought to be more sacred, and more binding, in the higher ranks of life, will be often sacrificed to party revenge, personal pique, or selfish and interested views.

His neighbour Abdallah thought this a valuable opportunity of aggrandizing his power, and extending his dominions. He embraced with eagerness the execution of the plan which was offered to him; and before Ormah could be apprized of the revolt of his subjects, he had marched an army of a hundred thousand men into the heart of his kingdom. The servile attendants on the person of Ormah dreaded to inform him of an event so fatal to his authority, and so dangerous to his person; and although rumours were spread abroad over all the imperial city and palace, that a conspiracy was formed, and ripe for execution, they tried to amuse him with a belief that these reports were groundless, and that they were well assured he might expect to see his officers appear on the day appointed for their attendance, to court his smiles, and acknowledge an implicit obedience to his will.

Mankind are easily induced to believe what they wish. The weary traveller of the desert thinks at the utmost extent of vision he can discover the rising grove, or the winding stream: he proceeds in his journey, and is disappointed; yet hope again relieves him, and amuses him with surer belief. Such was the mind of Ormah: he could not shut his ears against the voice of truth, and the warnings of approaching danger; but he endeavoured to suppress their operations, by indulging the delusions of hope; and rested his confidence, when he could no longer exert his power, on those whom he only regarded as the slaves of his will; and who, in their turns, despised him, as the object of their terror. Abdallah, by hasty marches, in a few days reached the capital; and Ormah, in confusion and despair, the very next morning, on which he expected to receive the homage of his subjects, and the adulation of his court, saw it completely invested. A heart conscious of its own demerits, on such



such an occasion must suffer every pang. Bravery never associates with cruelty, nor can resolution be united to tyrannic oppression. Ormah neither tried to divert the storm by activity, nor to combat it with composure. He neither expostulated with his attendants, who were about to desert him, for their deceit, nor did he consult with them how to act: he was distracted, and unresolved. He knew that his commands would carry no weight with them; that it was in vain to attempt to arm men who owed him neither allegiance nor regard. He ran raving round the palace; and bewailed his fate, with expressions which denoted the most abject debasement of mind: at last he resolved to change his dress, and to attempt his escape. Without making a single person privy to his design, he sallied out of his palace in the habit of a peasant; and, by the insignificance of his appearance, attracted no notice, and underwent no examination from the soldiers of his enemy, through whose ranks he was obliged to pass. Without any particular road in view, he travelled on with the utmost speed, till the darkness and fatigue obliged him to look about for a place to rest in. As fearful of seeing the face of a subject as of an enemy, he studiously avoided their dwellings; and subsisted on the spontaneous produce of the earth, which luxury had before taught him to despise, but were now rendered delicious by necessity. To exceed the bounds of his own dominions was his only fixed object.

For many days he allowed himself but a short time to rest; till at length, certain that he must have far exceeded the limits of the kingdoms he had once ruled, and at the same time being exhausted with unremitted fatigue, he made up to a cave which he saw on the side of a verdant hill over which he was travelling. He found it by nature formed as a convenient retreat to conceal misery and fallen power, and there he determined to take up his abode. The herbs and the roots which the vicinity of the cave afforded, supplied him with food; and a chrysal spring at a small distance slaked his thirst. In such a situation, the passions of malevolence could not be exercised, nor the heart elated with pagantry and grandeur. The mind of Ormah retired within itself; he saw its deformity, and blushed: he thought of the power he had lost, and acknowledged

ed the justice of the Eternal. He beheld, in its proper light, the nature of that authority he had been born to, and with the deepest humility confessed the unworthy use he had made of it; and though he knew it was now too late either to prove the sincerity of his reformation, or atone for the tyranny of his oppression, he resolved, by a life of austerity, and the service of Alla, to shew his contrition, and to regain the favour of Heaven.

For several years he continued in the practice of every religious duty, and the mortification of every lust. The rising sun heard his supplications to the Prophet, and the twinkling stars at night bore witness to his contrition.

One morning, as he rose unusually early, and was offering up his adorations with all the fervour of penitential devotion; on a sudden, an old man, of a most venerable appearance, whose silver beard descended far on his breast, stood before the astonished Ormah, and thus addressed him.

'Son of the dust! though born to the sovereignty of nations, the Prophet has seen your contrition, and has accepted your prayers. You have found the fallacy of the maxims by which you formerly ruled, and experience will teach you wisdom. Your neighbour Abdallah, after usurping your government, and committing a series of cruelties, in which he but too nearly resembled yourself, is now removed to the banks of the eternal stream; and the chiefs of your dominions are earnest in their enquiries after you, that the crown may not descend to the family of the usurper, but still remain in the regal line of your ancestors. I will conduct you this instant to your palace, and replace you on the throne.'

Before the confounded Ormah could make any reply, he found himself seated on a sofa in the midst of his palace, and surrounded by his nobles, whom his venerable companion thus addressed: 'Behold, in your sovereign Ormah, a memorable instance of the justice of the Eternal, and of the omnipotence of his power! He has been tried and approved by the immortal Alla, and will be no longer your tyrant, but your father.' Then turning to Ormah—'Remember,' said he, 'and let it be engraved upon the crown of eve-

‘ry monarch upon earth, that government is only a power delegated for the happiness of mankind; and, to that end, must be conducted by wisdom, justice, and mercy.’

With these words he disappeared, and left Ormah and his nobles in mutual wonder and awe. He was immediately acknowledged by all his subjects; and, at their earnest request, took upon him the exercise of power, and the reins of government: and, by a faithful observance of the maxims of his venerable instructor, endeared himself not only to his own subjects, but to those of king-

doms very remote. Yet, amidst the applause he received, and continued to deserve, he scrupled not to acknowledge that his hours of solitude and humiliation were the most glorious parts of his life, since in them he had learned to know himself, and to be serviceable to mankind. After many happy years, he died universally lamented and respected; his body was embalmed, and placed in the tomb of his ancestors; and the name of Ormah is still famous in the East, and never mentioned but with respect, veneration, and regret.

## HAMET AND SOPHONISBA.

### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

**W**HEN Sultan Ibrahim led his victorious army along the banks of the rapid River Tigris, the great men of the adjacent country flocked to his camp with their wives and daughters, either to grace his court, or to enliven his pleasures.

Among the rest, Abeg, one of the descendants of Mohammed, came with a numerous retinue of servants and concubines, and made an offer both of his services and possessions, to a monarch who, he knew, had it in his power to compel him to implicit submission. Among the female slaves of this prince was one of peculiar beauty, whose name was Sophonisba, born and bred a rigid Christian, and formed, by principle, to detest an unbelieving master. Abeg had frequently tried to bend her fixed piety and resolute virtue to his will, but without effect. Not only her belief, but even her passions, were averse to his desires; for her heart had long been given to another.

The person happy in her affections, though long persecuted by fortune, was the son of a Christian general, who had taken up arms against the Turkish invaders, and who died in the defence of his religion and his country. This youth had taken refuge in Sophonisba's palace, after the conquest of his native place; and only left it when the enemy had so nearly approached, as to lay all in ruins, and carry off Sophonisba, with her attendants, into hopeless captivity.

The fate of this unhappy woman

may be easily conceived. Torn from her native home, a wretched survivor of her friends and family fallen in battle; carried five hundred miles from her own country to that of an imperious lord; confined to a seraglio among a number of women, incapable, either from nature or education, to entertain or amuse her; and still more subject to the daily addresses of a man she had learned to detest and despise. Such was her situation when she was presented to the Sultan, who had been conqueror of the East, and had been but little used to resistance in female beauty.

Her beauty, modesty, and even distress, had charms for this voluptuous monarch; rejecting the numerous offers from the rest of his subjects, he fixed only on her, and demanded her from her master with the most earnest entreaties. Abeg, though he had himself long entertained a fruitless passion for his beautiful captive, now resolved to sacrifice his love to his ambition; and accordingly ordered her to be conducted to the Sultan's seraglio, adorned with all those elegant additions of dress with which the Asiatics are so skilful in setting off female charms.

On her leaving the house of Abeg, her former companions, who had heard of her present promotion, and who considered her situation as the utmost pinnacle of a woman's happiness, offered her their submissions and respects. She alone, however, no way touched with the supposed honour intended her, but rather

rather dreading the impetuous temper of her new lord, went silently forward, with a melancholy, though resolute air, steadfastly determined not to survive her honour, or support life when she could no longer live to virtue.

Ibrahim was in his usual manner proceeding to entertain her, as a lady from whom he expected an easy compliance, when he found himself mortified by a determined refusal. He repeated his solicitations without effect; even his commands were received with contempt and scorn; and a month elapsed in vain courtship and unavailing assiduity, when the monarch at last determined to use compulsion.

There was a young man, a slave, in his train, in whom he had placed much confidence, and who was appointed to deliver the tyrant's harsh commands; for the savage custom of being attended by eunuchs had not yet been admitted into the Ottoman court. This youth had some time before been taken prisoner in an engagement; and, from his great skill in every science, and all the arts of war, was chosen as the favourite of the barbarous Sultan. The young man approached the lady's tent, to deliver his message; but judge his amazement, when in her he perceived the mistress of his affections!

After the surprize and transports of this first interview, they continued a while in silent distress, at the peculiar unhappiness of each other's situation; but a consultation for their mutual safety soon succeeding, Hamet, (so was the youth named) entreated his mistress to affect a compliance with the Sultan's will, and leave the rest to his own address and direction.

It may be easily supposed that Ibrahim was in transports at the favourable accounts brought him from his beautiful captive; and appointed the ensuing evening for his visit to her at her own private apartment. But what was his surprize, when, instead of finding the beautiful maid, Hamet, his favourite slave, stood with a poignard at his breast, and demanded; in the most peremptory manner, his signet for setting the young lady free, and delivering him up two frontier towns that lay within three days journey of the camp! Ibrahim at first offered to resist; but seeing no assistance near, he reluctantly complied; and Hamet, possessed of the royal signet, flew with the utmost dispatch from the camp, to

the place where he had already conveyed the dear inspirer of this his desperate conduct.

But fortune seemed resolved to persecute these lovers in every part of their lives; for Sophonisba was known, seized by a straggling party of soldiers, and brought back to the Sultan's tent, before Hamet's arrival at the place where he expected to meet her. All arts for her relief proving now ineffectual, he resolved to avail himself of the short-lived power with which he had procured himself to be entrusted, and to put himself at the head of those troops he knew his promises of reward and victory would allure to serve him.

In the mean time Ibrahim, recovered from the terrors of immediate assassination, set no bounds to his resentment. He vowed the most signal vengeance against his disobedient slaves; and even ordered three or four of his attendants to immediate execution, for not being in the way when his life had been in such imminent danger. He was in this savage disposition when the unhappy Sophonisba was brought into his presence, threatened on every side with death, yet resolved to do nothing that could purchase life at the expence of her honour. Great as her offence might have been in the eyes of the tyrant, he could not, however, help being softened at her distress; and his former passion again kindling in his bosom, he offered her life in case of a compliance. But his offers were vain, she rejected both his love and promised life with scorn: so that, in a fit of jealousy and rage, he gave orders for her immediate execution. Pity, however, soon operating, his orders were softened; instead of being strangled, she had the choice of her manner of dying, and her death was put off for three days longer.

The appointed time being now arrived, the Sultan sent her once more an offer of his heart; which was again rejected, and she chose to die by poison, as being a death the most private, and consequently the least dreadful. The fatal draught was now produced, which was to end a life of fidelity and misery. She took the cup in her trembling hand, and was just going to drink it off, when Ibrahim entering, ordered her to suspend her purpose. Hamet had taken possession of his best fortresses, and was now marching forward to give him bat-

tle. He had, however, previously sent him terms of treaty, and offered to relinquish all other claims, in case he was put in unmolested possession of Sophonisba, whom he valued above all the treasures or kingdoms of the earth. With this proposal Ibrahim found himself under a necessity of complying, as his own army was not to be relied on, and

that of his rival was incensed against him by the consciousness of his severity. The treaty, therefore, was agreed to, and ratified; and Sophonisba was given up to her expecting lover, who took her to the safe and happy courts of Ispahan, where they lived many years in the enjoyment of unmolested tranquillity and the practice of exemplary virtue.

## THE

### ELDER BROTHER AND THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

AT the conclusion of the dramatic entertainment, at the theatre of Saragossa, in Arragon, a very beautiful young lady was hurrying away from the seat she had occupied during the evening, attended by only one female companion; and had already reached the outside passage, when the peculiar graces of her form attracted the unwelcome notice of a young English nobleman, who was also retiring from the place, but had loitered at the gate for the purpose, as he expressed himself, of paying internal compliments to his dear countrywomen, on comparing them with the damsels of Spain as they passed. His notice was unwelcome, because the admiration that occasioned it was expressed in the rudest manner. With an audacious familiarity he accosted the lady, and endeavoured to detain her; but finding she was resolved to advance, he hurried her forward in his arms, with a violence which attracted the attention of several gentlemen who stood near, and of the companion of the young lady, an elderly person, who had gone a few paces before her. The latter seemed much alarmed; while, from among the former, several exerted themselves to disengage his terrified prey from the young Englishman. One in particular, who happened to be a relation of the lady, attacked him with a spirit that compelled him to abandon his hold, and turn all his attention towards his opposer, whom, after struggling with a few moments, he suddenly burst from, on perceiving that the object of the scuffle had fled. He pursued her with infinite velocity, and arrived in the street just time enough to see her ascend a carriage that was waiting there, and which immediately con-

veyed herself and the other lady away from the scene of disturbance.

Lord Belrose (such was the title of the English nobleman) hesitated not an instant whether he should follow the carriage or not, but actually kept up with it till it stopped before a handsome house, near which he concealed himself till the door opened; and then, unperceived by either of them, slipped in after the two ladies, who at length observing him, shrieked with affright, but were instantly re-assured by the presence of the gentleman who had before facilitated their escape. Suspicious of the intentions of Lord Belrose, he had pursued him in silence from the theatre, and had now entered the house with him. The countenance of the latter fell at the sight. The dress of the Spaniard was a military one; and an air of stern assurance appeared on his face, by no means calculated to excite a resisting spirit in the breast of him he opposed. The sentiments of fear he had raised were easily discernible: he therefore forbore any violence; and only re-opening the door of the house, conducted him to it, and shut him out with these words—'Be gone, Signor; and learn, that neither these, nor any other ladies in Spain who merit protection, may ever be insulted with impunity. I know you to be a foreigner; and therefore will not take that vengeance your insolence deserves, unless impelled to it by farther provocation; but, mark me, Signor, if such farther provocation be given, I shall remain my ears to prevent your ever stirring out of Saragossa alive.'

At the close of this speech, Lord Belrose found himself in the street, where he



**THE ELDER BROTHER *and* THE YOUNGER BROTHER.**



he stopped a few seconds, undetermined whether to walk quietly off, or watch an opportunity of re-admission: but at length concluding that there were innumerable pretty women besides the one he had so fruitlessly pursued; that the countenance of the man who had frustrated his purpose was that of a very Achilles; and that, in short, discretion had long since been declared the best part of valour; he very wisely quitted his station, and with some precipitancy walked down the street towards his own lodgings; where he for a long time revolved in his mind the various circumstances of the affair, and apprehensions for the consequences filled him with the utmost disquietude. He was afraid that the Spaniard knew him, and that the matter would of course become public. He had been some time at Saragossa; and had formed several acquaintances, with whom he had contrived to keep himself in tolerable estimation: not that he was ashamed of the attempt he had made, but of the facility with which he had been repulsed; to have that become the common subject of conversation in Saragossa, was an idea not to be supported. Against this evil one remedy only was in his power; and though that was but an imperfect one, having no other, he chose to adopt it. It was impossible for him to silence Report, but he could easily remove out of the hearing of what she might be disposed to propagate. This plan settled, he thought no farther on the subject; but the next morning set off with his tutor towards the Pyrenees, on his road to Paris, the last capital on the list of those he was to visit during his grand tour.

At Paris he had not been ten days, nor got into more than as many scrapes, when he received a packet from his father, the Earl of Brunton, enjoining his immediate return to England; and containing information of the Earl's having been violently attacked by the gout in his stomach: adding, that though the violence of the fit was somewhat abated, his lordship had not yet been pronounced absolutely out of danger.

With some ill temper, and much regret, Lord Belrose quitted the pleasures in which he was already immersed, to obey the unwelcome summons; and, seven days after, arrived at Castle Dawn, in Rutlandshire, the hereditary seat of his father.

Lord Belrose found the Earl in a state of health infinitely better than he had been led to expect; and entertained consequent suspicions, that the hasty call he had received, proceeded rather from some intelligence that might have been conveyed to the old nobleman respecting his son's manner of life, and the *improvements* he most sought after abroad, than from any real danger he had been in: nor were these conjectures by any means ill founded.

Mordake, his lordship's only brother, and a twin with himself, was now at Castle Dawn, having lately returned from a six years service under Admiral H—.

At the time Lord Belrose quitted England, he had left this brother a rough, stern-looking, curled-headed boy of seventeen; disliked by his mother, who doated on the elegant mildness and refined disposition of her eldest son. Lord Brunton, if he did not divide his affections equally between them, at least behaved unexceptionably to both; and, at the same time that he had provided for Lord Belrose a tutor every way qualified to form his manners, and render him an ornament to his country, had placed Mordake under the immediate care and inspection of the commander just mentioned, who had been one of the most intimate friends of his youth. Under this brave admiral, the brother of Lord Belrose had learned to distinguish honour from what is usually termed pleasure; conduct from pusillanimity; and true courage from rashness. He had acquired much reputation in five several engagements under Admiral H—; had already, his youth considered, been highly advanced; and, very soon after the period now spoken of, was appointed captain of a fifth-rate man of war.

This unlooked-for promotion compelled Mordake precipitately to quit Castle Dawn, and the society of his newly-arrived brother, (who had not testified, on seeing him, a pleasure equal to his own) in order to express his gratitude to his sovereign, and wait the commands of the Admiralty respecting his destination. The result was, an injunction to be at Plymouth in less than three weeks after; from whence his ship was to sail with some other vessels for the Mediterranean.

During his short stay in London, the greatest

greatest number of his leisure hours had been spent at the house of a lady of quality, a distant relation of his mother. Her husband, an infirm old peer, (though her own age did not much exceed that of Mordake) had been dead near twelve months, and left her in possession of a very noble jointure. Her person was genteel; and her disposition superior to all restraints, which was manifest in the gaieties of her life, her equipage, table, and choice of acquaintance. A woman of such a disposition could hardly appear estimable in the eyes of any discerning man; nor did she in those of Mordake: yet a certain conviviality and cheerfulness prevailed throughout her house, which attracted, though it did not attach him. His sentiments were those of indifference; the lady's, in a very short time, assumed a quite different appearance.

The figure of Mordake was unexceptionable: his features, separately considered, were not handsome; but his general countenance was sensible, manly, and open. The occupations in which he had been engaged, and his frequent converse with the unpolished sons of Neptune, had diffused a roughness over his manners, which, however improbable it may appear at first sight, pleased in proportion as he was known; and, in the present case, perhaps contributed somewhat towards captivating the lady in question. Certain it is, that, informed of the situation of his affairs, and of the short period to which his residence in England was limited, advances were made by her, and even an immediate offer of her person and fortune, with the annexed condition of his peremptorily resigning his commission and all hopes of advancement in the navy. This step, unexpected as it was, wounded his sensibility much more than it flattered his pride. It was painful for him to appear ungrateful for the partiality of a woman; but it would have been more so to have acceded to her request. His written answer, therefore, though couched in the gentlest terms, expressed his firm resolution not to derogate from the plan his father had laid down for him; nor requite the obligations he was under to his sovereign by shrinking from the dangers to which his service exposed him. These were arguments which really had considerable weight in the breast of Mordake; but a more powerful one remained

behind: he neither loved, nor esteemed, the woman who had distinguished him by her regard. Three days after this event, he reached the destined port, from whence he immediately proceeded to execute the orders he had received.

It is not necessary, in this unminutely recital, to particularize the various occurrences which, for more than twelve months, engrossed all his care and courage in the Mediterranean: let it suffice to observe, that during this period he took two prizes; one of considerable value, and both belonging to Spain. A storm (which, however, did no material damage) had separated him from the rest of the squadron; owing to which circumstance, the whole weight of the engagement fell on his ship, and it suffered so much, though victorious in the end, that he was obliged to make for the nearest port, which happened to be Port Mahon, the requisite repairs proving such as were not to be effected at sea.

To the Island of Minorca he was a perfect stranger; and therefore it was with extreme satisfaction that, the day after his arrival, in the list of officers then at that place, he discovered the name of an old acquaintance, with whom he had been very intimate when quite a boy. To this gentleman he immediately repaired; and the pleasure occasioned by their meeting was mutual. Mordake was introduced by his friend to an old gentleman, who was a native of Spain, but had long been an inhabitant of Port Mahon. The name of this Spanish gentleman was Jerome de Marillas; and he had lately been left a widower, with only one child. The English officer, whom Mordake had so unexpectedly met, was very intimate in the house of Don Jerome; where his credit, supported by the engaging qualities of his friend, so well established Captain Mordake, that in a very short time he became a great favourite both with the old gentleman and his daughter Henrica. Every hour he could spare from his professional duty was spent in the conversation of either the one or the other; and each rose in his estimation proportionably as their esteem was fixed on himself.

He learned that the mother of Henrica, lately dead, had been his countrywoman; that Marillas had married her in England, and from thence had conducted her to his native land; but afterwards becoming a convert to her Protestant principles,



ciples, had quitted Spain, and settled in the British island of Minorca: that, however, at the time he lost his wife, they were meditating a project of returning to England, where she had landed property to some considerable amount; not only for the purpose of inspecting such concerns, but also for the farther perfecting the education of their daughter, who at that time was eighteen years of age, and to avoid the commotions that on every side surrounded them where they then were. Her death, he was informed, had suspended the execution of their design, though it had not induced Marillas to lay it aside. He was even then preparing to pass over into England by the first opportunity; and no other circumstance at that period delayed him, but the absence of a Moorish hoy, named Lidani, whose father had been an old and very faithful servant to his wife, and who had been taken over with her when she accompanied her husband into Spain. Lidani was then in Catalonia, on business that concerned his master, who had relations there. Without him Don Jerome did not chuse to remove; as he had promised his wife to take care of the lad, who had none but himself to depend on for protection, having long since lost his father.

It was with infinite pleasure that Mordake learned the resolution of this venerable Spaniard to revisit Great Britain. Himself was ordered home; and he immediately reminded his friends of the opportunity they had of going thither in his ship, which in a short time would be ready to sail. Marillas embraced the offer with nearly as much satisfaction as it had been made; but Mordake had a source of rejoicing which extended not farther than himself.

He had not been able perpetually to see and to converse with the young Henrica, without conceiving a partiality in her favour as lively as it was respectful. She was uncommonly lovely; and her mind had been cultivated with no ordinary care. The sweetness of her temper was apparent every instant, and she behaved towards the new acquaintance of her father with an unrestrained friendship; which, though it increased his affection, did not induce him to make it known. Several reasons forbade the acknowledgment: among the first of which ranked the respect he bore towards the will of Lord Brunton; the imprudence

of forming a serious engagement with one so much a stranger; and the cruelty of striving to make an impression on her heart, in case no such engagement could in the end be formed. These considerations condemned him to silence; and he resolved to wait patiently till their arrival in England should unfold the prospects of his future life.

In the mean time, his ship was entirely refitted, and the wind became quite favourable for the voyage. Lidani was not returned, though directions had been sent to hasten him; but to delay any longer was inconsistent with his duty. Of this Marillas was sensible; and therefore forbore to request it. He contented himself with leaving orders behind for the Moor to follow them to England, in the first ship that left Minorca bound for that country; and then bade farewell, with his daughter, to the scenes they had been accustomed so long.

It is not my present business to particularize the ordinary occurrences attendant on a voyage: theirs, for the first three days and nights, was perfectly favourable; but on the fourth morning a storm arose, which drove them unawares against some rocks, and considerably shattered the stern of the vessel. In a short time their danger became imminent, and the wind so contrary, that they were apprehensive of being lost on the African coast. Mordake, by his words, but much more by his example, exhorted the crew not to neglect the slightest opportunity of providing for their general safety. His fears were not for himself; nor did they arise altogether on account of the ship with which he was entrusted: the danger of his passengers chiefly excited them; and, had they been safe, he would comparatively have been unconcerned. From every apprehension that sprung from this source he was soon after relieved, by a too fatal certainty.

Marillas, who with the calmness of a philosopher viewed the wreck, and heard the 'wild roar' around him, excited by curiosity, went to examine that part of the ship which had been nearly split through by the rock. Henrica, who could not be persuaded for an instant to lose sight of him, stood near, while the carpenter was endeavouring to secure the timber. All three were on the edge of the deck: the vessel was urging forward with almost miraculous velocity, when another sudden shock vibrated through  
her

her whole frame. The stern had a second time struck against a concealed foe; the fact discernible, as the whole expanse of waters was in a tumult. But the assault was more than the already shattered bulk could sustain: the deck where the former split had been received gave way. Marillas and the workman sunk together! Henrica screamed with affright; and, by her cries, brought several sailors with the utmost precipitation to the place. But their haste was unavailing; ere they could reach it she was gone! Unconscious of her own actions, and mindful only of her father, she had stretched over with the idea of saving him; but the grasp proved fatal; she was drawn down after him, till the waves divided them for ever! The sailors, accustomed as they were to dreadful objects, beheld this spectacle with horror. One of them flew to their captain, to inform him of the catastrophe: he was engaged at the other end of the ship, with the rudder which had been damaged. No powers of description are needed to express the manner in which he received the intelligence they brought; for a long and total silence succeeded his first emotion. All orders necessary for him to give, had before been made known; and, during their execution, he stood seemingly unconscious either of surrounding witnesses, or of the transactions that were carrying on before him. This perfect insensibility lasted near two hours; when his attention was somewhat aroused by the appearance of a young negro boy in a sailor's dress, running towards him. His cloaths were all wet, and he seemed to be in the utmost terror. 'I am Lidani,' he cried; 'Oh, save me! the ship in which I followed you is a wreck. I have swam hither, and am exhausted with fatigue!'

As the lad ended these words, he fell down, apparently without life, at the feet of Mordake and his men. Their compassion was moved. A vessel was, indeed, in sight, to all appearance in much distress; but the distance was great between them, and it was next to an impossibility for them to get up to her.

The humane officer, recovering his voice and powers of attention, ordered all possible care to be taken of the boy. He considered him as a relique of Henrica and Marillas; and received consolation from the idea of proving his affection for their memory by the protection he

should afford to one whose safety had been an object of concern to them.

By the assistance of the sailors, Lidani was soon restored to life. 'For the love I bore your friends,' said Mordake, 'I will never forsake you!' He spoke with tears in his eyes: Lidani likewise wept. He knelt to the captain; and, in broken accents, assured him that he would prove for ever faithful to his service. The heart of the brave Englishman was melted by his tone and manner: he bade him consider himself for the future as his servant; told him that he should go over to England with him; and never want a protector, so long as he continued to merit his approbation.

During these events, the storm had considerably abated; and every repair that could, under those circumstances, be effected about the vessel, was begun without delay. The wind also veering round to the west, drove them towards the Italian coast; and the next day, about noon, they reached the shore off Naples. Here Mordake remained while the ship was refitting: a very short time sufficed for the purpose; at the end of which he was still more impatient than before to return to England, on account of letters which he received from thence, informing him of the death of his father, who had left to himself all that was in his power to withhold from Lord Belrose.

At any other time, this news might have wounded him deeply; but the loss of Henrica, more poignant as his recollection returned, engrossed all his powers of affliction. One of these letters was written by the young Earl, his brother, with a date antecedent to that of their father's death; and contained the intelligence of his being married, but to whom was not added. He only expressed a wish of soon receiving his congratulations in person, and remained his, &c.

In a very few days after the receipt of this packet, Mordake set sail for Portsmouth with Lidani, and with the fairest hopes of a prosperous voyage. The latter proved not illusive; while from the former he every hour received proofs of an increasing attachment. The manners of this boy were of the most insinuating nature: his form was light as air, and shaped by the hand of Elegance herself; and though his features, from their hue, were not, at first sight, to be considered with pleasure, the regularity and

and mildness of them could not fail, on repeated examination, to prejudice in his favour. Above all, his gentle tone of voice, his attentiveness, respect, and evident regard, won upon the mind of his master, whose penetration to discern merit could only be equalled by his alertness to reward it.

I have already said that their voyage was favourable. From Portsmouth, immediately on his landing, the successful commander set off for London, where he remained only a sufficient time to pay his compliments at court, and render an account of his commission. The impatience he felt to be at Castle Dawn was extreme; and thither he went, attended only by his own servant and Lidani, the moment it was possible for him to quit the metropolis.

He found that mansion, much to his surprize, and notwithstanding the recent death of the old lord, the seat of gaiety and dissipation, however it might fall short in the possession of real pleasure. His brother, the new earl, on his arrival, was just returning from the chace with a numerous company of young men of fashion, who were on a visit of some duration. Most of them were known to Mordake, and he was received by them all with the highest marks of esteem and satisfaction: by the master of the house, with torpid politeness. Lady Brunton, he was informed, was from home, on a party of pleasure with her assemblage of ladies, and some of the gentlemen, but was expected back in the evening. On her return, Mordake was led up by his brother to go through his introduction; and felt, amidst his surprize, no emotion of pleasure, on discovering his sister-in-law to be the identical person who had favoured him with her distinction before he quitted England. He sighed to think of the prospect that lay before a man so nearly connected with himself; a man to whom, though he could not esteem him, he really wished well with the utmost sincerity.

The gay widow described in the former part of this relation, piqued by the indifference of one she had considered as highly honoured by her partiality, had thrown herself, by every possible means, in the way of Lord Belrose; resolving, if it should be in her power, to become his wife, from a desire of avenging herself on his brother. She had succeeded in the first point; but now greatly failed

in the wished-for end, that of exciting regret and envy in the breast of her former favourite. To him, the life he was compelled to lead at Castle Dawn was almost insupportable. The dissipation into which he was plunged, and the perpetual rotation of amusements introduced, were a fatigue to which he would unhesitatingly have preferred a crowded man of war, and the dangers of the sea. He was not, however, permitted to depart; though the remembrance of the friend he had lost—of Henrica de Marillas—every instant recurring to his mind, rendered him much unlike what he had formerly appeared, and cast a gloom over those hours which might otherwise have partaken of the cheerfulness around him. The only real satisfaction he enjoyed, was derived from his conversations with Lidani, who rose unintermittingly in his opinion: he found him possessed of the finest natural sense; and with him, free from all restraint, he could indulge himself on the subject nearest his heart.

Three weeks had been dissipated, at the seat of Lord Brunton, in the manner above intimated, when the society, if it may be so called, broke up, on account of the meeting of parliament. The young earl himself was very soon to follow the greatest part of his guests to London; but, in the mean time, requested the farther stay of his brother, that they might all three set off at the same period. Mordake complied: but his dejection seemed rather to increase than diminish at the total change within the house; or, at least, became more perceptible, from his being now the only object of attention. Both Lord and Lady Brunton rallied him perpetually on the subject; and their raillery was so very painful to him, that he at last came to a resolution of acquainting them with the events which had taken place during his stay at Minprea; and what had subsequently occurred. Accordingly, the next time that, with an affected archness of manner, his sister-in-law chided him for wearing, as she expressed it, that look of 'endless woe;' he told her, that if she would favour him with her attention, he was ready to gratify her curiosity. She laughed at the offer; and Lord Brunton, who was present, seconding her wish, Mordake related the circumstances that had proved so fatal to his peace. He dwelt not longer than was needful on the theme,

but the conclusion proved too much for him; and, after having, in broken accents, expressed it as well as he was able, he precipitately left the room, overwhelmed with sorrow, and melting into tears.

Lidani met him in his way; and, greatly affected at the sight, anxiously enquired into the cause of his master's grief. Mordake acquainted him with what had passed; and expressed his immediate resolution of quitting Castle Dawn, and even England, which was become disgustful to him, as it denied him those perpetual engagements of the mind which alone could enable him to support life with any tolerable tranquillity.

While he spoke, Lidani gazed on him with a vague air; and, on his concluding, smiled. Mordake was astonished. 'Why is this?' he exclaimed. 'Ungrateful! do you rejoice?'—'No, my good master,' replied the youth; 'but I wish you to do so. Stay here only ten minutes, and I will return with a subject of consolation.' Uttering these words, Lidani quitted the apartment, leaving his protector in a surprize which he could by no means readily overcome.

Somewhat more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when Lidani returned—but how returned! or where can I find words to express the deep amazement that filled the whole soul of Mordake, and suspended his every faculty! Voice he had none to speak it himself. The seditious Moor had washed from his face the jetty composition which concealed the loveliest features in the world. He returned, it is true, still clad in his assumed garb, but wearing a countenance that beamed delight and gratitude; and with a skin that might rival the fairest hues of the painter's art: he returned, in a word, the perfect semblance of Henrica. 'Behold,' he exclaimed, 'beneath this sailor's dress, the woman whose loss you lament! I am the daughter of Marillas! that Henrica, so honoured by your regard! A thousand times have I been on the point of revealing myself to you, but have as often been deterred by my apprehensions of forfeiting your esteem! I can no longer doubt your love, and will hasten to explain the whole mystery. The care of the workman who fell into the ocean with my dear fa-

ther, preserved my life. He suspended me above the water till the violence of the waves brought us to the contrary end of the ship. With infinite difficulty he contrived to throw me back on the deck, as it was sunk by its own tossing; but the generous man perished himself! I was near the cabin-door, and crawled in through it. Yourself, and all the crew, were at that instant gone to the spot where the fatal accident had happened. Absorbed in grief, I was for a long time unconscious of my wretched situation; till the idea of my father's loss returned, and of the place I was in—worse than alone, surrounded by a crew of rude sailors, and without any protector, or even a companion of my own sex. In your honour, it is true, I might have confided; but you was nearly a stranger to me, and every concomitant circumstance served to increase my natural timidity. The sight of a sailor's dress scattered on the floor, inspired me with thoughts of the design which I afterwards executed: a deceit so much the more pardonable, as I knew it was the opinion of yourself, and every officer on board, that we should be driven on the African shore. The bare idea filled me with terror; and I resolved to elude the dangers to which I fancied myself exposed, by putting on the disguise that lay before me. But, of itself, it was no disguise. Then I thought of Lidani. From the cabin-window I perceived the wreck of a ship at a distance. A pot of black ointment was standing by, with which, as I had been informed, it is customary for your sailors to rub their faces and hands when sent on an expedition up any country where it is requisite they should not be known for what they are; and these objects conspired to form my project. I put on the cloaths in which you now behold me, after dipping them in the sea, that the tale I resolved to impose on you might appear at least probable, and disguised myself to the likeness of a negro. The rest you know—and, after this, of what more can I inform you? All I have now to ask, is your protection, to enable me to reach the estate which belonged to my mother in this country: and, when you shall so far have increased the obligations I already lie under

under to you, will you then refuse to accept the perpetual esteem and unceasing gratitude of her who can never forget the slightest of them?

Here Henrica ended—but she might have gone on for ever; no interruption could have proceeded from Mordake, whose powers of speech were overcome by joy and amazement. At length, in a transport, he fell at her feet.—But why need I stop to describe his emotions? Those who have feeling will imagine them—those who have none, would not impose upon me the unnecessary task.

When each was at length become sufficiently calm to talk with coherence, it was resolved that they should quit Castle Dawn at the same time with Lord and Lady Brunton; but that, instead of proceeding immediately to town with them, Henrica should stop at the estate she inherited, which was in the way thither; and should either take up her residence there, (some relations of her mother being then at the place) or follow the others to London.

At the latter idea she hesitated, but without explaining her reasons. Mordake, whose soul was at all times warm and open, now, from the delight that overwhelmed it, was become doubly so. He grew impatient to communicate his happiness to his brother, from whom he had lately parted in so much distress; and when he could prevail on himself to quit his restored Henrica, left her for that purpose; while she retired, in order to re-assume her female appearance.

The relation that was now given to Lord Brunton, filled him with infinite surprise: he, however, congratulated his brother; and, perhaps, with more cordiality than did his wife, who appeared not to receive any great degree of satisfaction from the accounts she had heard. That little was not augmented by the presence of Henrica; who, as soon as she had restored her natural loveliness, entered the room. Lady Brunton's countenance fell before the eclipsing object; that of her lord who can describe, on his beholding, in the person of his brother's mistress, the beautiful incognita of Saragossa!

For some moments a principle of shame overpowered him; but his soul was not of a kind that could long harbour such an unpleasant sentiment; he very soon recovered himself; related the affair with an affected gaiety; and carried

off, or at least tried to carry off, the whole with a laugh.

Henrica acknowledged herself to be the person he had there met with; and added, that she was at that time on a visit to her father's sister, who lived in the neighbourhood of Saragossa.

A very short time after these occurrences, they removed to London; while the fair Spaniard took possession of her inheritance. She declined the cold invitation of Lady Brunton, and the pressing one of her lord, to visit them at their town-house; as she had seen too far into the character of the latter, to believe that either the ties of marriage, or the laws of honour, could weigh much in his breast against passion, or even against liking; and that she was beloved by his brother, would probably have proved no consideration in his way.

Is it necessary to add, that the affection of that brother soon led him away from empty amusements, in which his soul had no share, to visit the place where what he most loved had retired? Or need it be told that, from her, the returns of gratitude and fidelity rewarded the firmness of his attachment, and the affliction her fancied loss had plunged him into? The hand of Henrica yielded, soon after, to his importunity; dispelled every doubt of future happiness; and when the real Lidani arrived in England, his presence renewed every tender recollection capable of increasing it.

Far different was the fate of Lord Brunton. The master of a noble mansion, and possessed of eleven thousand a year, vainly it was that he sought after Happiness: he lost sight of her at every turn, and found only dissipation and glare in her room. His wife, whose beauty alone had induced him to marry, proved a constant source of disquietude. She loved him not, nor ever had; and foreign favourites, in a very short time, made amends for the moments of constraint she was obliged to endure with him. Mistress avenged his cause; separate maintenance ensued; and nothing farther was wanting to place them both in contrast with the *Younger Brother*; and prove, while he enjoyed every blessing under Heaven, that no heavier misfortune can attend a young man, than that of being born the immediate heir to a considerable fortune, and a title; and being thereby consigned over, from his birth, to indolence, extravagance, and vacancy of mind.

## THE UNHAPPY FATHER,

AND

## UNFORTUNATE SON.

**I**N the celebrated South Sea year, which many people now living have reason to remember, Mr. Marlow, a gentleman possessed of a small estate in Shropshire, came to town on business of importance; which lying chiefly among those who were intoxicated with the hopes of sudden riches, he caught the contagion of the times; and being unhackneyed in the ways of men, became the prey of those harpies who subsist by the follies of their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Marlow had lately buried an amiable wife, who left him the father of two fine children, a son and a daughter; but, regardless of their interest, so fatally was he deluded with the golden prospects rising to his fancy, that he sold acre after acre, till he was only rich in expectations. Buoyed up awhile by those who had been accessory to his ruin, he saw not the errors he had committed, nor repented of his conduct; but, when Poverty stared him in the face, it is easier to conceive than express the emotions of his mind. He was reduced to beggary, and could blame himself alone for the wretchedness of his condition. To be miserable through one's own fault, what a mortifying reflection!

When Mr. Marlow beheld his children, possessed of all the accomplishments which a liberal education could give them, and in whose tender minds he had instilled the purest notions of rectitude and honour; when he saw those children deprived of their patrimony, and reduced to the most necessitous circumstances, he was almost bereft of reason, and, in his moments of frenzy, cursed the pledges of conjugal affection which he before regarded as blessings sent to him from Heaven; wished that he could bear alone the burden of calamity; and could scarcely be prevailed on to see those whom he had so tenderly loved, and so cruelly abused. In short, the agony of his mind had such an effect upon his body, that it threw him into a fever, the violence of which totally deprived him of his intellects, and thereby blunted

all the pangs of remembrance. A lucid interval returning a few hours before his departure, he desired to see his unhappy children; and, after having lamented over them in the most pathetic terms, and bewailed the ruin which he had brought upon them, he addressed himself to his son, a youth in the prime of life, in the following manner.

'You was once, my dear child, heir to a moderate, but competent estate; you are now, by your father's folly, reduced to indigence. Whatever errors I have committed, remember that I am still a parent, and let the following advice of a father sink deep into your soul. To whatever misfortunes you may be driven by poverty, forfeit not, upon any account, the character of a man of honour. Do any thing in your power, with integrity, for your support, and look upon no action as contemptible that is not criminal. If Providence is pleased to assist your honest endeavours, be kind, very kind, to your unfortunate sister. Strengthen all her virtuous resolutions, and preserve her from those who would allure her from the paths of innocence. Remember yourself, and remind her also, that nothing renders man or woman truly miserable, but the loss of reputation. Observe her conduct with a father's eye; and be to her what, till this last fatal mistake, I was to you, a fond parent, a faithful guardian, a firm protector, and a sincere friend. For your own sake, let my memory be revered, and forget the indiscretion that has shortened my days. Long might I have lived a happy father, had not one horrid deed destroyed that tender appellation. But I sincerely hope, and humbly pray, that on me alone the punishment may fall, as by me alone the folly was committed: and I hope that Heaven will raise friends to protect and —'

At these words his voice grew so weak that he could articulate no more; but, stretching out his arms, he embraced,

wept

wept over, and blessed his children, by turns, as long as his declining strength would permit; and expired in the arms of his son, who, with his sister, was so overwhelmed with the loss of such an unfortunate parent, that all their other griefs were soon forgotten.

After the first effusions of their sorrow were over, and the funeral duties performed, young Marlow began to reflect seriously on his own as well as his sister's pitiable situation. His good sense, assisted by his father's remonstrances, convinced him that indigence was not to be conquered by sloth. He endeavoured, therefore, to throw himself into business; and with that view solicited all those who had professed friendship for his father to facilitate his intentions.

He received, at first, flattering promises from them; but those promises became fainter and fainter. He soon found, by the coolness of their behaviour, the emptiness of their professions; and was in a short time, whenever he went to visit them, dismissed from their houses with a frigid denial. Even his relations, his nearest relations, refused him pecuniary assistance; and hardened their hearts against him with so much unkindness, that the liberty of lodging in the house of one of them was considered as a mark of particular condescension.

Disconcerted, however, as he was with the treatment he met with, he was attentive to the preservation of his sister, and with much difficulty procured her a reception into the family of a woman who subsisted by taking in plain-work, with a very scanty allowance. To a young creature who had been nursed in the lap of Elegance, and was now arrived at an age when the world appears in it's gayest colours, what a mortifying situation was this! She bore, however, the severity of her dependence with fortitude, and murmured not at the wretchedness of her subsistence. Her behaviour, indeed, was far superior to her years. Few of her sex were adorned with more personal charms, fewer with more elegant accomplishments: nor did her conversation want any of those *agremens* which are so requisite to improve the conquests made by beauty. Her graces were numberless; and numberless also were the admirers of them. But in this degenerate, this sordid age, if the personal merit of a girl is not brightened by the lustre which it receives from her purse,

she will not easily convert her lover into a husband.

Among the number of those who attempted to seduce her under the mask of love, was a young baronet, for whose sister she worked, and whom, by going frequently to his house, she often saw, for he always planted himself in her way. He soon discovered her lodgings, and thought he gave a striking proof of his affection for her, by rating her innocence at a hundred a year. But she resisted his addresses with firmness, and rejected his offers with contempt. Her refusal, though it disconcerted him, did not deter him from prosecuting his infamous designs; and, circumstanced as she was, it is uncertain how far his solicitations might have prevailed, had not her brother, vigilant for her welfare, discovered the danger she was in, by a letter which he found one day on her table when he went to visit her, and which she had left there through forgetfulness. The emotions with which he read it strongly marked his indignation, and extorted the most serious admonitions. He talked earnestly and seriously to her on the dignity of reputation; bade her remember the principles in which she had been educated; and painted the calamities with which a vicious course of life is attended, in terms so animated and striking, that they made her shudder. After a shower of tears, she solemnly assured him that nothing prejudicial to her honour had entered into her thoughts; but that she looked upon herself obliged to behave with civility to a gentleman from whose family she received her principal support.

'That apology for your conduct,' replied he briskly, 'will not satisfy me, sister. She who consents to hear the man whose view is to deceive her, is in great danger of being seduced. Flattery, or perhaps force, may effect that event which you now reflect upon with horror; and when, no matter by what means, your ruin is completed, what will your repentance and your remorse avail, except to double your distress?' 'You must,' continued he, 'see this foe to innocence no more. Whatever you lose, with regard to your subsistence, on his account, will, I doubt not, be amply made up by the bounty of Providence, in reward for so meritorious a sacrifice.' Without the least hesitation, she assured him that she was ready to comply with his prohibition; and not only

only to refuse his visits, but to reject his letters.

Marlow seemed to be tolerably well contented with his sister's assurances; but reflecting more seriously afterwards on the artifices of his own sex, and the weakness of her's, he could not be satisfied till he had removed her to another lodging, which he provided for her in a distant part of the town; earnestly conjuring her, not only to withdraw herself from a house which contained a person of the baronet's pernicious principles and address, but with the utmost caution to conceal the place of her habitation: adding, that if Heaven did not enable him to subsist in a more agreeable manner, he would rather stoop to the lowest offices of life, and beg from door to door, than suffer her to be exposed to infamy, for the supply of her necessities.

Such a striking example of honour in a brother whom she tenderly and truly loved, not a little encouraged her to confirm her virtuous inclinations, and to strengthen her chaste resolves. She repeatedly declared to him, that no calamity should warp her affection for him, nor stimulate her to commit any action by which she might forfeit his esteem.

During the revolution of eight years, this excellent brother and his amiable sister met with a number of sorrows and disappointments, the enumeration of which would fill a volume, were they related with all the circumstances that attended them. At the end of that time, Mr. Marlow was reduced to the depth of despair; for the relation with whom he had hitherto continued, began to be weary of his little kindnesses to him, and to treat him in a manner to which his spirit could not submit: and being apprehensive that, from the coldness of his cousin's behaviour, exclusion from his house would soon follow, he regarded his situation as desperate, and was almost distracted with reflecting upon it. To the anguish of his mind, the situation of his sister not a little contributed; for he could not bear to see her bending beneath the weight of her misfortunes, and feel, at the same time, that he had no power to remove them. Harrowed up with these most tormenting thoughts, and having no friends to assist him, either with their interest or advice, he formed a fatal resolution to supply his own wants by seizing the property of others. He furnished himself with the equipage

of a highwayman; and a booty of two hundred pounds in his first attack flattered him so much, that all ideas of rectitude were erased from his mind, and he pursued the road to perdition with a giddy alacrity.

In a few days, by his good fortune and intrepidity, he made himself master of a thousand pounds, the greatest part of which he placed in the funds, for the benefit of his sister, who was very desirous of knowing the source of such sudden acquisitions; but he refused to satisfy her curiosity, though he could not remove her astonishment, left the knowledge of triumphant vice might fully her virtue, and prompt her also to actions inconsistent with the profession of it.

Though he was for some time a successful adventurer, his good fortune did not long continue. After a few weeks had rolled away in his favour, he attacked a gentleman well mounted with the usual imperious salutation—'Stand, and deliver.' But he unluckily pitched upon a wrong object; for the gentleman, having a large sum about him, was not in the least inclined to part with it. He opposed to Marlow's pistol his own, and fired it with more success; for he lodged a ball in the upper part of his adversary's arm, without receiving the slightest wound himself. Marlow, feeling himself wounded, and equally stung by interest and revenge, prepared to try the other pistol; but the gentleman's servant frustrated that attempt.

Marlow, now finding it dangerous to engage with both, clapped spurs to his horse, and avoided their pursuit with the utmost precipitation. After having crossed a variety of roads, to mislead his pursuers, he arrived late at his lodgings, where he sent for a surgeon immediately, and pretended that he had been wounded in struggling with a highwayman, who had attempted to rob him. The truth of his assertion was not disputed; nor did any body imagine he had been criminally the cause of the wound which he had received. Heaven, in compassion to those virtuous principles which had resisted so many temptations, and were only conquered by necessity, was pleased to save him from an ignominious execution, and to take him from the world while he was high in it's good opinion.

On searching the wound, the surgeon found it to be of such a nature that he formed no hopes of curing it. He did not



not tell his patient in plain words what he thought of his situation, but his looks were sufficient to inform him that his dissolution approached. He therefore desired a clergyman of the church of England might be sent for, to whom he confessed, in the presence of those who attended him in his last illness, the many crimes he had of late committed, and the incitements he had to undertake the infamous occupation of a highway-man.

As soon as he had made a full confession of his crimes, his sister entered the room, having been informed of his wound: but not having been acquainted at the same time with his danger, flattered herself that she had brought him news which would greatly facilitate his recovery; and, before she could be told the truth of his condition, began to inform him that a gentleman of the same name, having died without an heir, had left him his whole estate, amounting to above fifteen hundred pounds a year.

'Thou art just, O Heaven!' cried he, when she had closed her speech; 'what a rich reward was preparing for me, had I persevered in the paths of innocence! But when I had swerved

'from the principles in which I was brought up, I was no longer fit to reap the benefit of thy divine decree! He who cannot confide in the Almighty Power who created him, deserves all the wretchedness which he endures.'

By these fervent expressions his sister was thrown into the utmost astonishment, which was succeeded by the most soul-distracting grief, when she heard of the confession her brother had made, and of his approaching end.

Marlow endeavoured to alleviate the affliction of his sister; and conjured her, in the most solemn manner, with the most affecting accents, always to preserve her innocence.

As some atonement for his own guilt, he ordered a strict enquiry to be made after the persons whom he had robbed, and desired that all he had taken might be restored with double interest, if the parties could be found.

Out of the estate bequeathed to him, he allotted five hundred pounds a year for charitable uses, and left the residue to his sister.

He lived but a few hours after he had made his will, and spent those few hours in prayers and meditation.

## STORY OF LUCINDA.

**L**UCINDA had but just entered into her fifteenth year when her mother brought her up to London, in hopes that a polite education, joined to a lovely person, might make amends for the smallness of her fortune, which by no means equalled her merit. The retiredness of her life, for the two first years, which were employed wholly in acquiring the proper accomplishments of her sex, made her pass without much notice till the third winter, when she appeared more in public, and soon became the idol of the men, as well as the envy of the women. A natural liveliness of fancy, accompanied with an agreeable simplicity, rendered her as much the admiration of those who conversed with her, as a genteel make and fine complexion gained her the adoration of all who saw her.

It was with the greatest pleasure that her mother beheld her thus outstripping her fondest wishes. She flattered herself now that she had the choice of the whole town. Moderate offers were not to be

listened to; a good estate without a title was not worthy of acceptance.

Lucinda was to be seen at every public assembly. Was it court-night, she was there; was there an opera, she was there: nor was she less constant to the Park than the church, and for the same reason. Wherever she appeared she attracted the eyes of the company, and was the subject of every conversation. All the gay sparks were ambitious of her acquaintance, and desirous of proving themselves polite by their civilities to her.

Among the foremost was young Florio, who was not less constant than her shadow; and though his addresses were at first only the effect of gallantry, he soon conceived a passion which was real. As his fortune was very small, he knew no proposals from him would meet with success; so determined to endeavour to gratify his inclinations at the expence of her innocence. A graceful person, a sprightly wit, a title, and a cockade, fitted him for the attempt. He always made his attacks

sacks when he perceived her virtue least guarded. The drawing-room was most favourable to his design: fashion having made it a publick diversion, she never failed being there; and as there was nothing to excite her attention, or keep her honour awake, in that place, her mind was then most susceptible of his flattery. He invited her to private parties of dancing, where he was sure to be her partner; then watched his opportunity when her inclinations were supplied by the motion and the musick. He had not yet perfected his conquest; she seemed not to comprehend what he desired, yet appeared delighted with his company. A masquerade was the only publick diversion which she had not been at: one at least was allowable, out of curiosity; besides, there were two married ladies would bear her company; no one should know her

dress but Florio, and he would guard her from all insults.

He knew when to take advantage. The novelty of the entertainment, the gaiety of the place, the dancing, the masque, all equally conspired to assist him. They were easily separated from their company for two hours; and Venus smiled to see young Florio successful.

But, alas! success is too often an antidote to love. He grew weary of his prize when he had perfected the conquest. Her imprudence and his vanity soon discovered the amour; and she was obliged to retire from the world, and from shame, into a cheap country and thin neighbourhood, to live upon the interest of fifteen hundred pounds.

Thus was poor Lucinda entertained out of her innocence, and diverted into infamy and contempt.

## THE HOBGOBLIN AT THE SPA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A Party of pleasure, consisting of a counsellor, a baron, a marquis, and a lady of quality, with two female companions, having seated themselves in a little commodious arbour, erected in the meadow adjoining to the Seven o'Clock Walk at the Spa, with a view only of taking the air, and promoting a little innocent conversation; says the counsellor, with a smile—'Has your ladyship heard of the Hobgoblin who lately haunted a young female visionary, and threw her into fits?' To which my lady replied—'I have not only heard the tale, Sir, but have actually talked seriously with the poor harmless girl on the topick. She seems a weak, bigotted creature; a poor visionary, who scarcely knows what she says. However, it is a thousand pities the girl should be so unmercifully terrified; for, to do her justice, I must acknowledge that she is handsome enough in conscience, and no idiot neither.—From what your ladyship has said,' replied the counsellor, 'I must naturally infer, that you have not faith enough to consider the story as a real matter of fact.—'Not one tittle of it,' said the lady; 'and it is my firm persuasion, that the poor wench is either disordered in her head, or else a little heart-sick;

for these kinds of Hobgoblins are too frequently nothing but empty, idle tales, calculated only for the concealment of some illicit amours.'

'I find,' said the counsellor, 'your ladyship is not over credulous. There are two of my intimate acquaintance, however, who, though as confirmed unbelievers as yourself in most adventures of the kind, have actually attested this to be real fact; and they were eye-witnesses of the whole affair. They are two Dutch officers, who were never suspected of being enthusiastically inclined, and I had the story from their own mouths.'

The other two ladies, who constituted part of the company, begged of the counsellor to let them into this secret, since he had such indisputable vouchers for the truth of it: and he accordingly related it in the following manner.

'As your ladyship has seen and conversed with the girl, and asserted that she is both young and handsome, perhaps I may be deemed somewhat impertinent in making the very same remark; but it is absolutely necessary in this case, as it is one of the essential articles of my mysterious story: for, as it is a standing maxim that all heroines should be beauties; so, such Hobgoblins

as mine seldom visit or torment the old or the ugly. The young visionary, to do her justice, is not over superstitious herself; nor does she seem of so amorous a disposition as to warrant any suspicion that she has been an actress in such a farce, with the artful view only of concealing an illicit intrigue. She is sprightly enough, gay, and airy; but was never charged with blameable levity, or want of common discretion. It is now near a year since she lost her mother; and at present she is her father's sole superintendant of domestic affairs. Their house, for the generality, was full of lodgers; but since two families have lately changed their quarters, who had lived with them from their first entrance on the premises, their inmates were reduced to the number of six only; two maiden ladies and their waiting-women, two Dutch officers, and a monk, whose name and peculiar habit I shall purposely conceal. All these persons were eye-witnesses of this tremendous apparition.

For five or six nights successively our young visionary had been so harassed and tormented in the night, that she could not get a moment's rest. She declared, that at sundry times she plainly perceived the bed-cloaths gradually dragged from the bed, and that something extremely heavy threw itself down upon them. At first, she only imagined the house-dog had changed his quarters, as her room was contiguous to the kitchen. Under this notion, she called out—"Poor Cæsar!" and attempted to stroke him; but the devil knew his distance, and did not think proper to be treated with so much familiarity. Provoked at last with being too often thus molested, she took up a large brush that always hung by her bed-side, and endeavoured to chastise him for his insolence; but in the attempt she either saw, or imagined she saw, such a flash of lightning as filled the whole room at once, and so far terrified her, as to make her throw aside her weapon; and shrieking out at the same time as she covered her face with the sheet, the Hobgoblin vanished in an instant.

Every one to whom she related this idle story perfectly laughed at her; and told her it was nothing but a dream, or that she had been visited by the night-

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mare. Others were of opinion that it might be a cat; the eyes of that animal, in a very dark night, sparkling brighter than at any other time. Our young heroine, however, peremptorily insisted, that whether she was awake or asleep, the object that so terrified her was no cat, she would take her oath; for it was too big and too heavy for so small an animal. In short, she was rallied so severely by the whole house, that their incessant jokes made the poor girl at length give into their sentiments, laugh at the phantom herself, and take it for granted, that the odd event was nothing more than the result of a frightful dream.

The night following, however, the Hobgoblin made it's appearance again, but in a more shocking and tremendous figure. She perceived herself to be rouzed out of her reverie by a gentle jog: she imagined, also, that she felt a hand in her bed; but, rashly attempting to check it's too great freedoms, she found her bed seemingly all in flames, and was struck with inexpressible terror. However, shutting her eyes, she crossed herself, like a true catholic, over and over, which extinguished the light, though it had not influence enough to drive the Hobgoblin into the Red Sea. The invisible hand began once more it's irregular motions, and seemed still ruder than before; on which the girl, opening her eyes, saw distinctly a large cross at the foot of the bed, all in flames, with frightful characters inscribed on it, which she vainly imagined to be some magical incantation. Such was the panick she was in at this terrifick sight, that she had no power to speak; and could she have had sufficient presence of mind to have uttered the smallest exclamation, she would still have dreaded to do so; because, underneath the image of the blessed Virgin that stood by the cross, she read, in luminous and distinct characters, the following positive prohibition—"BE SILENT!" Had this been nothing more than the bare force of fancy, it must be admitted that the girl could not justly be blamed for feeling extremely terrified and affected: but this was only the prologue to the farce, and a mere trifle to what she afterwards experienced. Not presuming, therefore, to cry out, she recollected

every prayer that she had learned from her infancy, and called on a legion of saints for their immediate aid and assistance with a profusion of vows. There was no kind of pilgrimage that she did not promise to perform; and forgetting, in her fright and confusion, that her head had been all this time buried under the bed-cloaths, she ascribed that darkness to her vows which was only the natural consequence of shutting her eyes. However, when she actually ventured to open them, the fright almost deprived her of her senses; for she saw a hideous phantom standing upright on one side of the bed, the head of which almost touched the ceiling. The arms of this monstrous Hobgoblin were extended in the form of a cross, and a glory appeared visibly shining round its head: but, what was still more shocking, if possible, than all the rest, this spectre seemed to have several hands; one of which stretched out a finger, as a tacit charge not to cry out, while another was busily employed about the bed-cloaths, the phantom all the time appearing in the form of a crucifix. A spectacle so supernatural seemed to the poor affrighted virgin nothing less than a celestial vision; and, mistaking the Hobgoblin for an angel of light, she summoned up all her courage, got out of bed, and fell on her knees.

In an instant, she found herself caressed with such ardour by the apparition, that she imagined herself utterly ruined. The phantom's caresses were to unlike those of a spiritual nature, that she for some time used her utmost endeavours to disengage herself; when, finding her strength begin to fail her, she resolved to alarm the house, by crying out for immediate assistance.

Her shrieks having awakened the ladies who lay in an adjacent chamber, they ordered their waiting-woman to enquire what was the matter; who, peeping into the room, plainly perceived a phantom all in flames, casting out fire and smoke, which in a deep and awful tone said to her—“Withdraw, or thou diest!”

Here ends the second vision, or act, of our farce.

“You may easily, ladies,” continued the counsellor, “form an idea of the alarm and terror which this distracting story spread in an instant all over the

house. The ladies called aloud for help, but not a soul came near them. The monk, who lay in a remote part of the house, was fast asleep; and the two Dutch officers happened not to be at home that night, having been obliged to pay a visit to a gentleman in the country. As soon as it was day-break, the girl jumped out of bed, almost terrified to death, ran down to her father, and related to him every individual circumstance of the affair. The ladies, when they went down to breakfast, called for their landlord, discharged honourably all their arrears, and went immediately in search of other apartments.

The father, by woeful experience, finding this Hobgoblin likely to disgrace, as well as ruin him, threatened his daughter very severely, and stigmatized her with the gross appellation of a stupid visionary. The ladies, indeed, took the girl's part, and their attendant swore positively that the house was haunted by a devil of the darkest order; while the monk who lodged in the house confirmed the probability of that vision, as well by his own experience as by the mention of many similar instances, sufficiently convincing.

“You are sensible, ladies,” said the counsellor, “that those brown-coated locusts have a thousand stories of this kind at their fingers ends, and not one in fifty will dispute the validity of an apparition: those, in particular, of our monk's order, at least, never would; their thoughts being naturally inclined that way, since the establishment of their richest religious houses were built on the celestial visions of the bigotted founders.

The present question was, what sort of a vision the girl's might be, and how it could with most certainty and satisfaction be explained? The monk, as if actually inspired, assured them that this effulgent phantom was the soul of the girl's deceased mother; which, being detained in purgatory, was crept out to implore proper aid and assistance; and, if he might be so free as to interpose his advice, would take the liberty to recommend that the father and his friends should, from Christian charity, purchase proper prayers and masses for her relief. In giving that opinion, he forgot not to offer his own

own service; and to recommend his order. Application was accordingly made to the Capuchins, who said mass for the deceased matron on this solemn and extraordinary occasion.

However, notwithstanding all that the girl's father could say or do in this critical affair, the ladies were resolved to quit the premises; though they were prevailed on, by his earnest intreaties, never to mention the real cause of their sudden departure. The daughter, in the mean time, could not be induced, by any persuasions whatsoever, to lie alone any longer; and, in consequence of large promises, her father's maid agreed to become her bed-fellow, after the holy monk had sanctified the room, and said a long train of prayers suitable to so solemn an occasion, in the presence of the landlord.

Notwithstanding all this religious apparatus, the flaming crosses, in the dead of the night, was as visible as ever. The maid-servant was terrified beyond measure; and though she could not say that the Hobgoblin made any attempt to approach the bed, she declared she had seen much more than was any way agreeable, and that she would rather quit her place than lie there any more. The monk made a merit of the spectre's keeping at a due distance; as if that modest deportment was occasioned by the influence and effect of his repeated prayers. The father and the monk ordered the masses to be renewed; and they mutually sent to Liege for assistance on so urgent an occasion, from divers convents erected in that populous city. The monk, in particular, was more fervent than ordinary; and, as soon as night came on, with great sanctity, carried up a whole basin full of holy-water, to sprinkle every hole and corner of the haunted chamber.

As the devil would have it, the Hobgoblin seemed to laugh at the monk, and set all his prayers at defiance. He was a spirit both haughty and sullen, and disdained to have a servant lie in the room which he vouchsafed to honour with his presence.

The poor girl was now alone; and, as the Hobgoblin had no affairs of any consequence to transact with any one else in the house, he revisited her that night, assuming a form more tremendous and shocking than ever. The chamber throughout appeared all

in a blaze, and ornamented, as it were, with a great variety of little luminous crosses, with divers small inscriptions in visible characters; among which the important prohibition of "NO SQUALLING!" was conspicuously and frequently repeated. In the centre of the room so illuminated the girl perceived the Hobgoblin; in a slow and solemn pace, stalking towards the bed in his shirt, all on fire. When he was advanced as far as the curtains, he gently drew them open, and called her by her name; adding—"My dear angel, make room!" The poor creature, before half dead with fear, perceiving the phantom prepared to get into bed to her, screamed so loud, that she made the whole house resound. Every body heard; but not a soul would move, except the father: nor he either, till he had armed himself with a large load of reliques borrowed of the Capuchins.

That the Hobgoblin was scared at the sight of the reliques, I will not presume absolutely to assert; but, be this as it may, it vanished before the good man entered the room, who could perceive nothing more than a parcel of small crosses, and scrawls, in burning characters, visible through a cloud of smoke which filled the whole chamber.

The father, on beholding these supernatural illuminations, was almost as much terrified as his daughter, who remained half dead with fear. However, he ran to the door of the monk's apartment, in order to implore his assistance, and to conjure the Hobgoblin to unravel the mystery of his nightly visits. The holy man at first begged to be excused; alledging, that common decency, and the rules of his order, would not permit him to appear without his canonicals; and, besides, one so mortified, and free from all carnal appetites, could not think of approaching the bed of a virtuous virgin. With much persuasion, however, he at length opened his door, and seemed to start, and stand astonished, at the supernatural phenomena. He fell prostrate on the floor, at perceiving such a number of luminous crosses; and, after a long train of extempore prayers, to all which his landlord heartily added *Amen*, he conjured the Hobgoblin to make his personal appear-

ance. The spectre, however, knew better things: he did not want to be exorcised, and therefore kept close behind the curtain. The pious monk ascribed this bashfulness to the innate virtue of his white robe of righteousness, which at all times was duly qualified to make the devil tremble; and, the better to keep up his imaginary dignity, concluded that the Hobgoblin was some evil spirit, who had transformed himself into an angel of light; one of those Genii, generally distinguished by the title of Incubusses and Succubusses, by the too credulous ancients.

During all these romantick rites and ceremonies, the poor girl lay in a trance, as motionless as a statue. Her father ran down into his vault to fetch a bottle of wine, in order to bring his daughter to life again; and the monk charged him not to forget bringing at the same time a consecrated taper, for the tracing with greater ease the footsteps of the presumptuous apparition.

No sooner was the candle brought, than all the luminous crosses and artificial scrawls instantaneously disappeared. The daughter too recovered from her fit, and gave a full and circumstantial account of the fiery vision, with all that dread and horror which nothing but the real truth could possibly have inspired. The sanctified monk, in order to console her, acquainted her with the secret virtues of the consecrated taper; and, ordering his landlord to place the light on the stair-case, all the luminous crosses in the chamber were as visible as before. They now read, moreover, on the chimney-piece, in very legible characters, the following prohibition—  
“HENCE, YE PROFANE!”

From this inscription the monk demonstrated, beyond all contradiction, that so peremptory a charge could have a reference to no other person than his landlord; who, in all probability, would have immediately withdrawn, had he not observed some luminous sparks upon the monk's habit while the candle was on the stair-case. But, feeling himself under so many indispensable obligations to the monk, he trembled lest the holy man should be exposed to any danger; nor would he consent to leave him alone, notwithstanding the great confidence which

his holiness pretended to put in the holy frock which he wore on this solemn occasion. However, all their terrors vanished at once, after a few formal sprinklings of the monk's consecrated water. He and his landlord spent the remainder of the night together; and the latter, to whom these supernatural lights now began to grow a little familiar, removed the consecrated taper from the room to the stair-case several times, in order to comfort himself under all his afflictions, by standing astonished at its supernatural and invincible virtues. Day at length broke, and every illumination was instantly extinguished. The monk then took his leave of the landlord, to go and say his matins, from which he never returned till noon.

The Dutch officers, who came home the night before heartily tired, had no adequate idea of the noise and confusion which had happened in their absence. Indeed, the landlord himself used his utmost endeavours to conceal the disturbance from them, lest they should leave his house as the ladies had previously done: but ill news flies apace, and they were soon made acquainted with the distractions and terrors of the past nights.

The disorder in which they visibly perceived the poor girl next morning, roused their curiosity, and induced them to ask her a thousand questions. These odd and frightful adventures had made so strong an impression on her mind, that she very ingeniously communicated the whole secret to them, without the smallest reserve, notwithstanding all her father's injunctions, added to the luminous prohibitions. The presence of the officers happily prevented her father from chastising her with that severity which otherwise, in all probability, he would have done, for revealing the important secret. Those gentlemen, perceiving their landlord chagrined at her innocent discovery, promised him, on their honour, that so far from leaving his house, they would use their utmost endeavours to find out the truth of this shameful imposture, and fight the audacious devil at his own weapons.

His anger being thus perfectly appeased, the gentlemen took him aside, and asked him a hundred questions, which would have been improper to mention.

\* mention before his pretty daughter.  
 \* They imagined, on thus cross-examining the father, that there was a snake in the grass; that the monk was at the bottom of this infernal vagary; and that all the supernatural phenomena, of which their landlord and his daughter had been eye-witnesses, were nothing but mere illusions.

\* Young officers, and those too of the Protestant persuasion, are as little apt to be over-credulous in regard to apparitions as any persons whatever. They were conducted, accordingly, to the young maiden's apartment; and, examining the several places where those illuminations and hideous phantoms had made their appearance, they plainly perceived the traces of, the various crosses and the whimsical characters; and remarked, that the several images, the tapestry, and some of the other furniture of the room, had a very sensible smell of smoke. This discovery plainly indicated that the girl's vision must be real. But these incontestable evidences had a quite different effect on the landlord; who, having first treated his daughter as a visionary, was now become as violently superstitious as herself, and seemed highly offended at the too apparent incredulity of his lodgers. Their suspicions were, however, greatly confirmed by the account of the inscription on the chimney-piece; the luminous sparks seen on the monk's frock; and the instantaneous disappearance of those luminous characters on the introduction of the consecrated taper.

\* The officers, pretending now to favour the sentiments of their too credulous landlord, begged a sight of the miraculous consecrated taper. He withdrew to fetch it; but hung his head with shame, on being fully convinced that, in his hurry and confusion, he had made use of no other light than that of a common candle. They laughed heartily at their landlord's gross mistake; and as, from that casual event, he began to see clearly into the business, they were so frank and ingenuous as to acquaint him with their just grounds for suspecting the whole to be nothing more than a gross and infamous imposture. In the mean time, they were perfectly agreed that the terror and amazement of his daughter

ter was a sufficient testimony that he had no hand in the plot.

\* The officers observed to their landlord, that, notwithstanding the tenets of his religion, no such visions could possibly be the result of his late wife's escape out of purgatory; since it was not only ridiculous, but highly absurd, to imagine that a fond and indulgent mother should make it her business to come from another world, with no other view than to torment and terrify an innocent, dutiful, and virtuous daughter; much less be guilty of taking any indecent liberties.

\* These judicious remarks of the impartial officers reduced the father to his original state of incredulity, and prompted him to beg their farther aid and assistance in penetrating the depth of this mysterious iniquity; the discovery of which was, to him at least, a concern of the utmost importance.

\* We come now, ladies, continued the counsellor, to the catastrophe of this infernal farce; and I am of opinion, every lady and gentleman in company can guess how it will end.

\* Indeed, Sir, said one of the young ladies, I cannot tell, in reality, what will be the issue; but the account of those supernatural lights, and strange appearances, seems to intimate that the whole affair was nothing more than a juggling trick of natural magick. — If, then, it is a piece of conjuration, replied the lady of quality, my life for it, the phantom proves a white one; and I shrewdly suspect that the monk, notwithstanding his sanctified white frock, had a finger in the pyc. All is not gold that glitters; neither are all monks such holy and harmless creatures as some of them appear to be.

\* My lady, returned the counsellor, with a smile, is a little too severe and sarcastical, and sticks too close to the skirts of our poor monk; and I heartily wish that the unravelling this intricate affair may make her entertain a more charitable opinion of the cloth in future. — I very much question it, said her ladyship; and the counsellor pursued his narrative.

\* The two officers formed a variety of schemes; and concluded to try, in the first place, one that was extremely plain and obvious, and which, by very good fortune, answered every purpose.

It

' It was agreed that their landlord should assume an air of extraordinary dejection, and seem perfectly disconsolate, till the riddle could be solved; that he should continue his masses with a seemingly more ardent devotion than usual; that he should make his daughter lie in the apartment which the ladies and their waiting-woman had abandoned; and that one of the officers should take possession of the daughter's room, while the other officer and the landlord patiently waited the issue of the affair in the kitchen.

' All this contrivance between the triumvirate was to be kept an inviolable secret; the daughter herself having no intimation of these dispositions till last night; and not then, neither, till the very moment appointed for her retirement.

' The part that she was to act in this scene was truly natural; for the idea of the impending danger had made her shed floods of tears all the evening long, and she could hardly be prevailed on to go to bed. She withdrew, however, at last, into the empty apartment, and the officers pursued their plan; the landlord, the more artfully to conceal his suspicion, having prevailed on the monk to renew his prayers at his daughter's chamber-door, and to sprinkle it plentifully with holy water. After this, all parties withdrew, and every candle was carefully extinguished.

' For two hours afterwards the house seemed as still as possible, and the officer in the girl's bed, impatient for his expected Hobgoblin, began to suspect that the phantom was more afraid of him than of the holy water; when, all on a sudden, he heard the latch of the chamber-door lifted up as gently as possible. He pretended to be in a sound sleep; and, after the spectre had made three or four tours round the room, he plainly perceived a something very busy about the bed-cloaths: as he had wrapped himself up somewhat closer than ordinary, he made more resistance than the devil expected; on which the spectre, with a seeming degree of modesty, withdrew. When he found the apparition at some considerable distance from the bed, he peeped through the curtains, and perceived the room in a blaze, with a number of luminous little crosses, and va-

rious scrawls in legible characters of fire; while, to aggravate the scene of horror, a tall monstrous Hobgoblin vomited out, dragon-like, both fire and smoke.

' The officer afterwards ingenuously acknowledged that, as much as he was injured to fire and smoke, and as resolute and intrepid as he imagined himself to be, he was at first considerably startled, and perceived an involuntary check on his spirits: and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose such a set of frightful figures must, in some degree, damp the courage of the most undaunted mortal; because true fortitude does not consist in totally extinguishing all natural emotions of fear, but in subduing and overcoming them by a superior presence of mind, and a prudent conduct. Be this as it may, the Hobgoblin, after muttering certain sentences of unintelligible jargon, in a hoarse and infernal tone, made a second advance towards the bed-side.

' The officer, who had watched every motion as narrowly as possible, now embracing a favourable opportunity, threw a slip-knot, which he had previously fixed at one end to a post of the bed, with great dexterity over the phantom's head, and closed it round his neck, with all his strength, till he brought the Hobgoblin to the floor; then instantly jumping out of bed, he threw himself directly on the apparition; and told him, if he did not speak, he would for once have the pleasure of strangling the devil.

' The fall of this hideous monster was in reality more shocking than his figure; for it was accompanied, as it were, with lightning, and with an explosion not unlike that of a pistol, which filled the chamber with smoke. The officer, not at all dismayed, stuck as close to him as a leech, and held him fast by the throat; for he now found plainly enough that he had only flesh and bones to contend with. It is highly probable, too, that the phantom wanted courage proportioned to the frightful figure he made; for he struggled with all his might to get out of the clutches of the officer, who still maintained his fast hold, swearing as loud as he could bawl, that for once he was stronger than the devil.

' His brother officer, accompanied by the landlord, now bounced into the room,



room, with lights and fire-arms, and disengaged this devil in masquerade from beneath the officer as expeditiously as they could, in order to see what sort of a devil had fallen into their clutches: but think, ladies, how they were surprized, when they came to find this fullen and obstinate Hobgoblin was nothing more than the old wanton monk, their fellow-lodger, whose mouth watered so desperately for this young and beautiful maiden, that he had acted these infernal tricks in hopes of regaling himself on so delicious a morsel!

The landlord, now plainly perceiving the villainous and vicious intention of this wolf in sheep's cloathing, was so greatly enraged, that the officers could hardly keep him from murdering the miserable impostor. "Is it, then, you, you old lecherous villain," cried the landlord, "who have thus done your utmost to destroy the reputation of my house, and ruin my only daughter? You shall die, you old goat, you shall!" He then attacked him again, and would probably have dispatched him. The impostor, it is true, richly deserved it; but the officers, who were as merciful as they were valiant, prevented him from taking any farther revenge, than barely bringing the old fellow to the stool of repentance.

The poor, mean-spirited miscreant, fell on his knees, and implored pardon for the outrageous iniquities he had committed; and, with tears in his eyes, was as abject and mean in his servile compliances, as any sinner under the load of so many mortifying circumstances could possibly be. He confessed, that his wicked intentions were to have debauched the young virgin: but ingenuously enough acknowledged that he had ravished her no otherwise than in imagination; and that he had lost, not only his peace of conscience, but all the trouble he had been at in personating an infernal spirit.

This scene, which was the winding-up of the farce, was in high taste, very diverting, and strictly conformable to all the fundamental laws of the stage; because the machinery, which rendered the whole affair perfectly marvellous, and so very formidable before the happy discovery, when stripped of all its infernal glare, and seen behind the curtain, and without any terror,

made a droll figure enough, and had something in it truly comical and burlesque. The monk, who is at least six feet high, had clapped on his head a kind of grenadier's cap, made of embossed paper, and thrust a kind of broom-stick through the sleeves of his canonical habit, which, so extended, appeared in the form of a large cross. He likewise threw a shirt over his coat, instead of a surplice; and through the slits of his pockets, which were under his arms, he thrust both his hands; one of them holding a phial full of *phosphorus fulgurans*, and the other of *phosphorus fumans*, by the assistance of which our canonical magician filled the poor girl's apartment with either lightning or smoke, as best suited his intended incantation. Unfortunately for our Hobgoblin in masquerade, or rather as a just judgment due to his demerits, he broke the bottle of *phosphorus fulgurans* in his unexpected fall; and, as the violent agitation had made the fire it contained very subtle, fine, and delicate, he burnt two fingers of his right hand so dreadfully, that he never will be able, in all probability, to recover the use of them again.

The two young officers were extremely desirous that their landlord's daughter should have a fair interview with her nightly tormentor, in his droll dress; which, indeed, was nothing more than an act of justice, and absolutely necessary, as well to settle and compose her mind, thus impiously distracted and disturbed, as to prevent all bad consequences for the future. The monk begged hard to be excused from so severe a penance; but all his entreaties proved ineffectual: the girl must see her inamorato *in puris naturalibus*, divested of his infernal fire and smoke, and they peremptorily insisted that she should.

Accordingly, the landlord was dispatched for his daughter, that she might see her lover in a new light. She accompanied her father, it is true, but trembling all the way, like the leaves of the aspen. Her dread and terror, however, being in a great measure removed at the droll figure the Hobgoblin then made, she, in her rage and resentment, called him all the opprobrious names she could think of, and added to her revenge a severe boxing

'ing of his ears with one of his own slippers. The girl's father, too, buffeted him about pretty handsomely, for all his acts of loving-kindness towards his daughter; till at length the officers put a stop to all farther chastisements, in order to enquire into the nature of those chemical and wondrous preparations in his two phials, and the various ingredients of their composition.

'The monk, if possible, would have concealed the *arcanum*, and begged to be excused in that particular; but, on their threatening to prosecute him in a court of judicature, as an impostor, a disturber of the peace of private families, and an impious and profane son of the catholic church, he gave each of the officers two bottles of the like preparation, with the genuine receipt for preparing that chemical secret.

'The officers, being possessed of these curiosities, readily took off the cord which had been thrown round the monk's neck, and lent a helping hand

'to dress him decently *en capuchin*. Nay, they even had so much compassion on him, as to dress his wounded hand, and wrap it up with a piece of black silk, the better to conceal his disaster.

'After these humane offices, they reprimanded him pretty severely, and then advised him to make the best of his way to some remote place, where nobody knew him; or, at least, to quit directly the territories of Liege.

'He acted pursuant to their advice; and, after discharging all arrears of rent to his injured landlord, refunding the money he had received for his numerous hypocritical masses, and paying a purse of ducats, by way of retribution for damages, he set out at four o'clock this morning for Stavolo, a small village within three leagues of this place, where he may be more secure than in any other place, the prince himself being a monk, and consequently cautious of having any infamy stick too close to the canonical habit.'

## SELIMA;

OR,

### A LESSON FOR DISCONTENT.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

**T**HAT universal discontent and inquietude, which runs through every rank and degree of life, hath been deservedly condemned by the philosophers of all ages; as one of the bitterest reproaches of human nature, as well as the highest affront to the Divine Author of it. If, indeed, we look through the whole creation, and remark the progressive scale of beings as they rise into perfection, we shall perceive, to our own shame and confusion, that every one seems satisfied with that share of life and happiness which it's Maker hath appointed for it, man alone excepted, who is pleased with nothing that his bounty imparts, unless blessed with every thing that his power can bestow, perpetually repining at the decrees of Providence, and refusing to enjoy what he has, from a ridiculous and never-ceasing desire of what he has not.

That object which is at a distance from

us is always the most inviting, and that possession the most valuable which we cannot acquire. With the ideas of affluence and grandeur we are apt to associate those of joy and pleasure; and because riches and power may conduce to our happiness, we hastily conclude that they must do so; that pomp, splendor, and magnificence, which attend the great, is visible to every eye, while the sorrows which they feel, and the dangers they are obnoxious to, escape our observation.

Hence it arises, that almost every condition and circumstance of life is considered as preferable to our own; that we so often fall in love with ruin, and beg to be unhappy: we weep, in short, when we ought to rejoice, and complain when we ought to be thankful.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and with departing rays gilded the lofty spires and towers of Golconda; when

when the captive Selima, from the window of the son of Nouradin's seraglio, casting a mournful look at the country which she saw at a distance beyond the boundary of her confinement, fixed her eyes on some cottages which she could distinguish by the thin smoke ascending from them, and seemed to envy the humble condition of the lowly inhabitants; she longed to exchange her own situation for that of innocent poverty and cheerful tranquillity: little by little the envied prospect faded on her sight, and she listened with horror to the crashing of iron bars, and the closing that surrounded her; till at length all was hushed, all became quiet as the hours of night, and stillness advanced; she then burst forth into the following soliloquy—

‘And was I formed a reasonable being,’ she cried, ‘for this? to be excluded for ever from society, and doomed to add one more to the slaves of the monarch of the East? Have I deserved this at the hand of Providence, or exacted this unequal lot from the Genius of distribution? Did I ever turn mine ears from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor? Why, then, am I punished in this manner? Why for ever denied the blessing of mutual love, and fated to weep in vain to the walls of a prison-house? While I was a child, the angel of death closed the eyes of my parents, when as yet I knew not their loss; and a few moons ago the same minister of terror bore from my arms a sister, whom I loved, to the land of silence and shadows: the rest of those that were dear to me, groan under the bonds of servitude in the mines of Agra, or traverse the great waters in the ships of India; some happier few, who have found grace in the eyes of the sultan, live only to shew me the difference between what I was and what I am: yet the remembrance of those I lost, I bore with resignation; I wept, indeed, and repined; but, as yet, repined not. But to know no end of misery, to be kept as a witness to the luxury of those who were once our equals, is surely the worst that can be inflicted. I have said to the slaves—  
“Why will not my lord the sultan dismiss the maid whom he thinks unworthy his embraces, and whose presence will rather cast a cloud over his pomp than increase it?” But they

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‘treat my tears and my remonstrances with scorn, nor are their hearts melted in them with pity. Night and silence are over all the seraglio, even the horrid guards to whose care we are resigned are fast locked up in sleep. When, O when shall I enjoy that sweet oblivion! Discontent and perpetual uneasiness of mind, banish from my eyes all propensity to rest, the night only affords me an opportunity to vent my complaints; and my greatest happiness is this hour of universal repose, when I can undisturbed and unmolested give utterance to the sorrows of my heart.’

As she was speaking these last words, the shades of darkness were suspended on a sudden, and a light diffused itself around her like the flash of mid-day. She looked up and beheld, when Azazel, the angel of reproof, became visible to her sight. She bowed her head in the dust, and humbled herself before him. ‘Selima,’ he cried, ‘arise, thou misguided child of affliction!’ I am that Genius who was with thee when thou wast as yet a child, and in my book were thy future fortunes written. I was with the angel whose ministry it was to seal the eyes of thy parents, and who laid his hands on thy sister; under my influence wert thou brought as a captive unto Amurath from the banks of Oxus, and immured in the walls of his seraglio. Thou hast complained of thy fate, thou hast said that the eye of thy Genius frowned on thy birth, and that Misfortune has marked thee for her daughters; but I am come to clear thy doubts, and to direct thee where thou mayest find the mansions of rest; let my words sink deep in thee, and grave them in living characters on thy heart. I will take away the mist from before thine eyes, for thou knowest not what thou hast said; thou hast lamented the fate of thy sister, who is happier by far than thou art, and who has her station assigned her in the realms of bliss. The situation of thy companions, who have appeared pleasing to the sultan, has been the object of thine envy; but, alas! thine is a paradise to theirs; thou hast repined at that solitude which, hadst thou made right use of, it would have taught thee to know thyself; and hast grieved that thou wert not born to that beauty which thousands possess,

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possess, and which would have been to thee a punishment instead of a blessing. I will now shew thee what, but for my interposition, would have been thy own destiny, had this thy last, thy presumptuous wish, been crowned with success; hadst thou been bidden in thy turn to deck with oriental pomp the bed for Amurath, and repose on the silken pavilions in the inner chambers of the palace. Turn thyself to the east, and view there what I shall explain to thee."

She turned, and beheld a woman seated on a throne, surrounded with every circumstance of eastern magnificence; she was fair as one of the Houries, and sparkling in the gold of Indostan and the diamonds of Surat; in her presence every mouth was dumb, every knee bended with fear, and every eye fixed on the ground; yet she seemed to receive the adorations of the crowd with coldness, nor was her heart glad at the approach of her lord; she seemed alone as to herself, though amidst wondering thousands and ten thousands at her feet. "View her, yet again," he said, "Selima, as the crowd retiring leaves her in her closet, and what happiness does she seem possessed of that thou wishest to be thine? Does not that gloom that hangs on her brow owe it's being to fear? Is she not conscious that treachery or chance can in a moment bring her licentious happiness to an end? And guilt, that viper in her bosom, destroys all relish for pleasures, and points out to her the vanity of all joys which have not virtue for their foundation. But see, the guards rush in at this moment to seize her, and accuse her of having conspired the death of her lord. Mark how the splendid apartments and alcoves of pleasure disappear, and in their stead the joyless gloom and grated windows of a prison. Now she is hurried in, they throw the black robe of death upon

her; in vain does she now think of command, in vain wave that hand which a few hours before would have stilled the raging of the people, and humbled the rulers of the world. She now begs to be heard, and has recourse, as her last aids, to intreaty, tears, and prostration, but in vain. She is dragged down on the rocky pavement by the hands of slaves, who offer her the dismal alternatives of the poisoned cup, or the sabre. She drinks, and see she sinks yet and yet paler and paler to the earth. See the last convulsive struggle, the dying gasp, and the sigh that rends the heart in the last agony: scarce is there a pause. They strip the yet warm body, denied to be joined in burial with the queens of the land, and expose it for a prey to the eagle and vulture.

Such, short-sighted maid, would have been thy latest hour; and thy end would have resembled hers: bear, then, thy present fate without repining, nor dash the cordial which hope presents thee with to the ground, but wait with patience for a happier hour; their lot only may be called miserable whose faces were never covered with shame, and who go down unrepenting to the grave. Hope is thine, which can turn the walls that confine thee to the bower of content: then say not in thine heart that thy portion here is with the wretched; nor, by wishing to alter the allotment of Providence, provoke the rage of a power infinitely greater than mine, which can crush thee to atoms at a blow." When he had spoke these words, he stretched out his arm over her, and she sunk down on a sofa into the arms of sleep, from which she awoke in the morning with a conviction of her late unjust repinings, and with a perfect resignation to the lot which her Genius had assigned her in the terrestrial abode of life.

## LAUSUS AND LYDIA.

**T**HE character of Mezentius, King of Tyrrhene, is well known: a bad prince, and a good father, cruel and tender by turns. He had nothing of the tyrant, nothing that shewed violence, as long as his desires knew no

obstacle; but the calm of this haughty soul was the repose of a lion.

Mezentius had a son named Lausus, whose valour and beauty rendered him famous among the young heroes of Italy. Lausus had attended Mezentius in  
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the war against the King of Præneste. His father, at the very summit of joy, saw him covered with blood, fighting and vanquishing by his side. The King of Præneste, driven out of his territories, and seeking his safety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a princess at the age when the heart has only the virtues of nature, or nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. Every thing that the graces in tears possess, either noble or affecting, was painted in Lydia's countenance. In her grief, courage, and dignity, one might plainly discover the daughter of kings amidst the crowd of slaves. She received the first compliments of her enemies without haughtiness, without acknowledgment, as an homage due to her rank; the noble sentiments of which were not weakened in her soul by ill fortune.

She heard her father named, and at that name lifted up to Heaven her fine eyes filled with tears. All hearts were moved. Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and his age. Prosperity, which hardens weak souls, softens proud hearts; and nothing is more gentle than an hero after gaining a victory.

If the savage heart of old Mezentius was not able to resist the charms of his captive, what was the impression on the virtuous soul of young Lausus! He mourned over his exploits; he reproached himself with his victory: it had cost Lydia tears. 'Let her avenge herself,' said he, 'let her hate me as much as I love her; I have deserved it but too much.' But an idea still more distressful presents itself to his imagination: he sees Mezentius, astonished, softened, pass on a sudden from rage to clemency. He judged rightly that humanity alone had not effected this revolution; and the fear of having his father for a rival complicated his confusion.

At the age of Mezentius, jealousy follows closely upon love. The tyrant observed the eyes of Lausus with an uneasy attention: he saw extinguished in them, all at once, that joy and ardour which shone at first on the face of the young hero, victorious for the first time: he saw him disturbed; he caught some looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that instant he considered himself as betrayed; but Nature had her turn, and suspended his rage.

A tyrant, even in his fury, forces himself to think that he is just; and before he condemned his son, Mezentius wanted to convict him.

He began by dissembling his own passion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attentions of love as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty; but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers, the usual retinue of men of power, who, not being able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in rendering themselves feared.

His son was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his sentiments an interest so delicate and so tender, that Lydia very soon began to reproach herself for the hatred which she thought she entertained for the blood of her enemy. Lausus, on his side, lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. He took the gods to witness that he would do all in his power to repair them. 'The king, my father,' says he, 'is as generous after victory, as untractable before battle: satisfied with victory, he is incapable of oppression. It is easier than ever for the King of Præneste to engage him to a peace that shall be glorious to both. That peace will dry up your tears, beautiful Lydia; but it will efface the remembrance of their crime who caused you to shed them! Why did I not see all my blood flow, rather than those tears?'

Lydia's replies, which were full of modesty and greatness, left no room for Lausus to perceive any thing more than easy gratitude; though at the bottom of her heart she was but too sensible of the care he took to console her. She sometimes blushed for having listened to him with compliance; but her father's interests made it a law to her to avail herself of such a support.

In the mean time, their conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate; and love made it's way insensibly, through respect and gratitude, as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the slight texture in which it is enclosed.

Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquillity of Mezentius, the credulous Lausus flattered himself that he

should very soon see his duty accord with his inclination; and nothing in the world, in his opinion, was easier than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two articles: to restore to the King of Præneste his crown, and his territories; and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers. He communicated this project to Lydia. The confidence he put in it, the advantages he saw accruing from it, the transports of joy which the idea alone inspired him with, surprized the lovely captive into a smile, mingled with tears. 'Generous prince!' says she to him, 'may Heaven fulfil the wishes you pour out for my father! I shall not be sorry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the price of gratitude.' This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. The tyrant was informed of all. His first transport would have hurried him to sacrifice his rival; but this son was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him: the same stroke would have rendered him completely odious to his subjects, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the public hatred. Fear is the ruling passion of tyrants. Mezentius resolves to dissemble: he orders his son to come to him, talks to him with good-humour, and bids him prepare to set out the next day for the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which wrung his soul, and set out without having had time to receive the adieu of Lydia.

The very day of Lausus's departure, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the King of Præneste; the first of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. That unfortunate monarch hesitated not to consent; and the same ambassador that offered him peace, brought back his agreement for an answer.

Lausus had at court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. A remarkable resemblance to the young prince had been the means of making the fortune of this young man, who was called Phanor: but they resembled each other still more in their disposition than their figure; the same inclination, the same virtues. Lausus and Phanor

seemed to have but one soul. Lausus, at parting, had confided to Phanor his passion and his despair: the latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia with Mezentius; he thought it his duty to acquaint the Prince with it. The situation of the lover, at this news, cannot be described; his heart is troubled, his reason forsakes him; and, in the distraction of a blind sorrow, he writes to Lydia the warmest and most imprudent letter that love ever dictated. Phanor was charged with the delivery of it: he went to her at the hazard of his life, if he should be discovered; he was so. Mezentius, enraged, orders him to be loaded with irons, and dragged to a frightful prison.

However, every thing was prepared for the celebration of this unhappy marriage. We may justly conclude that the feast was suitable to the character of Mezentius. Wrestling, the cestus, gladiators, combats between men and animals bred up to carnage, every thing that barbarity has invented for its amusements, was to have graced the pomp: nothing was wanting to this bloody spectacle, but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was customary to expose to these fights none but criminals condemned to die: and Mezentius, who on any suspicion was always in a hurry to put the innocent to death, retarded still less the punishment of the guilty. There remained in the prison none but the faithful friend of Lausus. 'Let him be exposed,' said Mezentius; 'let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment is a feast worthy of injured love.'

Lausus in vain expected the answer of his friend: impatience gave way to affright. 'Should we be discovered!' says he; 'Should I have lost my friend by my fatal imprudence! Lydia herself! Ah! I tremble. No, I cannot live any longer in this dreadful uncertainty.' He sets out; he disguises himself carefully; he arrives; he hears the report spread among the people; he learns that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius: he learns that they are preparing the feast which is to precede the marriage festival; and that, by way of show at this festival, they are to see the unhappy

unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beasts. He shrinks at this recital; a deadly chill-ness spreads through all his veins: he comes again to himself; but, lost in distraction, he falls on his knees, and cries out—'Great Gods, restrain my hand; my despair terrifies me: let me die to save my friend; but let me die with virtue!' Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, though he should perish in his stead, he flies to the gates of the prison; but how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the slave, whose office it was to carry food to the prisoners. 'Open your eyes,' said he, 'and know me: I am Lausus; I am the son of the king. I expect from you an important service: Phanor is confined here; I must see him, I will. I have but one way to come at him: give me your cloaths; fly! There are the pledges of my acknowledgment; withdraw yourself from the vengeance of my father: if you betray me, you rush on your ruin; if you assist me in my undertaking, my favours shall find you in the very hearts of the deferts.'

The weak and timorous slave yields to his promises and threats: he assists the prince in disguising himself; and disappears, after having told him the hour at which he was to present himself, and the conduct he was to observe in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards. Night approaches, the moment arrives, Lausus presents himself; he assumes the name of the slave; the bolts of the dungeon open with a dismal sound. By the feeble glimmering of a torch he penetrates into this mansion of horror; he advances, he listens; the accents of a moaning voice strike his ear; he knows it to be the voice of his friend; he sees him lying down in a corner of the cell, covered with rags, consumed with weakness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and the fire of despair in his eyes. 'Leave me,' said Phanor to him, taking him for the slave; 'away with those odious nourishments, suffer me to die. Alas!' added he, sending forth cries interrupted by sighs, 'alas! my dear Lausus is still more unhappy than I. O, ye Gods! if he knows the state to which he has reduced his friend!'—'Yes,' cried Lausus, throwing himself on his bosom, 'yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it, and he partakes of it.'—'What do I see!' cried

Phanor, transported. 'Ah, Lausus! ah, my prince!' At these words both of them lose the use of their senses; their arms are locked in each other's; their hearts meet, their sighs are intermingled: they remain for a long time mute and immovable, stretched out on the floor of the dungeon; grief stifles their voice, and they answer each other only by embracing more closely, and bathing one another with tears. Lausus at last coming to himself—'Let us not lose time,' said he to his friend; 'take these cloaths, get hence, and leave me here.'—'What, I, great Gods! can I be so vile? Ah, Lausus! could you believe it? Ought you to propose it to me?'—'I know you well,' said the prince; 'but you should also know me: the sentence is pronounced; your punishment is prepared; you must die or fly.'—'Fly!'—'Hear me; my father is violent, but he is sensible; nature asserts her right over his heart: if I deliver you from death, I have only occasion to melt him to compassion for myself; and his arm, when lifted up against a son, will be easily disarmed.'—'He would strike,' said Phanor; 'and your death would be my crime. I cannot abandon you.'—'Well, then,' said Lausus, 'remain here; but at your death you shall see mine also. Depend not on my father's clemency; it would be in vain for him to pardon me, think not that I would pardon myself. This hand, which wrote the fatal billet that condemns; this hand, which, even after it's crime, is still the hand of your friend, shall reunite us in your own despite.' In vain would Phanor have insisted upon it. 'Let us not talk any longer,' interrupted Lausus; 'you can say nothing to me that can equal the shame of surviving my friend, after I have destroyed him: your pressing earnestness makes me blush, and your prayers are an affront: I will answer for my own safety, if you will fly; I swear to die, if you will stay and perish: chuse; the moments now are precious.'

Phanor knew his friend too well, to attempt to shake his resolution. 'I consent,' says he, 'to let you try the only means of safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live; your scaffold shall be mine.'—'I really believe it,' said Lausus; 'and your

'your friend esteems you too much to desire you to survive him.' At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which Lausus had just put off.

What a night! what a dreadful night for Lydia! Alas, how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her soul; that divide, that tear it, between love and virtue! She adores Lausus, she detests Mezentius; she sacrifices herself to her father's interests; she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred; she tears herself for ever from the wishes of an adored lover. They lead her to the altar, as it were to punishment. Barbarous Mezentius! it suffices thee that thy consort trembles before thee, as a slave before his master. Such is love in the heart of a tyrant.

Yet, alas! it is for him alone that she is going to live; it is to him that she is going to be united. If she resists, she must betray her lover and her father: a refusal will discover the secret of her soul; and if Lausus is suspected to be dear to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day. The terrible day arrives. Lydia, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a bride whom they are going to present at the altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent victims which a barbarous piety crowned with flowers before it sacrificed them.

They lead her to the place where the spectacle is to be exhibited; the people assemble there in multitudes, the sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the engagements at the cestus, at wrestling, at the sword; a more dreadful object engages our attention.

An enormous lion advances. At first, with a calm pride, he traverses the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environs him. A confused murmur announces the terror that he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animate him: he replies by his roarings; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head; he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eyeballs. The populace, affrighted, with and dread to see the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to the rage of this monster. Terror and pity seize on every breast.

The combatant, whom Mezentius's guards themselves had taken for Phanor, presents himself. Lydia could not distinguish him: the horror with which she is seized, had obliged her to turn away her eyes from this spectacle, which shocks the sensibility of her compassionate soul. What would it be, alas! if she knew that Phanor, that the tender friend of Lausus, is the criminal whom they have devoted! if she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend's place, and that it is he who is to fight!

Half naked, his hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid step: a poniard for the attack, a buckler for defence, are the only arms by which he is protected. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor. His own blood is dumb; nature is blind; it is his own son whom he delivers up to death, and his bowels are not moved. Repentment of injury, and thirst of vengeance, stifle in him every other sentiment. He sees, with a barbarous joy, the fury of the lion animating by degrees. Lausus, impatient, provokes the monster, and urges him to the combat. He advances towards him; the lion springs forward; Lausus avoids him. Thrice the enraged animal presents to him his foaming jaws, and thrice Lausus escapes his murderous fangs.

In the mean time Phanor learns what is doing. He runs up; he bears down the multitude before him; his piercing cries make the amphitheatre resound. 'Stop, Mezentius! save your son: it is he; it is Lausus that is engaged.' Mezentius looks, and knows Phanor, who hastens towards him. 'O ye gods! what do I see!—My people, assist me! Throw yourselves on the arena; ravish my son from the jaws of death.' At the name of Lausus, Lydia falls down on the steps of the amphitheatre; her heart is frozen, her eyes are covered with darkness. Mezentius sees only his son, who is now in inevitable danger. A thousand hands arm in vain for his defence. The monster pursues him, and would have devoured him before they could have arrived to his assistance. But, O wonder incredible! O happiness unthought! Lausus, while he eludes the bounds of the furious animal, strikes him a mortal blow, and the sword with which he is armed is drawn reeking from the lion's heart. He falls; and swims in seas of blood, vomited through his foaming



foaming jaws. The universal alarm now changes into triumph, and the people reply to Mezentius's doleful cries only by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recall Lydia to life; she opens her eyes; she sees Lausus at Mezentius's feet, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful Phanor. 'It is I,' said he to his father; 'it is I alone who am culpable. Phanor's crime was mine; it was for me to expiate it. I forced him to resign me his place; I was about to kill myself if he refused. I live; I owe that life to him; and if your son be dear to you still, you owe your son to him: but if your vengeance is not appeased, our days are in your hands. Strike; we will perish together; our hearts have sworn it.' Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with eyes suppliant, and overflowing with tears. The tyrant's cruelty could not withstand this trial. The cries of nature, and the voice of remorse, put to silence jealousy and ven-

geance in his heart. He remains for a long time immoveable and dumb; rolling by turns, on the objects that surround him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation, and pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the tyrant. Lausus, Lydia, Phanor, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words that he is to pronounce. He submits at last, in spite of himself, to that virtue whose ascendancy overpowers him; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous violence, from rage to tenderness, he throws himself into his son's arms. 'Yes,' says he to him, 'I pardon thee, and I pardon also thy friend. Live; love one another: but there remains one sacrifice more for me to make thee, and thou hast just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it, then,' said he, with a new effort; 'receive this hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee than life: it is thy valour which has forced it from me; it is that alone I could obtain it.'

## CHARACTER OF JACK WHIRLER.

**A**MONG the various humorous and whimsical characters which are to be met with in the world, there are some who, in the midst of great appearances of activity, do in fact perform very little; and who make a great shew of business, without much reality. In this class is to be placed Jack Whirler, whose business keeps him in perpetual motion, and whose motion always eludes his business; who is always to do what he never does; who cannot stand still because he is wanted in another place, and who is wanted in many places because he stays in none.

Jack has more business than he can conveniently transact in one house; he has therefore one habitation near Bow Church, and another about a mile distant. By this ingenious distribution of himself between two houses, Jack has contrived to be found at neither. Jack's trade is extensive, and he has many dealers; his conversation is sprightly, and he has many companions; his disposition is kind, and he has many friends. Jack neither forbears pleasure for business, nor omits business for pleasure, but is equally invisible to his friends and his

customers; to him that comes with an invitation to a club, and to him that waits to settle an account.

When you call at his house, his clerk tells you, that Mr. Whirler was just stepped out, but will be at home exactly at two; you wait at a coffee-house till two, and then find that he has been at home, and is gone out again, but left word that he should be at the Half Moon Tavern at seven, where he hopes to meet you. At seven you go to the tavern. At eight in comes Mr. Whirler, to tell you that he is glad to see you, and only begs leave to run for a few minutes to a gentleman that lives near the Exchange, from whom he will return before supper can be ready. Away he runs to the Exchange, to tell those who are waiting for him, that he must beg them to defer the business till to-morrow, because his time is come at the Half Moon.

Jack's cheerfulness and civility rank him among those whose presence never gives pain, and whom all receive with fondness and caresses. He calls often on his friends, to tell them that he will come again to-morrow; on the morrow he comes again to tell them how an unexpected

expected summons hurries him away. When he enters a house, his first declaration is, that he cannot sit down; and so short are his visits, that he seldom appears to have come for any other reason but to say—He must go.

The dogs of Egypt, when thirst brings them to the Nile, are said to run as they drink for fear of the crocodiles. Jack Whirls always dines at full speed. He enters, finds the family at table, sits familiarly down, and fills his plate; but while the first morsel is in his mouth, hears the clock strike, and rises; then goes to another house, sits down again, recollects another engagement, has only time to taste the soup, makes a short excuse to the company, and continues in another street his desultory dinner.

But overwhelmed as he is with business, his chief desire is to have still more. Every new proposal takes possession of his thoughts; he soon balances probabilities, engages in the project, brings it almost to completion, and then forsakes it for another, which he catches with the same alacrity, urges with the

same vehemence, and abandons with the same coolness.

Every man may be observed to have a certain strain of lamentation, some peculiar theme of complaint on which he dwells in his moments of dejection. Jack's topick of sorrow is the want of Time. Many an excellent design languishes in empty theory for want of Time. For the omission of any civilities, want of Time is his plea to others; for the neglect of any affairs, want of Time is his excuse to himself. That he wants Time he sincerely believes; for he once pined away many months with a lingering distemper, for want of Time to attend his health.

Thus Jack Whirls lives in perpetual fatigue without proportionate advantage, because he does not consider that no man can see all with his own eyes, or do all with his own hands; that whoever is engaged in a multiplicity of business must transact much by substitution, and leave something to hazard; and that he who attempts to do all, will waste his life in doing little.

## THE PENITENT DAUGHTER.

### A MORAL TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

**T**HERE are some situations in which the most prudent females may be thrown off their guard, and prompted to grant their lovers freedoms not to be warranted by discretion: but if females, after their fall from virtue, after having made unwarrantable concessions to the men of their hearts, are sufficiently shocked at the cruel triumph of those men over them, never to have any connections of the same kind with them—with none of the sex—they not only deserve compassion, but they merit praise. He who, by deserting his daughter, in a similar condition, heightens the exultation of a censorious world against her, barbarously deprives her of that protection to which she is justly entitled as a penitent; and is also answerable for all the misfortunes to which she may be exposed, the distresses to which she may be driven, by his unforgiving disposition, his unrelenting behaviour.

Monsieur De Moulay, a very re-

spectable merchant in one of the most flourishing cities in France, was as happy in his domestic, as he was in his commercial connections. While he gradually improved his fortune by his unwearied application to business, he had the rare satisfaction to find his riches productive of no interruptions to his conjugal felicity. Being a man of no parade himself, he was doubly pleased to see no tendencies either in his wife or his daughter to make a pompous appearance. Madame De Moulay was an exemplary wife, in the strictest sense of the word; and Adelaide, an only child, was in every respect the daughter her parents wished her to be. Dutiful and affectionate, sensible and good-natured, Adelaide was fondly beloved by those who gave her birth, and they were not a little envied by many married pairs for their parental happiness.

Till their amiable daughter arrived at that critical age, when the fair sex be-  
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gin to feel their consequence as women, the De Moulays were, indeed, the happiest of parents: but then, a thousand parental anxieties on her account were intermixed with their parental joys. They were not at all inclined to rigour in the education of their Adelaide; but they could not help endeavouring to arm her, by every mode of instruction in their power, against the seducements of the opposite sex. Her beauty, they naturally thought, would necessarily attract a great number of flattering admirers; and they had seen too much of the world, not to know that the temptations to which female beauty is always exposed, frequently prove fatal to female honour.

As Monsieur De Moulay's connections were extensive, and as he was constitutionally of an hospitable disposition, his house was rarely free from visitors of various kinds: by all the men who visited him, his daughter was admired as a very fine girl; and many of the younger ones took great pains to be distinguished by her. Adelaide, not feeling particular prejudices in favour of any of them, behaved to the whole set with an equality of politeness. Despising coquetry, she gave not one of them encouragement to imagine that he was preferred to his rivals, that his flattering attentions had touched her heart.

From no want of sensibility was Adelaide's heart untouched by the assiduities of the enamoured train surrounding her: no girl was ever composed of more tender materials; but the man destined to win her affections did not appear among those who endeavoured, by every mode of address they could think of, to make her believe that she was absolutely necessary to their happiness. Monsieur De Moulay received from the fathers of several of his Adelaide's admirers, overtures sufficiently advantageous; but, though they merited his approbation, would not listen to any proposals which were made for an alliance with his family, without her concurrence.

At last, the man destined to throw her heart into the most disquieting situation, appeared; and she was the more disquieted by his rapid progress as a lover, as she was afraid to suppose that she should ever be united to him in the manner she wished, she was afraid that the lover would never be succeeded by the husband: nor were her fears altogether groundless, as he was not only of a

noble family, but the son (the second son) of a man who had a considerable share of family pride, and looked down upon the mercantile world with a contempt which did no honour to his understanding.

Luneville had been intended by the Count his father for the church; but as he saw more charms in a *bataillon* than a *mitre*, a commission was soon purchased for him, and he entered into the army with a spirit which seemed to assure all who were interested in his military conduct, that he would never disgrace his regimentals; never act in such a manner as to render any of his family ashamed of being related to him.

A minute describer of characters would here expatiate with an infinite deal of pleasure on the personal attractions of Adelaide's new admirer, which made him of consequence in her eyes; but on many occasions, and this is one of them, the fewest words are the most expressive—'He was irresistible in them.'

As Luneville had really some business with Monsieur De Moulay, having a bill drawn upon him, his introduction to Adelaide, of whose beauty he had heard enough to fire him with a longing to see her, was extremely easy; and when he had once introduced himself, in a very regular way too, he availed himself of the reception he met with from the worthy merchant with a singular satisfaction, to repeat his visits.

Luneville was not destitute of pride, but it was not that sort of foolish and censurable pride, by which his father's character was so strongly marked. He was; indeed, of the most liberal way of thinking in every respect, and honoured the man of worth, wherever he found him, in whatever sphere of life he moved.

The addresses of Luneville to Adelaide were almost as flattering to her mother, as they were to her; for she, though in general far from a being weak woman, pleased herself not a little with the thoughts of seeing her only child married into a noble family: she, therefore, forwarded the amicable intercourse between the young lovers; and Monsieur De Moulay himself having resolved to consult his daughter's inclination in the disposal of her hand, did nothing to check the current of that inclination, especially when he considered that the object was every way deserving of his regard.

Luneville, in all his transactions with his own sex, was an unexceptionable character; but, in his transactions with the fair sex, he was by no means blameless: in the female world he had really been a dangerous man, and his amorous triumphs had induced him to believe that no woman whom he attacked could guard herself against his allurements. As a man of gallantry, he was certainly a coxcomb; but in the management of his affairs only did he discover an improper consciousness of his abilities and accomplishments. As a coxcomb, he concluded, very soon after his introduction into Monsieur De Moulay's family, that he should find his blooming daughter too much in love with him to deny him any, even the last favour. The seduction of women was no crime in his code of moralities. His presumption was excessive; and, unfortunately for poor Adelaide, his seducing powers were successful.

In consequence of the great propriety of Luneville's behaviour, and of their reliance on their daughter's discretion, Monsieur and Madame De Moulay permitted them to be more together than they doubtless would have suffered them to be, had they not been blinded by the brilliancy of their prospects, and deluded by the exemplary conduct of him who had occasioned them.

Luneville, transported at the confidence which the father and mother of his new mistress placed in him, took care to increase all their favourable prepossessions; and, at last, lulled them into such a security, that they allowed him to carry her about the pleasant environs in his carriage, in order to shew her every magnificent *chateau*, and every picturesque view worthy of her attention.

In one of his excursions with his lovely companion, Luneville told her, during the ride, that he would introduce her to an amiable lady, a relation of his, who, having lost an amiable husband, chose to spend the remainder of her life in retirement. 'My good cousin,' continued he, 'in the choice of her situation, has discovered a true taste for rural beauty, and there is throughout her little villa an elegant simplicity, which at once strikes and satisfies the eye; you will, I dare say, be charmed both with the villa itself, and with the benevolent owner of it; we shall soon be there.'

This speech was extremely well received by Adelaide, because she was ignorant of the real drift of it; and she expressed a strong desire to be introduced to the lady whom he had mentioned; adding, however, that she hoped he would not make a long stay with her, as she found herself slightly indisposed, and wished to be at home.

'Indisposed! my dear girl,' cried he, looking alarmed; 'I must hurry my horses then.' He did so, and was, in a few minutes, at the place of which he had been talking in a preparative way.

Luneville, having introduced Mademoiselle De Moulay to his cousin, and acquainted her also with her little indisposition, left them together, in order to give some necessary directions to his servants.

When he returned, he was very much pleased to see Adelaide look at him in a more affectionate manner than she had yet done: doubly pleased was he to perceive the refreshments presented to her, quite agreeable to her palate.

Adelaide, however, while she was delighted with Madame Brunet's polite, and even tender behaviour to her, thought of her retreat; and could not help interrupting her eloquent lover, in the middle of a very entertaining conversation, to inform him that the afternoon was far advanced.

The moment he was so interrupted, he started up, begged her pardon for having chatted so long, without thinking about the time; and quitted the room abruptly, to get his carriage ready.

When he came back in a few minutes, he told her, with strong marks of surprise, that his servant was not returned from the place to which he had sent him. 'Louis,' added he, 'having examined my carriage soon after my arrival here, found a principal part of it so crazy a condition, that he declared he was afraid of its breaking down before I got home. I bade him, therefore, go immediately to the next town, and have it repaired with all possible expedition. I wonder extremely at his staying so long.'

This intelligence was inexpressibly unwelcome to Adelaide, as she had, before the receipt of it, felt herself not at all in an easy situation, sitting aside her apprehensions resulting from the approach of night; apprehensions which became more and more disturbing, while she awaited

waited for the carriage; and she was, indeed, much too uneasy to keep them confined to her own bosom. Her lover seemed to be greatly affected by the disclosure of her fears, and exerted all his elocution to prevail on her to dismiss them. The lady, too, after having assured her that she could not on any account think of suffering her to go home so late, even should the carriage come at that instant, entreated her to be composed, and to accept of an apartment in her house.

Adelaide very gratefully thanked Madame Brunet for her kind offer; and, urged by the necessity of the moment, accepted of it; but closed her compliance with an earnest desire to sleep in the same room with her.

To that request Madame Brunet very readily assented; and Adelaide retired to rest with her, as happy as the reflections which rose in her mind about the disquietude of her astonished parents on her account would permit her to be.

Adelaide went to bed with Madame Brunet, having the blush of innocence glowing on her cheek. When she awakened, her cheeks were covered with the blushes of shame. She found herself no longer in a state of innocence; yet she was not certainly in a state of actual guilt, as she had been basely robbed of her honour through the treachery of her female companion while she was asleep.

Her first emotions, in consequence of the barbarous advantage that had been taken of her, were distracting. She wrung her hands, wept bitterly, and loaded the destroyer of her honour with the severest epithets, which he had justly merited by his unwarrantable behaviour. Various were his efforts to calm her agitated spirits, and induce her to pardon him for having been hurried, by the excess of his passion for her, to act in a manner for which he beheld himself in the most criminal light: to render his soothing efforts the more efficacious, he backed all his penitential asseverations with a positive assurance that he would marry her, if she would agree to remain where she was, in the strictest privacy, till he returned from Paris. 'I will set out instantly,' concluded he, 'to solicit my father's consent; but, whether he gives it or not, you may depend on my making you mine, by the most honourable ties, for life.'

Poor Adelaide, during the delivery of

the above speech, which was uttered with the most bewitching accents, and accompanied with looks and attitudes very artfully adapted to the occasion, felt her heart softened in favour of the man, and almost forgot the villain. She did not, however, forget Madame Brunet; and could not forgive her, as she was the ultimate cause of her ruin: she therefore insisted on her lover's carrying her to the house of a female friend, a few miles from the city in which her father lived, being ashamed to see him and her mother at that time.

By that friend Adelaide was received in the manner she wished. When Luneville took leave of her, declaring that he would go immediately to Paris about the business he had before mentioned to her, she informed him, in a spirited tone, that the renewal of their acquaintance depended entirely on his making the only reparation in his power for the injury he had done her.

Very soon after Luneville's departure, Adelaide, thoroughly repenting of her indiscreet acquiescence with his desire to introduce her to his preputed cousin, (to which she attributed the triumph he had obtained over her virtue) heard by father's voice. Her friend had just left her, in order to fetch her some reviving drops, as she seemed ready to faint after such very interesting communications. At the sound of his well-known voice, instantly starting from her chair—'Good Heavens!' exclaimed she, clasping her hands in an agony, 'how shall I meet his paternal eye!'

Monsieur De Moulay having fully expected the return of his daughter the preceding evening, had not thought, alarmed as he was with his whole family, of making any inquiries about her among his friends till it was very late. After several unsuccessful ones in the neighbourhood, he naturally recollected Mademoiselle Pauline, Adelaide's most intimate friend; but, as that lady was then at her country-house, he postponed his visit to her till the next morning.

The first interview between Monsieur De Moulay and his daughter was truly affecting. Adelaide attempted to throw herself at her father's feet; but he prevented her, by affectionately pressing her to his bosom. For some moments they both felt too much for utterance. Adelaide's silence, in a great measure, proceeded from the consciousness of having

brought a stain on her family; and her father, while he mingled his tears with her's, could not help being agitated by alarming presentiments. He had the highest opinion of his daughter's prudence, but her staying out with her lover all night rather staggered him. Appearances were unfavourable on her side, and he trembled to think of a confirmation of his fears.

Adelaide, after she had recovered herself a little, suddenly disengaged herself from the arms of her affectionate father; and, falling on her knees, gave a full

account of what had happened to her during her absence from him; closing her detail with the strongest assurances of penitence, and earnestly imploring his pardon,

Monsieur De Moulay was pierced to the soul at the intelligence he heard; but looking on his daughter as far more deserving of his compassion than anger, he pitied, and forgave her. He had, however, a short time afterwards, on Luneville's marrying a woman merely for her fortune, the unhappiness to see his ruined child buried in an untimely grave.

## COVETOUSNESS.

### A VISION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MERCIER.

**I** Imagined myself in an obscure wood, not knowing which way to bend my steps. The moon, obstructed by the leaves of the trees, shot a pale glimmering light, which made the darkness of the night still more terrific. I was as weak as a child forsaken in a desert. Every thing affrighted me; every shadow appeared a phantom; the least noise made my hair stand on end; and I stumbled at every root of a tree.

Aerial spirits, that I could neither see nor feel, were my unsolicited guides. They related a thousand ridiculous stories to me, to which they would have had me give credit: they led me into brambles and thorns; then insulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not satisfied with this, they caused deceitful sparks of light to pass before my eyes, to stun me, or drive me to madness. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could see at the end of an immense walk. I quickened my pace; but, at the end of this long avenue, which I thought the termination of the forest, I found a little void space, barricaded with impenetrable woods still darker. What apprehensions did I not feel this long night! Yet courage and hope re-animating me, and time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the dismal forest, where every thing had terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing astonished me.

I perceived vast plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no prospect so charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry: the trees were loaded with the finest fruits; and the vines rising under their branches, encircled them with grapes, which hung in festoons. I sprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirst, returning thanks from the bottom of my soul to God, the author of these blessings; when a man, very oddly accoutered, opposed my passage with an iron arm. 'Simpleton,' said he; 'I plainly see thou art still a child, and art a stranger to the customs of the world: read them on that stone portico; its laws are engraved there, thou must submit to them or die.'

I read with inexpressible astonishment that all this vast fine country was either hired or sold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repose my head, without the express leave of the master. He was the exclusive possessor of all those fruits my empty stomach so much longed for; and that I had not a single spot of shelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was usurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quicksilver, very apt to be lost on account of their subtilty, which this hard-hearted man demanded in exchange for the nourishing fruits the earth produced. I said to myself—'He has no better right than I have to this ground.'

'ground; he is certainly a tyrant; but, as I am the weaker, I must submit.'

I learned, that in order to get some of those gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain around his body, at the end of which there was still to depend a leaden bullet, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive; and, indeed, I observed the man who had stopped me was thus furnished. He saw my distress, and told me, in a tone charitably haughty—'If thou wantest to eat, come hither: I am good-natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little used to it.' As I was dying with hunger, I did not hesitate to comply.

He then offered me something to eat, but accompanied his gift with a severe fillip on the nose.

I murmured a good deal, and eat a good deal. I had not ceased muttering, when I was surprized to see another man, more heavily laden than the first, give him a violent box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kissing the hand that struck him; however, he received, at the same time, a great many of those little balls of quicksilver, which he seemed to idolize.

Then forgetting my resentment, I could not avoid asking him to whom I was fastened—'How can you bear such an affront! Why had that man the insolence to insult you?' He looked at me; and said, with a sneer—'My friend, thou art still a novice; but thou must know it is the custom of the country. Every man who gives, always indulges instantly his pride or his inhumanity, at the expence of him who receives; but it is only, as they say, a thing lent returned. Though I am enraged at the blow, I do not seem to take notice of it; because he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect, one day, in my turn, to bestow them at pleasure. But as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there some fillips on the nose. What! you seem surprized at this!—Poor youth! your time for astonishment is not yet arrived. You will see things that will surprize you much more. Come, and follow me.'

I followed him: 'Do you see,' said he, 'those steep mountains at a distance? One of their tops almost reaches the

clouds. Observe, there resides the perpetual object of all men's desires. From between the rocks there springs a copious fountain of this subtle silver, of which, alas! I have but a small quantity. Come along with me; let us surmount all difficulties; let us advance. Do you support half the chain I am going to take up; the heavier it is, the sooner we shall make our fortunes. If ever I succeed according to my wishes at this happy fountain, I swear I will give you a share.'

Curiosity, still more than the fatal necessity I was under, drew me after him. Oh! heavens, what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affronts and distresses did I not experience! I concealed my blushes under my chains. My leader affected a smiling countenance; but sometimes I surprized him biting his lips till the blood issued, and quite disappointed, muttering in a low tone, while he called on me aloud—'Chear up, my lad! all is well.' Eagerness gave him supernatural strength; and, as my chain was fastened to his, he dragged me along.

We arrived at the foot of the mountain, but there the crowd was infinitely greater. The vallies were filled with a multitude of men, rattling their chains, who snatched from each other, with all the civility imaginable, as many drops of the quicksilver which flowed from the fountain as they could possibly seize.

I thought it quite impracticable that we should ever get through this seeming impenetrable crowd; when my conductor, with the most daring effrontery, began to break through all the rules of decency; knocking down, without the smallest mercy, every person who stood in our way, and inhumanly treading under foot the miserable victims of his brutality. Inconceivable was my distress at this behaviour, and I shuddered with horror as I walked. At every step, I trod on the trembling bodies of these unhappy people; and though I wished to go back, I could not, but was dragged forward in spite of myself. We were covered with blood, and the plaintive cries of the poor expiring wretches rent my heart.

Having in this manner gained a little hill, my companion looked at me with a complacent air. 'We go on well,' said he; 'the first of our difficulties is conquered, we must not be dismayed by

by those which are yet to come. Did you observe how we made them roll one over another? Here it is widely different: we are near the fountain, it is true, but we cannot proceed so fast any longer. We must know how to elbow at a proper time, with artifice and dexterity, but always without giving quarter: we nevertheless take care to bring down our man; but scandal must be avoided with the greatest care. Such is the art of a courtier.

My heart was too full for me to utter a single word in reply. I was shocked at the reflection, that I was still fastened to him; and dreaded every minute that he would take it into his head to prove upon me that he was right in pursuing this conduct, for which I could perceive he had innumerable examples.

What a spectacle! what a tumult! what scenes, all variously frightful! All sorts of passions came to bargain with all sorts of crimes: those who had virtues came to dispose of them; and, without this traffick, they were regarded as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the mask of Justice, and filled her scales with mercenary weights. There were men also, still covered with the mud from whence they sprung, receiving honours, and insulting publick misery.

Others rubbed their bodies with those balls of quicksilver, and strutted about with elevated heads, pride in their looks, and dissipation in their hearts. They fancied themselves superior to others, and despised all who were not whitened like themselves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to every one they met, their gestures were offensive, and even their smiles insulting. But this quicksilver frequently wore off; in which case those haughty, hard-hearted men, became mean, submissive, and grovelling. Then the contempt of which they had been so lavish was retaliated with usury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they stopped at no criminality to regain their former situation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quicksilver had got into their heads, so that they were deprived of reason. I saw one who was descending from the summit of the hill, oppressed with his weight, and motionless; and, as if in extasy, he admired his silver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wished to assist him. He thought I intended to rob him. He opposed me with all his might, to guard

his quicksilver; at the same time, he held out his hands in a supplicating manner, and with a piteous look begged I would help him to another small ball, that he might die contented.

A little higher, forty insatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogheads.

It was not drawn from the fountain-head: it had been wrenched from the feeble grasp of women, children, old men, husbandmen, and the poor; it was tinged with their blood, and sprinkled with their tears. Those extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the habitations of indigence. I observed those who possessed large quantities of this metal were never satiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened and the more untractable they appeared.

My conductor only found, in all these things, still stronger motives for emulation. 'Come, come!' said he, 'I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixed and observant eye! Let us go on. Dost thou observe what an enchanting sight is perceivable through those rocks? Seest thou that dazzling spring, with what strength it flows? Now it falls in cascades! Let us run; I am afraid it will dry up. What crowds vie with each other! But let us take care of ourselves; we are not at it yet, the last steps are most dangerous. How many, through want of prudence, have fallen from the summit into the abyss! While we throw others down, let us guard ourselves against so terrible a fall. We must carefully profit by the misfortunes of others. Come on! I have discovered a road that will lead us in safety to the delightful spot.'

Thus speaking, he led me through a bye-path, where few people would dare to follow: it was a sort of narrow, winding gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward for some time; but our progress was at length impeded by three figures of the finest white marble. Nothing but their excessive whiteness could efface the idea of their being actually alive, so strongly were truth and gracefulness expressed in the sculpture. These figures, the arms of which were interwoven and united, seemed to stop the passage of imprudent mortals. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written—  
"These images are the master-piece of  
"human



"human understanding; the originals  
 "are in heaven. O mortals! reverence  
 "these images; let them be sacred to  
 "you; for they are made to stop you in  
 "the perfidious road which leads to the  
 "abyss. Woe be to him who shall not  
 "be affected, and cursed for ever be the  
 "sacrilegious hand that dares to spoil  
 "them."

At this sight I was filled with a respectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he seemed for a moment much disturbed and irresolute: but, having heard some shouts on a fresh eruption of the fountain, his countenance was flushed with a gloomy redness—he seized a stone, which he loosened from the rock—I endeavoured in vain to stop him—he broke this sacred monument with furious impiety, and passed over it's ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in opposition to his; and, at length, broke the odious chain that linked me to the monster.—'Go!' said I, full of indignation; 'go, unbridled man—fly—sa-

'tisfy thy inordinate passion; the thunder of Divine Justice is ready!' He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it. Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was dashed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for some moments stained it's original splendor.

Struck with fear, I tremblingly contemplated the sacred and adorable ruins scattered on the ground; not daring to move, lest I should trample over them. The tears of affliction trickled down my cheeks. I looked towards heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppressed with sorrow; when a Divine Power suddenly collected the reliques, as beautiful, as majestic, as at first. I prostrated myself before those adorable images—'Glorious Eternal! they never can be destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of impious mortals!'

## THE DUKE OF MILAN.

BY MASTER GEORGE LOUIS LENNOX.

**A**T the death of Alphonso, Duke of Milan, who, from his many virtues, had attained the surname of The Good, his nephew, Lothario, succeeded to the dukedom. This young prince had been educated in the court of France, and imbibed all the levity of disposition which so eminently distinguishes that nation. With a person the most exquisitely charming, he possessed a mind adorned with every noble quality; but so immersed in pleasure and dissipation, that his virtues seldom appeared, while his follies and imprudence were the universal talk of Milan.

But none of his faults were more severely felt by his subjects than his attachments to the fair sex, none of whom he considered as too high to be attempted, or too mean to seduce: hence did many of the most distinguished nobles of his court behold their daughters dishonoured, and their illustrious blood stained, by that very prince in whose defence they willingly would have shed the last drop of it; while the industrious mechanic, and honest citizen, saw their children torn from virtue and reputation,

to satisfy the desires of a voluptuous youth, whose roving heart celestial beauty could not have fixed.

About two miles from a hunting-seat to which the duke frequently retired, in a house which Don Quixote might have mistaken for an enchanted castle, Don Ferdinand de Velasquis, a gentleman of high fortune and noble birth, had im-mured his only daughter; not from any principle of prudence, or any distrust of her virtue, but from the effects of that tyranny and caprice which had actuated him during a life of fifty years, and which had occasioned the death of an amiable woman, to whom he owed the birth of Evadne. This young lady had nearly attained her nineteenth year; her person was elegantly formed; and her features, though not regular enough to be called beautiful, had an air of softness and sensibility diffused over them, which rendered her infinitely charming.

The education of this fair prisoner had been entrusted by Don Ferdinand to the care of an old gouvernante, who had formerly attended his sisters in that capacity, and whose disposition perfectly agreed

agreed with his own. Some business of importance happening to demand the immediate presence of Don Ferdinand at Verona, he took as affectionate a leave as his temper would permit of Evadne; and giving Marcella, which was the name of the governess, strict orders not to suffer his daughter to stir beyond the walls of the castle till his return, set out for that place.

For some days his orders were punctually obeyed; but one morning Evadne perceiving her governess in a better humour than ordinary, ventured to intreat her to take a walk in some beautiful meadows which were at a small distance from the castle. Marcella, after some reluctance, complied, more to indulge her own inclinations than gratify the desires of her charge. The spring was now far advanced; and the morning being uncommonly pleasant, they were led to prolong their walk till they insensibly came within sight of the gardens of Lothario. Marcella thinking it imprudent to go any farther, commanded her young lady to return; and Evadne, who knew her temper would brook no contradiction, though unwillingly, was obliged to obey: but they had not proceeded far, before they were agreeably surprized by a chorus of hunting instruments; after which a stag flew rapidly by them, and took shelter in a neighbouring wood; whither it was followed by a party of very elegant horsemen, among whom Marcella easily discovered the Duke, and immediately pointed out her young sovereign to Evadne, whose eyes pursued him to the inmost recesses of the wood. 'Come, Madam,' said Marcella, alarmed at the eager attention with which she surveyed him, 'let us hasten to the castle, for I already repent of the indulgence I have shewn you.'—'Nay, pr'ythee, dear Marcella,' returned she, with an emotion she could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of her governess, 'oblige me with a few moments longer: it is long since I visited this sweet spot; and I cannot so soon leave it without regret.'—'Your reluctance to quit it now,' replied Marcella sternly, 'is a sufficient reason for my not trusting you here again; but, if you do not follow me this moment, I will acquaint Don Ferdinand with the little attention you pay to his commands, and

reign my trust to one who can better enforce your obedience.'

Evadne, terrified at her menace, immediately complied, quite pensive and melancholy. She followed to the castle; but, alas! that peace and serenity of mind which were wont to render even that solitude delightful, were fled for ever! Discontented with herself, it was impossible for any thing to afford pleasure. Her table was furnished with magnificence, but the viands went almost untasted from it; her books were neglected; her lute cast aside; and, wandering all day through the woods that surrounded the house, she gave herself up to a hopeless and unconquerable melancholy. It was in vain that Marcella used every endeavour her understanding could suggest to discover the secret that preyed on the mind of her charge; her short and sullen answers to all her enquiries served only to discover the disorder of her mind, but without giving any light as to the occasion of it. Marcella, perceiving her health daily declined, thought proper to hasten the return of Don Ferdinand, by acquainting him with the condition of his child; and as he really loved her with uncommon tenderness, this account was sufficient to bring him instantly to Milan. Evadne received him with a transport that dissipated for a while the gloom that hung over her spirits, lighted all her countenance into smiles, and diffused an air of cheerfulness around her; but the momentary effusion of joy soon subsided, and Don Ferdinand discovered his daughter laboured under a dejection of mind which neither tenderness could assuage, nor threats terrify her into disclosing. Alarmed at the condition to which he saw her reduced by the ravages this obstinate melancholy made in a constitution naturally delicate, he one day sent for her governess into his closet; and, contracting his brows with a frown still deeper than that which usually overspread them—'Marcella,' said he, 'when, at my departure for Verona, I consigned my daughter to your care, the soft tranquillity of her mind was well expressed by the bloom that overspread her countenance, and the brilliancy that sparkled in her eyes. At my return, I found her pale and emaciated in her person; wandering and distracted in her behaviour; and, to all appearance,

‘ appearance, labouring under the pressure of some fatal secret which all my efforts prove ineffectual to discover. Now, answer me truly; for on truth alone depends your safety. Do you remember my last orders at our parting?’ Marcella trembled at these words; but, concealing her emotions under an appearance of surprise, immediately answered—‘ Most assuredly, my lord; they have never been one moment absent from my mind.’—‘ If this is true,’ returned Don Ferdinand, ‘ what means the condition in which I behold Evadne? and if it is not, own to me, thou wicked deceiver, in what manner thou hast deceived me; own it this moment, or expect the severest effects of my resentment.’—‘ My lord,’ replied Marcella, affecting an air of conscious innocence, ‘ your threats can have no effect on me, because I have not deserved them. I am incapable of deceiving any one, much less your lordship, to whom I am under such infinite obligations, as must bind my gratitude to the most rigorous performance of your will. The melancholy situation of my lady has filled me with astonishment and concern; but be assured, my lord, no vigilance has been wanting on my part, however ineffectual it has proved, to discover the cause; which, I am inclined to believe, proceeds rather from a distemper of the body than any disorder of her mind.’

Evadne entering the apartment at this moment, prevented her father from making any reply. ‘ I have the pleasure to acquaint you, my lord,’ said she to Don Ferdinand, ‘ that the pictures you have so long expected from Verona are at last safely arrived: the messengers are below, and wait your pleasure.’—‘ Go,’ Marcella, exclaimed Don Ferdinand, extremely pleased at this news, ‘ let them be brought immediately into my chamber.—And do you stay, Evadne,’ continued he, seeing his daughter about to depart: ‘ I must have your opinion of my purchases; which are, I assure you, the productions of our greatest Italian masters.’

The pictures being opened, the first that was taken out proved to be the celebrated Judgment of Paris on Mount Ida. The different characters of the contending goddesses were so beautifully marked on their countenances, and the

conflicting passions that actuated the form of the royal shepherd so exquisitely depicted, that Evadne could not forbear the most lively expressions of admiration.

Don Ferdinand next directed her attention to a painting of our Saviour weeping over the grave of Lazarus; and in this piece the artist, animated by an holy enthusiasm, seemed to have outdone himself: the person of the sacred Jesus was represented as beautiful in the excess, but it was that kind of beauty which soared above mortality. Peace and good-will to man beamed in every feature of his divine countenance; his eyes were fixed on the sepulchre of Lazarus, while the tears that fell gently from them attested the high worth of the deceased. On his right-hand stood Mary. Her hair, which streamed unbraided down her shoulders; and the deadly paleness that overspread her face; proved how intense her affliction had been: her hands were clasped in a supplicating manner; and her eyes turned on our Saviour, with a look that at once expressed her confidence in his power, and her hope from his mercy.

Evadne continued for some moments in silent contemplation of this finished piece; and then bursting into a flood of tears, gave a glorious testimony of the master's skill. ‘ My Evadne,’ exclaimed Don Ferdinand, ‘ if you are so much affected with this piece, I believe I must not venture to show you the Crucifixion at present. But, in the mean while,’ continued he, ‘ give me your opinion of this young gentleman.’ A blush of the deepest crimson overspread the cheeks, and an universal tremor seized the frame of Evadne; when, casting her eyes on the picture which her father held, she recognized the features of the Duke of Milan. This emotion, however, was not observed by Don Ferdinand, who was taken up in wiping off some dust which covered one of that prince's beautiful eyes. ‘ Well,’ Evadne, said he, ‘ how do you like our sovereign?’—‘ He is very handsome, Sir,’ returned his daughter: but her lips faltered so when she pronounced this, that Don Ferdinand, who could not understand her, obliged her to repeat it again. ‘ It is true,’ replied he, ‘ this prince is very handsome; and, had he no more faults in his mind than he has in his face, he would be a paragon of

'of human excellence.'—'And if,' exclaimed Marcella perty, 'he had as many blemishes in his face as he has vices in his heart, he would be an epitome of human deformity.'—'You know, Marcella,' replied Don Ferdinand, 'we have always disagreed in this point. Lothario has faults, and great ones, if we consider the pernicious consequences of licentiousness in a prince; but he has likewise such virtues as will overbalance all his crimes; and one day, I doubt not, do more good to his country than his vices have ever done harm.'

If Evadne was confused before, this conversation did not serve to decrease it: therefore, complaining her head was affected with the passion of tears she had fallen into, she desired leave to retire to her apartment.

Her governess, who had carefully observed her behaviour, was now convinced of what she before only suspected, that the duke her sovereign had made an impression on the heart of Evadne: but this discovery she resolved to confine to her own breast, well knowing that the herself only was to blame for the accident by which her charge had seen him. It was indeed true, that Evadne, from the moment in which she beheld the prince, had conceived for him a passion as violent as it was hopeless. In vain did her reason, her virgin-delicacy, combat this fatal tenderness which Lothario was truly to capable of inspiring; her weak frame was not equal to these conflicts; and a severe illness, which confined her for fourteen days to her bed, was the consequence of her struggles. Her youth, however, favoured so much the skill of her physicians, that soon after that period they pronounced her out of danger; and it was not long before she was able to take the exercise of riding, which had been particularly recommended to her. To ride beyond the limits of her own park was an indulgence to which Evadne had not been accustomed; and she enjoyed the privilege which was permitted her of sometimes passing those bounds with the utmost delight. It was in one of these short excursions from the castle, that Evadne, who had galloped a considerable way before the servants who attended her, perceived herself in the most imminent danger of her life, without any one being near to give her the least assistance. The morning had proved uncommonly sultry; and the grooms

having neglected to give water to the horse which Evadne rode, the poor animal, fainting with thirst and fatigue, flew rapidly to a brook he perceived at a distance, and plunged immediately into it, notwithstanding all the efforts of his terrified rider. A momentary suspension of her senses delivered her from the horrors she had suffered.

Evadne, on her recovery from this state of insensibility, perceived herself in a magnificent apartment, extended on a bed, and surrounded by people who were absolute strangers to her. A young gentleman, of a most noble figure, was kneeling before her, and chafing one of her hands; while the other was grasped by a gentleman, who, from the gravity of his appearance, she concluded was a physician. The young gentleman, who had with great eagerness watched her recovery, respectfully kissed the hand which he held; and, having congratulated Evadne on her safety, begged to know in what manner he might be farther useful to her. 'From this, Sir,' returned Evadne, gently disengaging her hand, 'I must conclude that the life I enjoy is in consequence of your strenuous exertions; pardon me, therefore, if my acknowledgments are unequal to so great an obligation. My senses are disordered, and I hardly know what I say; but if you will have the goodness to send to my father, he shall thank you for me and himself.'—'Be pleased, Madam,' returned he, 'to acquaint me with the name of him who has the happiness to be so nearly related to you, and your commands shall be immediately obeyed.'

Evadne having acquainted him with a name to which indeed he was no stranger, he bowed respectfully, and retired; carrying with him the physician, who declared the lady wanted nothing but a little rest to restore her entirely.

Evadne was now left to the care of two elderly women; one of whom, in the name of her master, desired she would be pleased to consider that place as her own, and every one in it as her servant. 'You will do me a great kindness, Madam,' returned Evadne, 'if you will acquaint me with the name of the gentleman I am so much obliged to, and by what means I came to be conveyed to his house.'—'All that I know, Madam,' replied the duenna, 'I will with pleasure relate to you. The name of the

• the young gentleman is Don Louis de Montalis; he is the last descendant of that noble family, and thought to possess a great share in the affections of our sovereign.'

This circumstance weighed a great deal with Don Ferdinand; who, upon being informed of the accident that had happened to his daughter, hastened to the house of Don Louis, and mingled with his expressions of gratitude for the service he had rendered Evadne all that respect and consideration which is so lavishly paid to the favourites of princes. Finding the young lady was not in a condition to be removed, and that Don Louis seemed charmed with an opportunity of accommodating her in his house, he sent for her governess, and some of her women, to attend her; himself spending great part of his time with her; which Don Louis endeavoured to make as agreeable as the unfortunate circumstance that brought him there would admit. Meanwhile, Evadne continued to grow gradually worse; and the fever, which had now mounted into her brain, revealed the secret she had so carefully concealed: she called continually upon the name of Lothario, whom she sometimes imagined at the feet of her bed; at others, in the meadows where she first beheld him. She conjured her father, with floods of tears, to give her hand to the Duke of Milan. It was in vain that Marcella endeavoured to prevent these incoherent expressions from reaching the ear of Don Ferdinand; for Evadne herself defeated the precautions of her governess, and confessed so much in her fits of raving, that Don Ferdinand determined to dismiss Marcella from a charge of which she had so ill acquitted herself. It was in vain that the afflicted governess complained and implored; Don Ferdinand was inexorable; and having presented her with fifty ducats, desired he might never see nor hear of her more. The disorder of Evadne now drew near its crisis; which appearing favourable for her, her physicians in a short time pronounced her out of danger: but the fever had left her in a state of such total weakness, that it required several weeks to restore her to a degree of strength sufficient to bear the being conveyed in a litter to the castle of her father. When her senses began to be a little settled, she was astonished at the dismissal of her governess, and the coldness that appeared in the behaviour of her fa-

ther. She frequently required the reason of it from the women who were appointed to attend her, but could never obtain the smallest satisfaction.

Evadne, after her illness had obliged her to continue two months at the house of Don Louis, began to recover her health and strength so fast, that she hourly expected orders from her father to prepare for her departure to the castle of Velasquis: but this event was not to take place so soon as she imagined; for one morning Don Ferdinand entered her apartment, and commanding her women to retire, addressed her in the following manner. 'You have, no doubt, Evadne,' observed the alteration of my behaviour to you within these two months; I am now to account to you for that change, and point out the only method by which you can regain my favour.' Evadne, whom astonishment kept silent, making no reply, Don Ferdinand proceeded—'I am not displeased at this confusion, it shews you at least sensible of your crime, and that is one step towards mending.'—'If you think, my lord,' exclaimed Evadne, 'that my silence proceeds from any consciousness of my guilt, you are deceived. Horror and surprize deprived me of the power of speaking; but I am not conscious of having committed any crime that should occasion that alteration in your behaviour to me which you mention; and I have good reason to be surprized both at that and your lordship's present discourse to me.'—'Intolerable insolence!' replied Don Ferdinand; 'how dare you, contaminated as you are with the vilest inclinations, to ascribe the just indignation of suspected innocence?'—'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed Evadne, 'what is it I hear?'—'This,' returned her father, starting from his chair, 'that your mad passion for your prince is no longer a secret; and you will soon be as contemptible in the eyes of the world as you are now in those of your family.' Saying this, he tossed to her a miniature picture, which in those hours she was unobserved she had copied from the original, and had these lines inscribed on the back—

• With such a sweetness youthful Paris smil'd,  
• Such were the looks that Helen's heart beguil'd;  
• Had honour'd the flame that warm'd each breast,  
• How blest the lover, and the fair how blest!

This shock, so severe and unexpected, Evadne was unable to support; and would have sunk on the ground, had not the father, alarmed at the deadly paleness that overspread her face, conveyed her in his arms to a chair. 'I meant not,' Evadne, said Don Ferdinand, in an altered tone, when she was sufficiently recovered to attend to him, 'to have given your spirits such a shock, had not you brought it upon yourself by a duplicity which is always the attendant on guilt. Your presumptuous passion for the Duke of Milan is a fact which your artifice can no longer conceal. Whether you would be any farther criminal, is doubtful; both my honour and duty call upon me to prevent it: it was therefore my firm intention, as soon as your health was established, to convey you to the monastery of which my sister is abbess; but this resolution has been staggered by the noble and disinterested offers of the gentleman in whose house you are. Don Louis de Montalis is pleased with your person, and solicits your hand as eagerly as if he was ignorant of the honour he confers upon us by accepting it.'

Evadne, who had impatiently waited a pause in her father's discourse, now cast herself at his feet, and, with her eyes drowned in tears, besought him to hear what she had to say in her defence.

Don Ferdinand having signified his consent by a silent nod, Evadne proceeded thus. 'If I understand your lordship rightly, you have accused me of entertaining a criminal passion for my sovereign, on no other ground but that you have found his picture by my hand. If you be pleased to reflect a little, my lord, before you condemn me, you will know that you might with equal justice suspect me of an inclination for his Catholic Majesty; for I have also copied the pictures of both those princes. The verses you have read are applicable only to the character of the Duke of Milan; but breathe no sentiment that could possibly justify your suspicions of me.'

Evadne would have proceeded; but Don Ferdinand interrupted her—'I will hear no more, Evadne: your arguments are too weak to remove my suspicion; the only way by which you can do it effectually, is to receive the addresses of Don Louis, with that politeness and gratitude he so well deserves from you.

'He will visit you this evening; and your behaviour to him will determine my conduct towards you.' At these words Don Ferdinand retired, leaving Evadne in an agony of grief which she had with difficulty repressed in his presence. Matilda, her favourite woman, alarmed at the deep sighs she heard her utter, burst into the apartment, and finding her almost suffocated with passion, used every proper method for her recovery, without calling her other attendants to witness their mistress's affliction.

Evadne having now regained her senses, broke out into the most bitter complaints of her fortune; but was interrupted by her maid, who represented to her, that every word she inconsiderately dropped might be conveyed to the ears of her father. 'Ha!' exclaimed Evadne eagerly, 'have I then spies about me?'—'I am afraid, Madam,' returned her maid, 'there are some about you who are not ashamed of executing that office.'—'It is well,' said Evadne, haughtily, 'my conduct and sentiments are both so free from guilt, that those who will carry complaints of me must endanger their souls by falsehood. But tell me, Matilda, for you seem well informed, what was the mystery of Marcella's dismissal; and let me know the incendiary you mentioned, that for the future I may avoid him.'—'Madam,' replied Matilda, 'I would long ere now have acquainted you with all I know, had I not dreaded being obliged to repeat circumstances which I was certain would give you offence.'—'Speak freely,' interrupted Evadne; 'I solemnly declare nothing you say shall draw my resentment on you.'—'On that assurance, Madam,' said Matilda, 'I will conceal nothing from you. But this is no place for free discourse; if you will allow me the honour of attending you in the garden, we may there speak with more safety.'—'I must attend my father at his dinner,' returned Evadne; 'when that task is over, you will find me near the grotto.'

At table, Don Ferdinand preserved the same cold civility which he long affected to his daughter; and she, on her part, assumed the air of a person who considers herself wronged. She seized the first opportunity of retiring; and, flying to the grotto, found her faithful Matilda had been there before her. She instantly

instantly claimed her promise; and the girl addressed her in these words.

‘There are some hearts, Madam, so naturally depraved, that no benefits can attach, and no gratitude bind them; wretches who, to gain a paltry advantage, would slander the fairest reputation: of these, I am sorry to say, we have an instance in our family. Jerome, who had the honour to be steward to my lord for a series of years, has had so many proofs of his lordship’s suspicious disposition, that he knows he cannot please him better than by watching every motion in the family, which he always conveys to his ears. He was, indeed, ignorant of your excursion with Marcella; but he filled my lord’s head with suspicions he had not done her duty in his absence. From this charge, however, your governess had the good fortune at that time to clear herself. He next marked your ladyship for a victim; and, observing you frequented the picture-gallery, he constantly retired to an apartment which commands a full view of it, when you was there. He observed this conduct for a fortnight; and the morning that your horse was so unfortunately neglected, he took advantage of your absence to demand a private audience. Sebastian, my lord’s valet, happening to be in an adjoining apartment, heard all that passed; with which he instantly acquainted me, recommending it earnestly to inform you. These were the words he related; pardon me, Madam, for being obliged to repeat them—

“Your lordship has had so many proofs of my zeal and attachment to your noble family, that I hope you will now doubt me, when I assure your lordship that the illness of my dear young lady affected me very sensibly: her disease appeared plainly to be on her mind; and what could affect the mind of a young lady, bred in such retirement that she has never been beyond these walls, unless in your lordship’s company? I have observed her for a considerable time retire constantly, at one part of the day, to your lordship’s picture-gallery, where she spent many hours. I have, unseen, taken the liberty to watch her; and this was her behaviour: as soon as she entered the room, she secured the door, and drawing a chair towards the celebrated portrait of the Duke,

“she folded her hands, and for some time contemplated it; then starting from the chair, she appeared to be speaking with great emotion, but what she said I was not near enough to hear: however, after another fit of silent contemplation, she pulled from her bosom what appeared to be a miniature picture, and comparing it earnestly with the portrait of the prince, she pressed it to her lips with an air of respect mingled with tenderness. This is the scene, my lord, to which I have been witness for fourteen successive days. My duty to your lordship, and respect for my young lady, called on me to acquaint you of what your lordship may receive ocular demonstration whenever you think fit.”

‘To this discourse, Madam, Sebastian says it was some time before my lord made any reply; and when he did, he was so much agitated, that it was with difficulty he was understood. He commanded Jerome to acquaint no one with what he had seen; and desired, the next time you visited the gallery, he might be conducted to a place where he might observe you: he commended the fidelity of the steward, which he promised should not go unrewarded; and then desired to be left alone.

‘Sebastian had hardly concluded this relation, when the grooms who had attended you in your airing, with countenances expressive of the utmost horror, and their horses all covered with foam, being conducted to my lord, informed him that your horse had galloped with such impetuosity as to make it impossible to keep near you; that he at last appeared to take fright, and got entirely out of their sight. They added, that they had spent two hours in fruitless search of you, and were now come to take his lordship’s commands. It is impossible, Madam, to give you a just idea of the horror that took possession of Don Ferdinand at this account. It occurred to him immediately that the animal might possibly have thrown you into some of those rivulets that flow through his park. Orders were instantly given to have all the ponds drained: and, during the interval, my lord your father remained locked in his closet; where, though many endeavours were made, no one could get admittance. At last,

Madam,

Madam, a gentleman arrived with a letter from Don Louis de Montalis, and rejoiced us all with the happy news of your safety. Don Ferdinand, loading him with presents and caresses, set out with him for the seat of Don Louis; and soon after Marcella, Leonora, and myself, were commanded to attend you: there we found you, my dearest lady, in the paroxysms of a fever, which at last mounted into your brain; and in that unfortunate delirium you uttered many things that served to enflame your father's mind, and corresponded with the assertions of his steward.

'I had forgot, Madam, to mention one circumstance. Some time after my lord's departure, one of our servants, walking through the parks, found a miniature picture of the Duke of Milan, fastened to a string of pearls which he knew had belonged to your ladyship: this picture he delivered to Jerome, who had it immediately conveyed to my lord. These circumstances, Madam, had so strong an effect on your father's mind, that he at last dismissed Marcella entirely from his service, loading her with many reproaches for her ingratitude. Your governess, Madam, in vain pleaded her innocence; my lord was inexorable. Roderiga, by Jerome's recommendation, has succeeded to her place; a woman without any qualification to fit her for so honourable a trust; she is despicable in her birth, and in her manners, and has that aversion to youth and loveliness which is common to people who are deprived of those advantages: she will therefore do your ladyship all the ill that is in her power; and I am sorry to say my lord gives her but too many opportunities.'

Matilda here ended her discourse; and Evadne, who had listened in silence and confusion, was going to reply, when a servant, who had wandered over the garden in search of her, informed her that his lordship desired to introduce her to his new acquaintance, Don Louis de Montalis. Evadne turned paler than death, but instantly obeyed the mandate of her father; and, leaning on the arm of her maid, proceeded to the house. She employed this short interval of thought in forming the plan of her future conduct; and finding, from what she had heard, that every thing was lost

with her father if she refused to comply with his will, resolved to make a trial of Don Louis's generosity. These reflections brought her to the door of the apartment, where she was met by her father; who, seizing her trembling hand, presented her to Don Louis. The ardour with which he saluted, and the rapture with which he surveyed her, gave Evadne no good prognostick of success; she, however, behaved with a tolerable degree of propriety, till her father, under pretence of business, quitted the room.

Here her courage totally forsook her, her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, and she turned pale and red alternately. Don Louis, apprehensive of her fainting, though ignorant of the cause of her disorder, drew her gently to the window; and finding some water in the room, he eagerly pressed her to drink it. She complied, almost insensibly, but soon experienced the good effects: she recovered her breath, and some degree of calmness; which Don Louis perceiving, instantly took advantage of—'I have been so fortunate, Madam,' said he, 'to have been in some measure the means of preserving this beautiful form from an early and melancholy death. I must now,' proceeded he, casting himself at her feet, 'become a petitioner to you, Madam, to bestow life on a man who only desires to spend it in your service. I adore you, beautiful Evadne; your father has authorized my passion, but it remains with you to confirm my happiness, or reduce me to despair.'—'Heaven forbid,' returned Evadne, rising from her chair, 'that the happiness of any one should depend upon so wretched a creature as myself! Alas, my lord, you kneel to me, when I meant to become a suppliant to you; to implore you, by that honour and humanity which so gloriously distinguishes your character; to spare an unhappy young creature the fury of her relations, too violent and too ungovernable to be trusted.'—'Ah, Madam,' replied Don Louis, 'what is it you desire? what dreadful task are you going to impose on me?'—'This,' my lord, said Evadne; 'that you renounce a maid who is unworthy the honour you designed her. The court of Milan abounds with blooming beauties; among them, my lord, fix your choice,



'it will do honour to the proudest of them; but for me, my heart is insensible of love; death would be preferable to the marriage bed, and death I must expect, if I disobey the commands of my father.'

Here Don Ferdinand burst into the room, and would, in all probability, have verified the words of his daughter, had he not been prevented by Don Louis; but his tongue was under no restriction, and he loaded her with the most barbarous invectives and threats. Don Louis, almost distracted with grief, made him perceive that his victim lay senseless at his feet; but his rage was too great to be moved even at that sight, and he declared, that if in that fit he expired, she carried his curse to the regions of eternity.

Don Louis, having summoned his attendants, conveyed her in his arms to her apartment; and having seen the methods of recovery practised with success, he returned to calm Don Ferdinand. Evadne, it is true, opened her eyes, but it was only to close them on the light with horror; her lips, too, recovered their colour, but not one word proceeded from them to those about her; and she appeared resolved, in this silent melancholy, to refuse all nourishment and assistance. Don Louis was inconsolable; and, rather than see her in this condition, was on the point of renouncing all his hopes: but her father was still inexorable; declaring, with bitter imprecations, that unless she was the wife of Don Louis, he should behold her death with pleasure.

Evadne continued two days in a very weak condition; when Matilda, whose grief for her lady had been equal to that of the most tender mother, perceiving Roderiga leave the room, approached the bed, and tenderly kissing her hand, which she bathed with her tears—'Why, my dearest lady, will you abandon yourself to this fatal melancholy, while there are yet means left for your deliverance from a marriage so disagreeable to you?'—'Oh, that there were!' said Evadne, eagerly: 'though I can never be happy; yet, in that case, I should be less miserable.'—'Suppose, Madam,' pursued Matilda, 'that we should be able to prove to your father that Don Louis is engaged to another lady.'—'Is it possible?' said Evadne, 'that there can be any grounds for a

suspicion so dishonourable to Don Louis?'—'There are,' replied Matilda; 'and, before two days are elapsed, I hope to gain a perfect knowledge of the affair.'—'Tell me now, at least,' said Evadne eagerly, 'all that you know.'—'It is not more than two hours ago,' said Matilda, 'when, as I was walking in a close alley of these gardens, I was accosted by a lady, all covered with her veil, who seemed to be in great agitation as she approached me; and, without any preface, enquired if I belonged to the daughter of Don Ferdinand de Velasquis. I replied—"Yes, Madam, I have that honour."—"Then you can inform me," replied she, "whether he has consented to marry Don Louis de Montalis."—"There is no doubt, Madam," replied I, "but my lady will act conformably to her duty." The lady, at these words, striking her forehead vehemently, exclaimed—"Base, perjured Don Louis!—Wretched, undone Louisa!" and, turning from me, hastily quitted the alley. I would have followed her, but Don Ferdinand that moment appeared in sight; and I, to avoid him, took another way into the house.'—'We must find out this lady,' said Evadne, who perceived some gleam of hope in what her woman had told her. 'Leave that to me, Madam,' replied Matilda, in a cheerful accent: which to greatly comforted Evadne, that, upon receiving a message from her father, enquiring if she was able to be removed to the castle, she sent him word she was ready to attend him when he pleased.

Don Ferdinand appointed the cool of the evening for this little journey. Evadne, whose spirits were somewhat revived by what she had heard, found herself strong enough to take a walk in the gardens; and, leaning on her faithful Matilda, she, at her desire, directed her steps to that sequestered part of them where she had seen the distressed lady.

This strange adventure afforded them matter for a long conversation; when suddenly they were interrupted by a quick and unequal step behind them. Matilda, turning to see who it was, exclaimed—'Oh, Madam, here she is! here is the lady!' Evadne immediately stopped, and waited her approach, trembling, and anxious for the event of this encounter. The lady gazed on her in

in silence for a minute; then, addressing herself to Matilda, asked her if it was not the daughter of Don Ferdinand whom she saw. 'You are not mistaken, Madam,' said Evadne; 'I am Evadne.'—'You are, then, that happy fair one,' pursued the stranger, 'who are in possession of the heart of Don Louis de Montalis.'—'I do not consider it as a happiness, Madam, to be in possession of the heart of Don Louis; he is my father's choice.'—'And not your's, Madam?' eagerly asked the stranger. 'Is it possible that you can be so indifferent to him as you would be thought?'—'It is not only possible, but strictly true,' replied Evadne. 'I am not the less miserable,' answered the lady; 'for, oh too lovely rival! he who has worn your chains can never cease to be your lover.' Then throwing off her veil, she discovered a face extremely beautiful, but pale and wan; and raising her fine eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven—'Oh, pardon,' cried she vehemently 'pardon the effects of a despair I am not able to conquer!' Then turning again upon Evadne, with a look to which she made her tremble—'Tell your intended bridegroom, Madam,' said she, 'that you have seen the deserted, abandoned Louisa; and bear this message to him, that revenge would have carried this dagger to his heart, but love directs it to my own.' And that instant, with a poniard she held concealed, she aimed a furious blow at her breast.

Evadne, guessing her intention from her last words, seized her hand the same instant; and, with the assistance of Matilda, forced the poniard out of it: then, gently supporting her in her arms, led her to a covered arbour, and seating herself by her, conjured her to calm her mind, and depend on the inviolable promise she made her never to be the wife of Don Louis. Louisa, rescued from the abyss into which she was going to plunge herself, began to feel all the horror of her design: tears of remorse flowed from her eyes, which were ardently raised to heaven, while only she poured out fervent prayers for pardon of her rash attempt. Evadne encouraged these new dispositions by every argument that her piety and good sense could furnish her with. Louisa, convinced by her reasoning, and consoled by her promises, embraced her affection-

ately, calling her the Angel of Peace, her preserver; 'and, oh!' added she, 'but that I am unworthy, I would say, my truest friend!'

Evadne, repeating her assurances of tenderness, and regard to her interests, begged to be informed of as much of her story as she thought fit to communicate. 'I can have no reserves to you,' Madam, replied the lady. 'My name is Louisa de Lira; my mother died in bringing me into the world; and the Marquis de Lira, my father, survived her but two years, leaving me heiress to a very considerable estate. I was brought up with great care and tenderness by my grandmother, with whom I have constantly resided at our family seat, about five leagues from Milan. I never was at court but once; and there Don Louis saw me: he felt, or feigned, a passion for me; he solicited my grandmother's consent to our union; for mine, alas, he too soon obtained! The marchioness, sensible of the advantage of such an alliance, accepted his offer with apparent satisfaction. While preparations were making for our marriage, my grandmother sickened and died. Alas, this stroke was every way fatal to me! Decency required that our marriage should be suspended for some months. Don Louis murmured at this delay; and every visit he made me for some time afterwards, his impatience for our union seemed to increase. But a strange alteration soon took place: his visits became less and less frequent, his behaviour more and more indifferent and constrained; he no longer pressed for the completion of our marriage; he scarce deigned to make any excuse for the long intervals between his visits; and for some time past has totally neglected me. To my letters he returned only verbal answers, made up of cold compliments and slight excuses. I now perceived I was no longer beloved, that I was forsaken and despised. Guess my grief, my distraction, my despair! My faithful Maria brought me the first news of his intended marriage with you. She confirmed me in my resolution to force an interview with my perjured lover; she provided me a private lodging here in the neighbourhood, to which I came, attended only by her and an old confidential servant

of my father. I passed for the widow of an officer, who had affairs to solicit at court; and, by means of a bribe to the head gardener of Don Louis, got permission to walk when I pleased in these gardens, which I pretended to admire greatly. The intelligence I received here of Don Louis's violent passion for you, and your father's willingness to conclude your marriage with him, deprived me of all hope of regaining his heart. Despair now wholly possessed me; and all my thoughts ran upon procuring an interview with him, and dying, by my own hand, in his sight. You know the rest, Madam. I am your convert: never more will I raise an impious hand against my own life, but wait for my release from Heaven; and sure, if I divine aright, I shall not wait long for it.'

Evadne gave some tears to this affecting relation; and after a short pause, during which she was considering how to assist her, she fixed on a plan which seemed to promise something favourable for them both. Embracing her, therefore, with great kindness—'Be comforted, beautiful Louisa,' said she; 'I foresee a happy end to your misfortunes. You shall, if you please, accompany me to the castle of Velasco, whither I am going this evening; and accept of my apartment for your residence till there is some change in your affairs. I will take a proper opportunity to acquaint my father with your claim to the hand of Don Louis, which will put an end to his pretensions to me; and I doubt not but the representations Don Ferdinand will make him of what his honour and reputation exact of him with regard to you, will have due weight. Your beauty, and continued attachment to him notwithstanding his perfidy, will do all the rest.'

Being unwilling to trust her out of her sight in the present perturbation of her spirits, she proposed to return with her to her apartment in Don Louis's palace, where she might remain concealed till the time of their setting out for the castle; when, covered with her veil, she might pass for one of her women, and follow her, with Matilda, in the carriage appointed for the use of her attendants; all of whom, except that faithful confidant, she would imme-

diately send away, her governess being, by her father's order, gone some hours before, that she might be ready to receive her. Louisa, with many acknowledgments for her kindness, agreed to every thing she proposed. They passed unobserved into Evadne's chamber; and the hour appointed by Don Ferdinand being now come, Evadne attended his summons. Don Louis, with many a deep-drawn sigh, led her to the chariot; her father placed himself beside her; and Don Louis, after asking permission to wait on them the next day, took his leave.

Matilda found no difficulty in conveying Louisa to the castle; and Evadne, soon after she came there, had the pleasure to see her enter her apartment. She ordered a chamber next her own to be prepared for her, being under no apprehensions of the prying Roderigo, who had taken to her bed immediately after her arrival; and her distemper being by the physician pronounced the small-pox, which Don Ferdinand never had, none but her nurses were permitted to go near her.

Evadne and her friend having formed their plan of proceeding, waited impatiently for Don Louis's visit; Evadne, animated with pleasing hopes that all would end favourably for them both; but it was not so with the unhappy Louisa; she feared much, and hoped little. When Evadne was summoned by her father to receive the visit of Don Louis, the agitation of Louisa was so great, that she was near fainting. Evadne comforted and encouraged her; but was herself at that moment under some inquietude. However, she received the passionate address of Don Louis with an air of indifference, though to her father's explicit declaration of his resolution to give her hand to him in a few days she paid a respectful attention; but when, in consequence of this declaration, he presented her hand to that young nobleman, who, kneeling, prepared to receive it, she drew it back; and looking steadily on him—'Are you sure, my lord,' said she to the now alarmed lover, 'that there is no transgression of your life that will render it impossible for my father to make you his son-in-law?'—'What do you mean, Evadne?' said Don Ferdinand impatiently, while Don Louis's confusion kept him silent. 'I mean, Sir,' replied Evadne, 'that Don Louis can-

'not be my husband, because he is connected to another lady, who is his equal in birth, and whose beauty and constant affection for him, notwithstanding his cruel desertion of her, merit all his love, gratitude, and esteem.'—'Is this true, my lord?' said Don Ferdinand, in a stern accent. 'Before I answer that question, my lord,' replied Don Louis, 'I beg this young lady will please to declare from whom she had this intelligence, and what proofs she has received that it is not false.'—'That is but reasonable,' returned Don Ferdinand; 'tell us, then, Evadne, from whom you heard this story.'—'Alas, my lord!' said Evadne, 'I have a tale to tell, that, if Don Louis has not cast off all humanity, must melt his very soul.' She then related her accidental meeting with the daughter of the Marquis de Lira, the affecting relation that unfortunate young lady had given her, Don Louis's engagement with her, and the desperate attempt that, prompted by despair, she had made on her life, which, with the assistance of Matilda, she had been fortunate enough to prevent.

Don Ferdinand was greatly moved at this relation, and beheld Don Louis with a fierce and accusing look; which was instantly softened to compassion, when he saw a deadly paleness overspread his face, and tears, stealing fast from his eyes, as he leaned his head against the tapestry, willing, as it should seem, to conceal his emotion.

Evadne thought this a favourable moment for completing her design. She flew with eager haste to Louisa, who, pale and trembling, waited the event. 'Come, my friend, come,' said she, taking her hand, and obliging her to rise from her chair, 'this is the crisis of your fate. Don Louis has heard the story of our meeting; he seems touched; go, and complete the work.' Donna Louisa, abashed, silent, and irresolute, hung back; but Evadne forcing her along, led her, all covered with blushes, into the room where she had left her father and Don Louis. Her appearance had so powerful an effect on the heart of Don Louis, agitated as it was with various conflicting passions, that, unable to support himself, he fell almost senseless on a sofa that was near him. Louisa thought him dying; she uttered a dreadful scream, and sunk down in a

fainting fit at his feet. Evadne and her women were busy in endeavouring to assist her, while Don Ferdinand employed his charitable cares on Don Louis. That young nobleman soon recovered; but Louisa remained so long in a state of insensibility, as to make it doubtful whether she was not really dead. Don Louis, kneeling by her, supported her in his arms; passionately exclaiming against himself for being the cause of her distress, and watching the returns of life in an agonizing suspense. At length she opened her eyes, and the first object they fixed on was her lover, bathed in tears, and holding one of her hands, which he often pressed ardently to his lips. 'Can it be!' said she, faintly, still gazing on him. 'Do you not then hate me?'—'No, no!' cried he eagerly; 'I love you more than ever.' 'Say only that you pardon me, and will continue to love me.'—'Alas! can I help it?' replied she, hiding her glowing face in the bosom of the tender Evadne, who hung over her, and softly whispered her congratulations on the happy effect of her scheme. Don Ferdinand thought proper to put an end to this soft scene, which grew a little tiresome to him. 'Since our lovers are reconciled,' said he to Evadne, 'we will now go to supper; after which, I shall be happy to sign your contract of marriage, Don Louis, with this charming young lady. Her father was my friend, and I must love her on his account as well as her own.' Saying this, he led Don Louis out of the room.

Evadne, whose situation was much mended by the happy termination of her friend's affairs, embraced and congratulated her with great tenderness; and Louisa mingled with her acknowledgments the warmest professions of eternal friendship.

In the mean time, Don Ferdinand, who, with very high notions of honour, possessed great benevolence of heart, took great pains to confirm Don Louis in the design he had formed to do justice to Louisa. His apologies for his past conduct to that young lady, and his presumption in addressing Evadne, though weak, he seemed to take in good part, not being willing to quarrel with the favourite of a prince; and although it was impossible for him to continue to esteem him, yet his behaviour betrayed no alteration in his sentiments.

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When the ladies appeared at supper, Don Ferdinand took care to turn the conversation on indifferent subjects; but, before they separated for the night, he forgot not to have a contract of marriage drawn up; which Don Louis signed very cheerfully, and which was witnessed by Don Ferdinand and his daughter: and a few days afterwards the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the Duke of Milan himself assisting at the ceremony; upon which account Evadne, at her own desire, was excused from being present.

Don Ferdinand saw all the merit of this sacrifice; but although he drew from thence a favourable presage of her virtue and prudence, yet he neglected no means of providing against any indiscretion her fatal attachment might unwarily lead her into. He engaged a duenna of established reputation for the strictness of her discipline; who being, besides, a woman of good birth and education, he doubted not but she would make herself agreeable to his daughter, if her inclinations were not at war with her duty. To Signora Mencia's care, therefore, he confided her; and the young lady, who had no wish for more liberty than she enjoyed, was so far from disliking her watchful governess, that she took pleasure in her conversation, and treated her with kindness and respect.

Don Ferdinand, from time to time, enquired how his daughter passed her hours when she was not with him; and if she was cheerful and contented. Signora Mencia, who was charmed with the sweetness of her temper, gave her those praises to which she was so justly entitled; but acknowledged, that she was melancholy, often so absent that she appeared not to hear any thing that was said to her, and seemed to relish no amusement but reading, or a solitary walk in the most retired part of the spacious park that surrounded the castle. 'This inclosure,' she added, 'seems to bound all her desires.'

Don Ferdinand was greatly affected at this account: he found her mind had received an incurable wound; he could not depart from his maxims with regard to the necessary restraints on female liberty; but he encouraged the visits of Donna Louisa, with whose society she seemed pleased, and sometimes permitted her to take the air in her company.

Evadne, pressed by this tender friend

to unbosom her griefs, had, with many blushes, confided her secret to her. She shewed her the picture she had copied, with the lines wrote under it: and, having got over this painful step, indulged herself in talking of the duke; lamented her own weakness, in that she had entertained a passion for a man whom she could never hope to have for a husband; and often declared her resolution to take the veil, if her father would consent to it, and his consent she, one time or other, hoped to procure. Louisa neither soothed nor condemned her unhappy attachment; but sought, by every means in her power, to detach her thoughts from the fatal object that engrossed them: she acted the part of a true friend; except that, like a fond wife, she could not keep Evadne's secret from her husband, but imparted it to him as to another self, not doubting that he would observe an inviolable secrecy.

Don Louis, who was now quite cured of his passion for the charming daughter of Don Ferdinand, was pleased with the news; and, eager to communicate it to his young amorous sovereign, he engaged his wife to procure him a sight of the picture, being willing to produce proofs of the pleasing tale he had to tell. Louisa, not guessing his intention, easily contrived to gratify him; and Don Louis, as if in a playful humour, put it in his pocket, saying, the verses were so pretty, he would read them over till he had fixed them in his memory; and ran away without heeding her earnest entreaties to return it. He easily found means to procure a private conversation with the duke, who listened with rapture to the soft tale of a young and noble beauty dying for love of him; and although on such occasions he was credulous enough, having been, indeed, but too successful with the fair, yet the testimony of his picture, drawn by so charming a hand, and the tender verses beneath it, increased his satisfaction. He kissed the verses a thousand times, and took a copy of them himself. And now the means of procuring an interview with the fair one were discussed: Don Louis laid before the impatient prince the difficulties they had to surmount, not only from the rigid maxims of Don Ferdinand, but the reserve and modesty of the young lady. The duke allowed there was some room for apprehension with regard to the severe father; but he laughed at the notion

of being intimidated by the reserve of a young lady, whose heart was occupied by a violent passion, which her tongue had ventured to confess: he therefore insisted upon his confidant's managing a private interview for him, and would hear of no difficulties.

Don Louis, anxious to oblige him, sounded his wife at a distance; but perceiving that she was not at all disposed to favour his views, he durst not venture to open himself clearly: chance, however, favoured him more than he had reason to expect. Louisa, having received the picture from him, went to pass the afternoon with Evadne, in order to put it in the place she had taken it from.

Don Ferdinand came into his daughter's apartment soon afterwards; and observing her to look paler and more melancholy than usual, proposed her taking an airing in the coach, since Donna Louisa was with her to bear her company; for Signora Mencia was indisposed, and kept her chamber. The coach was ordered; and in the mean time Don Louis came in, who hearing of their intended excursion, informed himself particularly of the route they were to take; when suddenly pretending to recollect an engagement, he hastily took leave, and flew to the palace.

He found the duke just risen from table; and, giving his highness a significant glance, the prince drew him aside to a window. 'You look,' said he to his confidant, 'as if you had some good news to tell me.'—'The best in the world, Sir,' replied Don Louis. 'Your highness may, if you please, not only see the charming Evadne this afternoon, but may have an opportunity of speaking to her. I left her preparing to set out with my wife for the forest, where they propose to walk this evening.' The duke instantly called to a page, to order his horses to be saddled.—'You shall ride with me this afternoon, Montalis,' said he aloud to Don Louis; 'we will then talk over this business.' The duke discovered great impatience to be gone; and as soon as he was told his horses were ready, mounted instantly, as did Don Louis; and, attended only by one of the duke's equerries and a footman, both of whom were ordered to follow at a distance, they took their way to the forest;

but kept out of the high road, to avoid being seen.

In a few minutes Evadne's coach appeared. The duke, losing all caution in his eagerness to see her, was for galloping up to the carriage; but Don Louis stopped him, telling him that the ladies intended to alight, as soon as they came to the forest, in order to walk there; but, if they shewed themselves to them, it would prevent them, and his highness would lose an opportunity of speaking to them. The duke agreed he was in the right, and continued to keep the bye-path, till he saw the coach stop at the entrance of the forest. He was near enough to have a full view of the elegant form of Evadne as she alighted from the coach; but he could not distinguish her features. 'Ah, Montalis,' said he, gazing on her as she moved slowly along, leaning on Donna Louisa, 'if the charms of her face equal those of her figure, I am a lost man!'

The ladies had now entered the wood; and the duke's attendants being by this time come up, he and Don Louis alighted, and leaving their horses to their care, took another path, but which led them within view of that the ladies had pursued. The duke and his companion concealing themselves behind the trees, Evadne and her friend passed very near them. She looked more beautiful that day than usual; the air and exercise had brought back the roses in her cheeks; but her languid motion, the soft melancholy that appeared in her countenance, and the plaintive sweetness of her voice, (for she was speaking to Louisa) proclaimed her mind to be ill at ease; which, although it deprived her charms of the graces that vivacity gives, yet made them more interesting and attractive, particularly in the opinion of the duke, who was so highly flattered by the cause! of that gentle languishment. 'Montalis,' cried he, 'she is an angel!' These words, pronounced in an eager tone, struck the ears of both ladies, who, in some terror, instantly turned back; and were hastening to the place where the carriage and servants waited for them, when the duke, in agonies left he should lose this opportunity of accosting her, quitted his stand, to follow her.

Evadne, who had now a full view of him, exclaimed—'Ah, Louisa, see who is there!' and ran as fast as her strength would

would permit her, in order to gain her carriage. The duke followed with more swiftness, and soon overtook her. 'You say me, charming Evadne,' said he, gazing on her with increased admiration; 'what is it you fear?' Evadne, pale, trembling, and not daring to meet his passionate glances, made a deep curtsy, and attempted to pass by him; but the prince, throwing himself at her feet—'Stay only one moment,' said he, 'till I have assured you that I love, that I adore you!' At the same time, seizing one of her hands, he gave it a thousand kisses. Evadne, shocked at this liberty, of which she instantly divined the cause, drew her hand indignantly from him. 'Forbear to insult me, my lord,' said she, 'with a declaration which the daughter of Don Ferdinand is not permitted to hear from her sovereign.' She turned haughtily from him as she pronounced these words; and, deriving new strength from the anger that now filled her breast, she rather flew than ran to gain her coach; and, throwing herself into it, waited for Louisa's coming without casting a look that way. Don Louis led his wife to the coach, making a short compliment to Evadne, which she returned with a silent inclination of the head; and they drove away.

Evadne now gave free course to her tears, often repeating—'Cruel friend, you have betrayed me!' Louisa, conscious of the fault she had committed in trusting her husband with Evadne's passion for the duke, who, she doubted not, had revealed it to him, attempted not to excuse herself, but wept in silence. When they came to the castle, Evadne, complaining of indisposition, took leave of Louisa with a cold politeness, and retired to her apartment.

Louisa returned home very much mortified at the consequences of her indiscretion. The duke detained Don Louis at the palace till late in the evening, talking of Evadne, with whom he was actually become passionately in love; and as in that passion, if one hopes all, one fears all likewise, he suffered great inquietude from the steady resentment discovered by that young lady, which promised little probability of his succeeding in his designs upon her. Don Louis, like a true courtier, flattered his wishes, and engaged himself, body and soul, in the service of his schemes. The duke charged him with an ardent billet to the

fair one, which Don Louis promised him should be conveyed to her the next day by his wife, who possessed all her confidence. It was in vain that he attempted to prevail on Louisa to be the bearer of this billet; she bitterly lamented her folly in trusting him with the secret of her friend, which he had made so bad a use of, and vowed she would not be accessory to the duke's designs. Don Louis was offended at her obstinacy; he expostulated, soothed, and was angry, by turns; all was ineffectual, and at length they parted for the night in great disgust. Don Louis retired to his own chamber, to contrive some means of gratifying his master; and Louisa to her's, to weep at the double misfortune of having offended her husband and her friend. She had not courage enough to wait on Evadne the next day, and only sent to enquire after her health. But Don Louis, enterprising and sanguine, took a resolution to pay a visit to Don Ferdinand, and to contrive some means of delivering the duke's billet himself. Beyond his hopes, he found Evadne in her father's apartment. She put some constraint upon herself, in order to behave to him with her usual politeness, to prevent her father's observation. Don Louis was beginning to fear he should have no opportunity to give her the duke's billet; when a letter being brought to Don Ferdinand, he went out of the room to speak to the messenger; and Don Louis seized that moment to tell her he brought an apology from the duke, who was in despair for having offended her; at the same time presenting her the letter. 'I accept his highness's apology from your mouth,' said Evadne; 'I receive no letters unknown to my father.'

Don Louis intreated her not to put such an affront on his sovereign as to refuse receiving his letter, and again offered it. Don Ferdinand's sudden entrance so disconcerted him, that the letter fell out of his hand. He ran up to him, in order to divert his attention, leaving Evadne to manage it as well as she could. She dropped her handkerchief upon it, and a moment afterwards took up that and the letter, and put both into her pocket, Don Ferdinand not having the least suspicion of what had happened. Don Louis took his leave soon after, charmed with his success thus far; and Evadne retired to her chamber. Her inclinations prompted her to read the billet,  
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but she checked the thought, as inconsistent with her duty; and, sensible how necessary it was to convince the prince that she was not disposed to give him any encouragement, she could think of no other means of returning the letter than sending for Donna Louisa, against whom her resentment was still very high. Louisa with joy obeyed the summons.

'See, Madam,' said Evadne, shewing her the prince's letter, 'see the consequence of your betraying my unhappy secret! the prince despises me, and scruples not to affront me with his licentious pursuits. Don Louis, too, is not ashamed of being assistant to his designs, and acts a part unworthy of his birth: he was the bearer of this letter. But take it, Madam, take it back to him. It was to do me this small service that I took the liberty to lend for you.'—'Yes, Madam,' replied Louisa, receiving the letter, 'I will obey you.' Don Louis cannot be more offended with me than he is already for my opposition to his will, by refusing to give it you myself. He no longer loves me, Madam, pursued she; 'he has banished me from his sight.' Her tears interrupted her speech. Evadne threw herself upon her neck, and mingled her tears with her's. 'Oh, you have suffered too much for your indiscretion,' said she, 'if Don Louis is unkind to you; for well I know your fondness for him.'—'Then you pardon me, dear Evadne?' said Louisa, returning her embraces. 'I do,' replied Evadne; 'and I am now convinced of your virtue. Don Louis, depend upon it, however he may seem to resent your not complying with his request, will in his heart esteem you the more for it. Lose not a moment, then, my dear friend, to return this letter; I am miserable while the duke is ignorant of my resolution never to admit his insidious importunities.'

Louisa departed to execute her commission. She inclosed the duke's letter in a blank cover to her husband; who, very much mortified, repaired to the duke, to acquaint him with his ill success. That young prince, whose passion for Evadne was increased by the obstacles her virtue and modesty threw in his way, was resolved to employ every means his rank and power could furnish him with to accomplish his designs. He knew Don Ferdinand was

ambitious, and had been too much neglected by his predecessors, in whose armies he had served with great reputation. He now caused him to be told that he destined him for the command of a body of troops which were to be sent into Catalonia, to join the army of the Archduke there; but, at the same time, he employed one of his emissaries to corrupt Evadne's governess, who tendered her a large sum of money, and a promise of future rewards, if she would prevail on her lovely charge to admit of an interview with him. Signora Mencia, steady to her trust, refused the bribe, and acquainted Don Ferdinand with the offer.

Thus intrusted in the duke's intentions by the splendid promotion he offered him, which were plainly to facilitate his access to his daughter, by sending him to a distance from her; he waited on the duke, and with much respect, in which, however, was mingled a certain air of discontent, he excused himself from accepting the distinguished command he offered him, on account of his declining years, and increasing infirmities; and this so steadily, that the duke saw it was in vain to press him.

All these circumstances came to the knowledge of Evadne, by means of Donna Louisa, to whom the governess had imparted them. Her resolution to reject the duke was fixed and immovable; but her passion for him, flattered by these proofs of his attachment to her, gained strength every day; her delicate frame sunk under the strong emotions of her mind, and her health was visibly declining. Don Ferdinand, though subject to violent gusts of passion, was nevertheless an affectionate father: convinced of her strict adherence to her duty, he no longer reproached her with her misplaced passion, but lamented in silence the fatal effects of it on her constitution, which was evidently impaired.

The duke, not discouraged by the failure of all his schemes hitherto, prepared a new trial for the tender, drooping Evadne. Learning that she passed many hours in the deepest solitude of the spacious park that belonged to the castle of Velasco, he prevailed on the keeper, by a large bribe, to conduct him in disguise to the place she most frequented. He was fortunate enough to meet with her there alone; she was seated under the shade of a large tree, with a book in her hand. He stood still for a few moments,

gazing



gazing on her with a fixed attention : he perceived, that although her eyes were on her book, yet she either did not read, or reading did not detach her thoughts ; for she often sighed deeply, and often wiped off a falling tear. These marks of her extreme sensibility, joined to her paleness and languor, affected the duke with the strongest emotions of pity, love, and admiration. Could he hope to prevail over such purity of sentiment, that made her a willing sacrifice to what she conceived to be her duty ! He had, indeed, but little hope ; but the tyranny of his passion compelled him still to new attempts to move her : he quitted his station, and advanced slowly towards her. At the sound of his steps she raised her eyes ; and, not knowing him in his disguise, she supposed he was one of the keepers, and discovered no marks of surprise. She knew him immediately, however, on his nearer approach, and rising hastily, would have fled ; but the duke, catching hold of her robe, threw himself at her feet, and implored her only to hear him for a few moments. In this suppliant posture, tears trembling in his eyes, and, above all, his respectful reserve, not daring to touch her hand, but passionately kissing the hem of her robe, the young, the beautiful, the princely Lothario, was an object too dangerous for a virtue less confirmed than Evadne's : she would not meet the powerful language of his eyes ; she turned away her head ; and, almost sobbing with the violence of his emotions—' Oh, why,' said she, ' will your highness thus continue to pursue an unfortunate maid, whom you may make wretched, but never guilty ? Alas !' pursued she, unable to restrain her tears, ' you may tear, you may rend my weak heart in pieces, but you can never make it forget its duty !' As she uttered these words, their passionate import not being then perceived by herself, she made so violent an effort to free herself from his hold, that she succeeded ; and fled with such surprising swiftness, that the duke, apprehensive of being discovered, durst not attempt to overtake her. He remained some moments fixed like a statue in the place where she had left him, her animated speech still sounding in his ears : it acknowledged her tenderness ; but, at the same time, it shewed her virtue to be impregnable. Pensive and melancholy, but more in love than ever, he gained the

keeper's lodge ; then, throwing off the great coat in which he had wrapped himself, he joined his equerry, who waited for him at the gate with his horse, and proceeded to his palace ; where, as soon as he arrived, he shut himself up in his closet, and would be seen by nobody but Don Louis, to whom he imparted his adventure.

In the mean time, Evadne appeared in such agitation when she returned to her apartment, that her governess, greatly alarmed, eagerly enquired the cause. Evadne, throwing herself on a couch, complained of a violent head-ache, and desired to be left alone, that she might endeavour to get some sleep. Signora Mencia withdrew to the farther end of the room, where she heard her often sigh profoundly : she would not, however, importune her for the present with any farther questions.

Evadne had now leisure to reflect on what she had said to the duke. She was almost distracted to find that it contained a confession of her weakness, for which she concluded he must despise her. To lose his esteem, which was all she pretended to, was a misfortune she was not able to support ; and now nothing but the veil, she thought, could free her from self-reproach, and restore her to the good opinion of the duke. Her resolution thus suddenly formed, she called her governess, and related to her how she had been surprized with the sight of the duke in the park ; declaring, that his continued importunities made her miserable, and would, in the end, be injurious to her reputation. She entreated her, therefore, to acquaint her father with what had happened ; and to represent to him that her health, which he could not but perceive was daily declining, could only be restored by the tranquillity of a cloister, and that she earnestly implored him to approve of her resolution to take the veil.

Signora Mencia, who thought that in her situation, the victim of a hopeless passion, and the object of the libertine pursuits of the very prince she loved, but whom she had virtue enough to resist, a convent was her only resource, accepted the commission.

Don Ferdinand was struck with admiration at her conduct on this occasion, and exclaimed—' She is a noble girl ! I will never constrain her.' He hastened to her apartment ; and, tenderly embracing

bracing her, told her she was the mistress of her own fate; that if a monastick life was her choice, whatever pain it might give him to part with her, he would not oppose it. Evadne thanked him for this concession with an ardour of gratitude that melted him into tears. She wept much herself; a thousand different emotions agitated her breast: but her resolution was fixed; and it was settled, that in a few days she should retire to the convent of the nuns of St. Anne, of which a sister of Don Ferdinand was superior, and there enter upon her noviciate.

Donna Louisa, whom she immediately acquainted with her design, heard it with the deepest concern. It was in vain to oppose it by her tender expostulations. She returned home all in tears; of which Don Louis enquiring the cause, was no sooner acquainted with it, than he hastened to the duke with the alarming news. That prince, struck as with a thunderbolt, remained for several minutes silent and immovable; then suddenly exclaimed—'Oh, Montalis, if Evadne once enters the gate of a convent, she is lost to me for ever!'—'We must think of some means to prevent it, Sir,' said the ready courtier. 'Your highness may command my services.' The duke, lost in thought, heard not what he said. Don Louis repeatedly assured him, that there was nothing he would not attempt to prevent the misfortune his highness so much apprehended.

The duke, roused from his reverie by the continued importunities of his confidant, desired to be left alone. Don Louis instantly withdrew; and the young enamoured prince, after passing many hours in great agitation of mind, at last yielded to the force of a passion he was not able to conquer, and resolved to become the lawful possessor of the object of his affections. Having taken this resolution, he was so well convinced of it's justice and propriety, that he was amazed he had so long delayed his own happiness, when the means were in his power. It was now necessary to acquaint Don Ferdinand with his design; but he would not employ Don Louis on this occasion. The complainant minister of his irregular desires did not now appear a proper person to bear his honourable proposal to the father of his intended bride; he therefore sent one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber to the castle of Velasco, with a message to Don Ferdinand, re-

questing his immediate attendance at the palace.

That nobleman, although persuaded that some new insidious proposal was to be made him, yet delayed not to obey the commands of the prince. He was introduced into his closet, where he found him alone. The duke accosted him with an air of friendship and affability which lost all it's merit with the prejudiced Don Ferdinand; who, in a kind of sullen silence, waited to know his pleasure. 'Don Ferdinand,' said the duke, 'when I offered you the command of my army in Catalonia, you gave very good reasons for declining to accept it; but the proposal I have now to make you, will, I flatter myself, be liable to no objections.' Don Ferdinand bowed profoundly low, but was still silent. The duke could not be displeased with a reserve so honourable in his circumstances. 'Dismiss your prejudices,' pursued the young prince; 'I acknowledge they have not been ill-founded. I am going to convince you that I deserve your confidence. Your daughter—' 'My daughter, Sir,' interrupted Don Ferdinand hastily, 'devoted to God, this day will shut herself up in a convent for life.'—'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed the duke passionately; 'she is worthy to grace the first throne in the universe; and when I offer her my hand, I offer her a gift below her merit. It was to tell you this that I sent for you. I shall this day acquaint my council with my resolution to wed Evadne; after which, I trust, you will have no scruple to present me to her, and engage her consent to my happiness.'

Don Ferdinand, overcome with surprise and joy, cast himself at the duke's feet; and, kissing his hand with disordered eagerness, expressed his grateful sense of the honour designed his daughter in few but emphatical words. The duke raised him, and affectionately embracing him, said with a smile—'Excuse the ardour of a lover; I am impatient till you procure me the consent of Evadne. The hour approaches when I am to meet my council; I shall communicate my intentions to them immediately; and to-morrow morning I expect you will return here, in order to conduct me to your daughter.' Don Ferdinand, at his departure, would again have kissed the duke's hand, who prevented him by another embrace.

Every

Every thing passed in council agreeably to the duke's wishes. His subjects earnestly desired to see him married; and though this alliance brought him no accession of power or riches, yet, as the lady's birth, beauty, and virtue, were universally known, no reasonable objections could be found against it.

Don Ferdinand, with proper precautions, acquainted his daughter with her good fortune; in which, considering nothing but the happiness of being united to the object of her affections, and who by this generous act was now deservedly so, her joy was rational, calm, and unaffected.

When her father presented the duke to her the next day, her blushes and soft confusion deprived her of no part of that dignity which she derived from the noble sentiments that had influenced her conduct, and filled her mind with the per-

manent satisfaction of conscious rectitude. The duke's address, though ardent, was as respectful as to a princess.

The now Dutchess of Milan promoted her former prudent and virtuous government to an honourable post about her person; Donna Louisa, as she well deserved, continued to possess the first place in her friendship and esteem; and the duke, well acquainted with the worthiness of that lady's character, took pleasure in distinguishing the friend of his adored Evadne with every mark of favour.

It was not so with Don Louis; he came to court, and was treated with a cold politeness: and this distinction between the reception given to his wife and him, served to shew him the mortifying difference between the supple courtier who flattered the passions of his prince, and the dutious subject who dared to oppose them.

## THE HISTORY OF MAGISCATZIN: AN INDIAN TALE.

**D**ISCONTENT had long taken up her dwelling in the house of Magiscatzin. He made his abode in the populous city of Zoathlan, the capital of the large and wealthy province, known through India by the same appellation, and the seat of the great Itztapalapa, brother of the Sun; on whom two hundred lords wait barefoot in silence, with their eyes fixed on the ground; and who sacrificeth yearly a thousand of his enemies on the green stone in the temple of the God Vitzliputzli.

Magiscatzin saw thousands live in the smile of Itztapalapa, refreshed with the dew of his favour, and blossoming in the sun-shine of his magnificence. He courted that smile, but it beheld him not; he waited long for that dew, but it fell not on his branch. He grew pale with envy, and the fiend of malevolence fixed a cockatrice at his heart. The bosom of his wife, once the seat of delight, was no longer pleasing to him; nor would he drink more of the cup of felicity! refusing the draught from the homely shell of the cocoa, because he could not quaff it from that golden vase which the right-hand of Itztapalapa held forth to his favourites.

Vol. I.

As one morning he wandered in solitude, amidst the desert mountains of Tlalaocan, a personage habited like one of the priests of the God Tlalock approached; who, touching the ground with his right-hand, and laying it to his mouth, accosted him in the language of friendship.

Magiscatzin returned the salutation. They stood silent a moment; the priest began—'Few feet, my son, traverse these lone and gloomy mountains, but those of Devotion and Disquietude: The placidity, which resteth on the brow of the true worshippers of the ineffable Tlalock, is not discoverable on thine. Too plainly do thine eyes bespeak a discomposure of mind. Fear not, my son, to unbosom thy solicitude. The key of secrecy is on my lips; and Tlalock hath intrusted me with that invaluable gem which emits the rich perfume of consolation.'

'Father,' replied Magiscatzin, 'thou art as an angel of the God; he hath endowed thee with his own penetrations. My soul is disturbed within me, and I find no rest: for the bounty of Itztapalapa shineth on the undeserving. While merit and fidelity cover their heads in obscurity, or wander through  
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'the mountains of Tlascalcan; their necks unadorned with the chains of gold; their helms void of the variegated feathers due to them from the brother of the Sun.'

'Tremble,' said the venerable sage, 'to breathe the least murmur against the mighty Lord of Zocathlan, the ruler of ten thousand provinces, the powerful brother of the Sun! whom every element is proud to obey; and to whom, if the rulers of the air (who are privy to every voice of mortals) should bear thy complainings—in evitable misery!—thou wouldst fall an unpitied victim in the temple of the dread Vitzliputzli. But hearken, O my son. Thy mind is deluded by the sorcerers' Error: Disappointment hath spread her sable veil before thy sight; and thou canst not either discern the splendor of the great Itztapalapa's wisdom, or the plain and unperplexed path which leadeth to the temple of felicity. Dazzled with the lustre of greatness, thou hast treasured up in thy mind false notions of it's bliss; and, disappointed in the pursuits of it, fondly deemest thyself disappointed of real happiness. The evil Genii, who delight to distress the sons and worshippers of the beneficent Tlalock, triumphing over thy heart-corroding anxiety, have commissioned their busiest instruments to promote thy misery, and to render thee in truth what thou art in imagination only. The ideal blessings denied thee, are, by their agency, turned into real evils; and the loss of fancied gratifications prevents thee from enjoying those of which thou art possessed. But hearken to the voice of wisdom; obey, and thou shalt be blessed. Tell me, Magiscatzin, point out the man who buildeth his nest on the towering cedar of felicity.'

'Curdistan,' replied he in a moment, 'Curdistan dwells secure on it's topmost bough. He sits in his prince's favour, like the proud city of Mexico, empress of the world, in the midst of the lakes. Curdistan is happy.—Nor less so is Tabuca; honour and wealth wave, like yellow fields of ripe maize, around him, and the fairest beauty of Zocathlan encircles him with the snow of her arms.—And not less blessed, for not less honourable, is Xicoltenca; for he gives the golden cup, enamelled with the

topaz and the sapphire, into the hands of Itztapalapa, and reclineth on the same carpet to play at the royal game of Tololoque with the brother of the Sun. Yucatan also—'

'No more,' said the priest, interrupting him; 'it is enough, my son; mark this emerald. Take it, and preserve it with the utmost attention. It was the gift of Tlalock himself, who descended in thunder, while the earth trembled at his approach—the gift of the sovereign Tlalock to my immortal father; who now drinks out of the ruby bowls which Halicasti hands round to the Lords of Paradise. Bind it next to thy heart, and it will render thee invisible to every mortal eye; and haste thee away, enter every dwelling where thy desires long chiefly to dwell; and in the name of the mighty Deity, whose sacrifices I perform, and whose incense I burn, I swear to thee, that thou shalt be the man, whom thou thyself shalt confess the happy one. Finish thy enquiries with all speed; and when the sun shall twice have travelled over yon mountains, meet me in this place of meditation.'

The heart of Magiscatzin throbbed with ardour and impatience; he seized the emerald, and entered with the step of impetuosity the city of Zocathlan.

'Rejoice, son of Alibudah,' said Magiscatzin; 'the eye of Omniscience hath beheld thee with favour, though the dread Lord of Zocathlan did not vouchsafe thee a smile; glory standeth ready to bind around thy neck her golden chain; and rosy-wreathed happiness prepareth her softest sofas for thy repose. Immortal, eternal, life-giving Sun! Eye of the world, dispenser of health, of riches, of beneficence! Hear me, sovereign, with the golden locks.—My vows, my prayers, are thine! A thousand victims, in token of thankfulness, shall bleed on thy altars; and the smoke of incense shall waft, in odorous clouds, my praises to thee, seated on thy flaming throne of ruby.'

Thus spoke the delusive voice of flattery in the heart of Magiscatzin, as he trod with impatience from the mountains; he held the wonderful emerald close to his breast; and formed to himself a thousand schemes of happiness! Ambition mantled in his cheek; and Pleasure, in her saffron vestment, danced before

before his eye. Disappointment was a stranger to his ideas; vain and erring, he considered not the universal condition of mortality!

Soon as he entered the city of Zocathlan, he turned not to the right-hand or to the left; but bent his steady course to the dwelling of Curdistan. 'There,' said he, 'will I first prove the power of the great Tlalock's jewel; nor shall I have cause to prove it in any other dwelling than his! Curdistan's felicity shall be mine. Happy son of Alibudah, thou shalt be the magnificent Curdistan!' Unseen and unnoted, he entered the gates, and ascended the numerous steps which lead to the palace of Curdistan. He beheld with rapture and admiration the splendour of all things around him; the vessels shining with burnished gold; the paintings, glowing with fictitious life; the attendants, richly adorned, and zealous in their services. But when he saw the nobles and grandees of Zocathlan, waiting in a spacious apartment, to catch the smile, and touch the border of Curdistan's robe, he repressed with difficulty the transport of his expectations; and stood awhile deliberating with himself, whether he should not instantly return to the mountains of Tlalaclan; claim the promise of the priest; and assume the envied character of the blest Curdistan. 'Rather first, Magiscatzin,' said he within himself, 'refresh thy soul with a view of the mighty master of these profuse glories; and contemplate, delighted, in him, the radiant beams of gladness, which soon are to play around thee!' Instantly he sought the apartment of Curdistan. He found it; entered trembling with anxious delight;—but in a moment was struck with confusion and amazement! 'Curse upon my fortune!' were the first words he heard from the lips of him whom he envied; 'curse upon my fortune, and upon the hour which made me a slave to greatness and Itztapalapa! Had I been born an humble peasant, repose and peace would have smoothed my pillow; and all the torment of power had been unknown to my heart! Now the fears of solicitude drive sleep from my couch all the night, and the day is enslaved to dissimulation, falsehood, and tumult! Seated high, how difficult is it to preserve that seat; and if I fall, I fall with tenfold destruction! Not respecting my person, but

my power, a train of courtiers wait my approach; but, alas! I find no friend in the circle; he only is my friend on whom my hand showers gifts! Curse on them all, on myself, on my fortune; I am weary of existence!' He had scarcely uttered these words, to which every discomposure of countenance gave energy, before a messenger entered with the mandate of Itztapalapa, to deprive him of his honours and officers. Magiscatzin, terrified at the tempest of passions which tore him upon the receipt of this fatal mandate, (a mandate which he had but too much reason to suspect) shrunk disappointed from the palace, which he entered with the full gale of triumph; and, as he departed, observed every courtier stealing privately away; heard every lip freely owning the justice of the sentence, and cursing the pride and the folly of Curdistan.

Astonishment possessed the mind, and led the feet of Magiscatzin long devious and unperceiving whither he tended. But, at length, recollection summoned the powers of his soul: he resolved to pursue his enquiries; and less captivated with the glare of ambition, wished for the softer felicities of life. He hastened therefore to the house of Tabuca, attracted by the beauty of the daughter of Saram; whose graces the tongue of fame resounded loudly through the streets of Zocathlan; and who flourished in charms like the first vernal bloom on the trees of Paradise. 'Happy Tabuca,' said he within himself, 'the pure joys of immortal love are thine; the rich feast of unparalleled beauty is presented to thee! Love, without the interruption of anxiety; peace, without the molestations of ambition; honour, without the clamours of importunity, weave the crown of full and flourishing felicity for thy brow! Oh, Tabuca, who is blessed, who is to be envied, like thee!' He said, and entered the dwelling. But behold a fiend, which the malevolent Zareth sent forth from the regions of darkness and woe, to confound the choicest tranquillity of human beings, stood with ever-watchful eye at the door of Tabuca, and stooped up every avenue that might admit the approach of the dispensers of consolation. Magiscatzin grew pale at the sight. He knew the spirit of jealousy. 'And can it be possible,' said he, 'that this accursed demon should make his abode here?

'Alas, where he dwells, no bliss shall ever spring up and flourish. Plants only of baleful poison mark his footsteps.' He pressed forward, however, to the apartment of Tabuca. He found him, pale and pensive, lying on the ground. His heart heaved with anxiety. He doubted the fidelity of the fairest beauty of Zocathlan. He doubted the fidelity of the wife of his soul. Resolved to try the efficacy of his emerald to the utmost; Magiscatzin (though no longer wishing to assume the character of Tabuca; for how can the soul, harassed with jealousy, join in the chorus of free-hearted joys?) stole to the private chamber of the daughter of Saram, and there he beheld, while the thought no eye conscious of her proceedings—(for unwise, she thought not of the eye of Tlalock, which no mortal can elude)—he beheld, that beauty full often proves a snare to itself; and that eminence in charms subjects only to eminence of temptation and peril.

Disgusted and dissatisfied as before, Magiscatzin hastened from the house of Tabuca; 'Ambition is madness,' said he; 'the softer pleasures are unmanly; wealth alone is worth a wise man's concern: it's blessings are noble, are permanent; it procures all we want, it obtains all we wish. Greatness and honour are in its train; and the daughters of beauty fall down and adore it. I will haste then to the lowly, but wealthy retreat of Devostan. The felicity which flieth from the palace of the great, and the couch of the lovely, is assuredly to be found there.' It happened that, as he went along, a multitude, innumerable as the stars in the firmament, crowded the grand street of Zocathlan, and denied him passage: in the midst of them, attended by the ministers of justice, he beheld two wretches, whose brows indicated the deepest horror. He took the emerald from his heart, and appearing, in consequence, to the general view, solicited information concerning the cause of the present throng. 'Thou seest,' said the man of whom he enquired, 'in those miserable wretches, the only son, and the most favourite servant of Devostan. The former, wearied by the penurious severity of his father, and allured by the dire thirst of his countless possessions, engaged the other in a foul conspiracy. And they have washed their

hands—impious and detestable—in the blood of the father and master, that they might riot in his wealth. And lo, they are about to receive their due reward! The earth, astonished at their deeds, is preparing to swallow them up alive!'

'Oh accursed gold,' said Magiscatzin; 'wretched, wretched Devostan! And was I hastening to the place, where thy corpse lieth weltering in its blood — it's blood shed even by the hand of thy own son!'

'Son of Alibudah, how art thou deceived! Where canst thou find the happiness which thou seekest?'

He sighed; and, turning from the crowd, resolved to retire to his own house, and dedicate a few hours to reflection, before he renewed his search.

He folded his arms; fixed his eyes upon the earth; and with slow and pensive step moved towards his own dwelling. 'Oh, Magiscatzin,' said he; 'in the silence of reflection, thou art disappointed, but not satisfied. And dwellest she not beneath the golden roof of ambition and honour? Dost she not live in the blooming bower of young and fragrant beauty? Is happiness a stranger to that temple of wealth, which every foot delights to enter, where every hand is ready to kiss the mouth, in token of adoration! Lead me to the Goddesses, ye awful powers, endowed with celestial penetration; dispel the darkness of doubt and hesitancy. Oh, for a beam of unfailing light! shine forth; and shew me the way; make me great, and make me blessed!'

A deep and hollow groan at that moment sounded from a lowly cottage by which he passed: it pierced his heart; he drew near, and the cries of distress awakened his compassion. He entered the lowly door; and behold, stretched on the bed of sickness, lay the mother of six clamorous infants, demanding, with the voice of importunity, food to satiate their hunger. She replied only with tears. Magiscatzin sought the cause of her distress; grief is communicative; she informed him that the iron hand of Death had but lately cut down her husband, the trunk upon which she and her babes leaned for support. 'He, by his daily and laborious toil, earned for them the scanty pittance which fed the lamp of life.

'But

But now, friendless and unpitied; unknown, and unrelieved, famine preyeth upon my children,' said she, 'while sorrow eateth up my heart! How many of the great and the wealthy, whose tables are loaded by the hands of profusion and plenty, dream little of necessity like ours; and care not to diffuse the offals of their feasts, which would suffice to preserve us from the resistless severity of hunger! Not far hence,' continued she, 'lives the great and splendid Magiscatzin; wealth and felicity take up their abode in his happy dwelling, and his meanest domesticks are the envied children of peace. The very crumbs from his table would more than satiate our wishes; would give gladness to the heart of the disconsolate widow, and wipe away the tears from the hollow and half-famished eyes of the orphan!'

Magiscatzin heard, and was abashed. 'No more,' said he to the woman; 'the angel of consolation will visit thy cottage. Fear not: the clouds are dispersing, and the cheerful sun will speedily brighten the heavens.' Thus speaking, with hasty step he left the house of mourning, fearing to be discovered. 'Oh! mighty Tlalock,' said he, 'I had no need of thy emerald to teach me this wisdom. Son of Ali-budah, cease thy search; acknowledge thy error; and be glad to drink the waters of thy own clear fountain!' Immediately he issued his command to relieve the wants of the widow, and to feed the hungry orphans. And in that command the glow of benevolence warmed his bosom; he felt, that to be blessed was to be blessed! Cheerfulness resumed her seat on his forehead, and his eye sparkled again with vivacity and delight. 'I will get me to the mountains,' said he, 'early on the morrow; I will restore, without a desire to possess, the wondrous jewel, which the venerable priest hath committed to my trust. Let the false glare of honour allure; the destructive pursuit of riches bewilder; mine shall be a nobler aim. Sovereign Tlalock, I adore thee! The temple of human happiness is founded on the adamantine rock of benevolence and virtue.'

Early he sought the mountains of Tlalacan. The sage appeared. 'Take back thy jewel,' said Magiscatzin; 'it

availed not: by it's aid, I discovered only the unsuspected haunts of misery and woe; without it's aid, I have found the unerring path which leads to the immortal dome of happiness.' — 'Charge not the jewel, but thyself,' said the priest; 'thou mightest well have found that path long before; but without the jewel, know that thou wouldst never have found it. The chief cause of human discontent is the envious eye, which, looking to the loftier state, longs for the pleasures which, as it deems, dwell plenteous there; while it condemns and neglects the satisfactions in it's own power; and judges them worthless and inconsiderable, in comparison of the blazing glories above it. Erring mortals! how false, how vain is your estimate of things! The jewel hath enabled thee to know, what otherwise, Magiscatzin, little else than experience could have taught; that the heart full often is a stranger to joy, where the face wears the constant sun-shine of smiles: that the serenity of peace dwells not always where the outward triumphs of splendour exult; that the breast not rarely is torn with the tempest of cares, which seems hushed with the profoundest calm.'

'Yet mistake not; happiness, in a degree, though not in perfection, is a flower that will flourish in almost every soil. It withered in the garden of Curdistan; but it withered because Curdistan gave it not a proper culture. It requireth not to be fostered with the dews of honour, it wisheth not to grow beneath a shelter of gold; even the fair tendance of the hand of beauty is not peculiarly needful, it often is found in fresher verdure in the gardens of the homely. Yet neither will it fade, because beauty tends it; honour fosters it with her dew; or wealth spreadeth over it the alcove of gold. If the former is virtuous, the latter beneficent, diffusive, humane; the heart-felt joy, which enlivens and immortalizes, will lift up the soul, and make it divine.'

'For know, Magiscatzin, the eternal Powers that dwell beyond the Sun, are perfect in unutterable bliss, because they are perfect in unchangeable goodness. Wouldst thou be exalted to a participation of the joys which they share, conform thy soul to some similitude with theirs; to be immortal hereafter,

hereafter, labour to be god-like here. The nearer approaches thou makest to the temper of the Gods, the nearer approaches wilt thou make to their happiness. The more thou dost cultivate the virtues of divine original, and cast forth from thine hand the blessings of benevolence, while the generous sensations of humanity expand thy heart; the more wilt thou find of serenity in this world; the more lightly will the unavoidable difficulties of mortality lie upon thee; the more cheerful will be thy resignation: and hereafter, in the world of eternity, thou shalt quaff perennial delight, in full draughts, from the inexhausted fountain, which pours its streams of pleasure through the boundless realms of paradise.

The writer of this history adds, in the Eastern Manuscript, whence we have taken it, that the fame of Magilcatzin's humanity, after this, was borne

upon every breeze through the territories of the great Itztapalapa; that Sor-row never went from his gate with a tear in her eye; that Distress and Desolation never sought his roof, but they found a comforter; that, as he passed through the streets of Zocathlan, the blessings of age and infirmity, of sickness and hunger, of the orphan and the widow, fell upon him; that he lived long in the favour of the Gods, and left many wise maxims to his children; two of which were—  
 'Wouldst thou, oh! my son, find real happiness and content, look into the cottage of the slave, not upon the splendour of the prince.—Happiness, oh! my children, dwelleth in the heart; and he who would find her, and bring her home to that dwelling, must follow the guidance of virtue, and listen to the instructions of benevolence.'

## THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

BY MR. MARTYN.

SO may Love ever reward his faithful votaries! said the gentle Amanda, as she surrendered her hand to him who had long possessed her heart, the worthy, the enraptured, Edward Evelyn.

Mr. Honeyworth possessed an ancient, but pleasant and respectable seat, with an unencumbered estate of four thousand pounds a year, in that part of Hampshire which is delightfully situated by the sea, immediately opposite to the Isle of Wight. The estate had remained unaliened, and the mansion almost unaltered, for the greatest part of four centuries; and, what may appear more extraordinary, the good old customs of hospitality and benevolence had been preserved, and Honeyworth Hall failed not to afford succour to the afflicted, and an asylum to the wretched, without exception to age, country, or condition.

According to certain established rules, which had prevailed for several ages in the Honeyworth family, a match was provided for the present possessor of the estate as soon as he had passed through the usual forms of education, and had been conducted from Eton to Oxford, and from thence through Europe, in the ordinary and alike successful mode of mak-

ing the grand tour: and as, in this important contract, the only consideration had been a fortune sufficient to pay off the portions of younger children, and leave the estate uncharged; so it was less owing to the attention of his parents than to his own good fortune, that the lady possessed, besides the indispensable qualification, a competent share of beauty, together with an excellent and improved understanding, a cheerful and lively disposition, and unequalled goodness of heart.

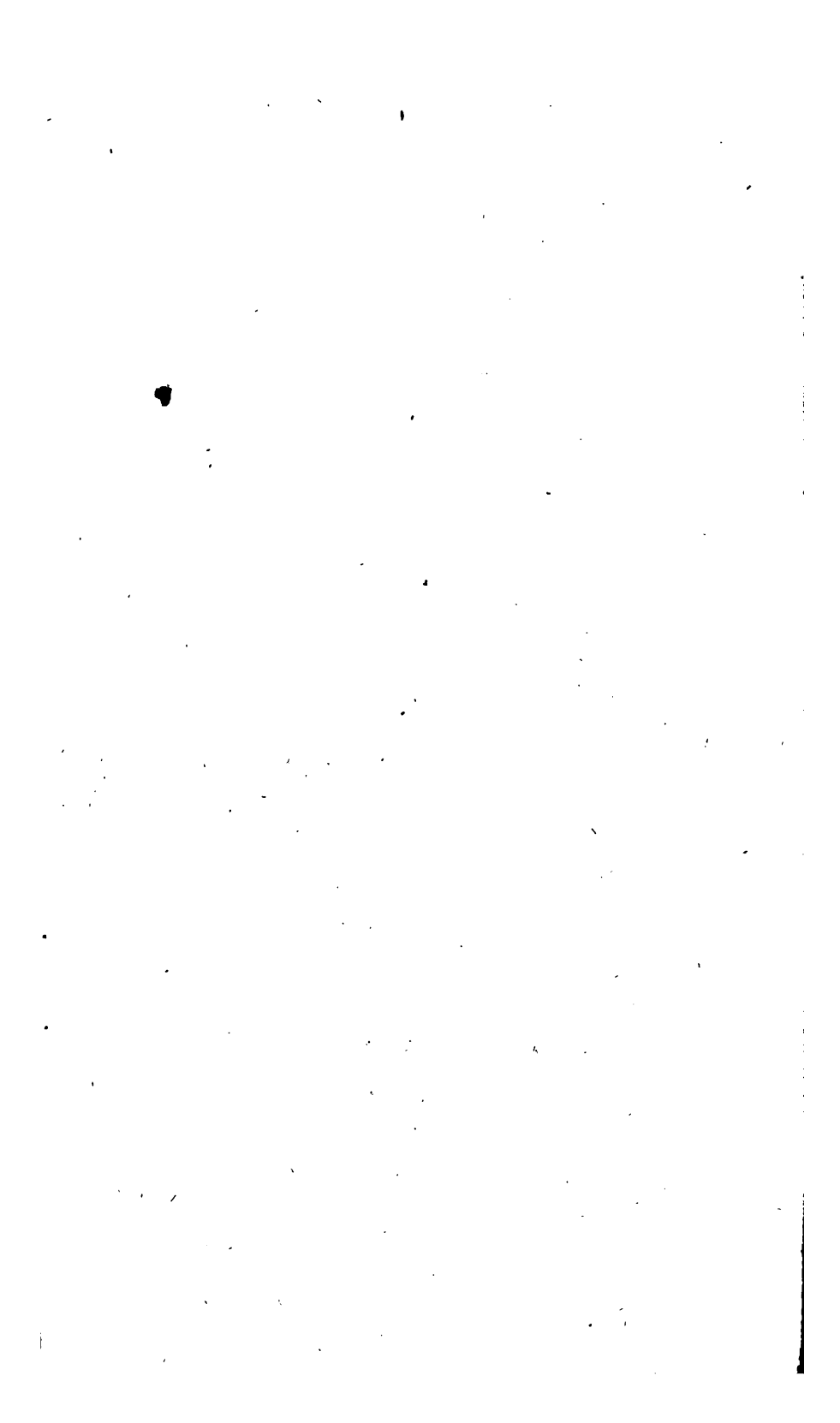
The lord of her affections (for, to compleat his felicity, he had the happiness to engage her tenderest regards) was a character which becomes daily less known. He resided wholly in the country; partook moderately of rural diversions; acted as a justice of the peace, to prevent mischief and reconcile differences among his neighbours; visited all those of his own rank, and received those of inferior condition; read a good deal; was well acquainted with the news and politics of the day; wished well to his country from principle; paid his taxes cheerfully; and neither strove to conceal the exercise of Christian duties, nor to perform them ostentatiously. In short, Mr. Honeyworth was a country gentleman; proud of his ancestors, but more





## THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

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more proud of having never disgraced his descent by a fordid, mean, or illiberal act.

A son and a daughter were the offspring of their loves, but Heaven did not long indulge them with the enjoyment of the former; he was snatched from their embraces in early infancy, and all their care devolved on the beautiful and amiable Amanda; who, under the immediate eye of her incomparable mother, profited by the instructions which she received from the best masters that could be procured, and at seventeen had acquired a surpassing degree of excellence in all the female accomplishments, with a mind as pure, as spotless, and as artless, as those of the angels whose forms she represented.

To a house like Mr. Honeyworth's it may easily be conceived, that the well-bred, learned, mild and humble rector of the parish, must be a welcome and frequent visitor; indeed, the two families seemed to live together, and the difference between four thousand pounds a year and two hundred, was so little felt by Mr. Evelyn, and every want was so liberally and politely anticipated by his more opulent neighbour, that the only inconvenience he suffered was that of a mind overflowing with gratitude, the current of which was continually forbid to flow, by the kind and brotherly injunctions of his neighbour, his patron, and his friend.

All the hopes of Mr. Evelyn rested on a son, the only remaining child of a numerous family; who, with their mother, had long since carried the greater part of the worthy clergyman's joys to the silent, unrelenting grave! but he was too good a Christian to repine, and too thankful for the surviving blessing, not to enjoy the mercy Heaven had afforded him, in a youth who was the pride of his acquaintance, and the darling of every heart.

After passing through a public school with the highest reputation, and spending one year in the metropolis for his improvement in the politer acquirements, Edward Evelyn returned to his father, and waited his commands to enter on his plan for passing through that world in which he well knew he was to make his way without fortune, and to depend for his establishment on his own conduct and deportment.

Neither his father's wishes, nor his

own inclinations, could have so many objects in view as to make the choice difficult; the church naturally offered to both, and as their opinions coincided, preparations were made for his entrance on his academical studies at the commencement of the term, which was now only a few weeks distant.

But before this short space of time had elapsed, a circumstance took place which altered all the views, and disconcerted all the intentions of young Evelyn; and gave birth to events widely different from the pursuits of theological knowledge, and the calm field of speculative improvement.

Miss Honeyworth and Edward Evelyn had lived almost together in their childhoods; and when the business of education placed him at a distance from his father, a larger proportion of his school recesses was spent at Honeywell Hall than at the parsonage; and as his father and his friend seemed to have almost an equal claim to his duty and affection, it became his task to divide it into nearly equal proportions, and to balance his fervent love to his father by his gratitude and respect towards Mr. Honeyworth.

But this pleasing, this delightful intercourse, was productive of consequences obvious to all but those who were chiefly interested in remarking them. At Edward Evelyn's last return to his father, after an absence of two years, he had the appearance, manners, and figure of manhood; in it's most elegant and engaging form; and as Amanda had nearly attained her seventeenth year, the bud of beauty had began to expand, and the smiling gaiety of youth had been exchanged for the graceful dignity of woman.

With a friendship, formed from infancy, cemented by the highest opinion of each other, and encouraged by more than parental permission, is it extraordinary, that in young and susceptible hearts it should kindle into love? Or that, accustomed as they had been to hear and join in the praises which in the absence of either were the perpetual theme of the admiring and affectionate parents, that love should be of the warmest, the most permanent kind? It was not the mere beauty of Amanda's person which captivated the heart of Evelyn: he admired her external charms, but he loved, he idolized her mind; and having

having long learnt to consider her as the consummate of perfection, he surrendered his own soul to the fascinating contemplation; nor suffered a thought to interrupt the blissful idea of possessing the accumulated treasures of youth, beauty, and virtue.

Nor was the unconscious Amanda less prodigal of her regards. To her, Edward Evelyn was the unrivalled paragon of excellence; and all the graces of body and mind concentrated in him alone: fortune would procure rank, title, and splendor, but happiness with Evelyn might be found in the humblest cottage.

Nor were these amiable and artless lovers under the smallest restraint; perpetually together in their walks, their rides, and their more domestick amusements, a thousand opportunities presented themselves to exchange vows of mutual fidelity, and pour out the genuine strains of heart-felt unaffected love.

But these Elysian scenes were of short duration; and the lovers were awakened from their golden dreams of felicity by a circumstance totally unexpected by them, because they were too much enraptured to afford themselves time for consideration.

Mr. Evelyn, the father, had discovered the mutual attachment; and taking the earliest opportunity, he questioned his son upon a subject in which, if he had ever been accustomed to deceive, his emotions would have betrayed him. He acknowledged, without the smallest reserve, the commencement and progress of his love; nor did he conceal the situation of the lady's heart, or the solemn engagements by which they had mutually ratified the ties of the tenderest affection.

Painful as was the task to the fondest of parents, and the most humane and benevolent of human beings, yet every consideration gave way to the performance of his duty, and Mr. Evelyn painted to his son, in the most lively colours, the impropriety of engaging the affections of a lady whose superiority in rank, fortune, and condition, placed her infinitely above even his hope; and the injustice of rendering his patron and friend unhappy, by throwing obstacles in the way of an alliance which he might expect to form with one of the first families in the kingdom.

Nor did he forget to remind him that

his reputation would be wounded by his pursuit of a plan, which the world would universally judge to be interested, and condemn as equally unprincipled and insolent; and he concluded with an exhortation to renounce vows which he ought not to consider binding, as they were founded on a basis which might be shook by the slightest efforts of reason.

Truth, irresistible truth, now flashed like lightning on the mind of the astonished Edward Evelyn; he felt at the same instant the horrors of conviction, and the pangs of despair; he thanked his equally affected father, in terms of the most grateful sensibility, for having rescued him from iniquity and dishonour; and he declared with the most perfect sincerity, his unalterable resolution to stifle a flame which he could never wish to conquer. And he concluded with an earnest entreaty that he might be permitted to depart immediately for the university; from whence, it was concluded, it would be more proper for him to acquaint Miss Honeyworth, by letter, with the discovery which had been made, and the resolutions which he had taken, than, by communicating these circumstances to her in person, to risk exciting emotions which he might be unable to conceal, and which might lay open the state of her heart to her father, to whom it could not be communicated without producing the most painful and disagreeable consequences.

The succeeding week was fixed on for his departure; and as it was an event which had been long determined, and publicly and repeatedly mentioned, the heart of the fair Amanda was prepared for it, and she took leave of Edward Evelyn by a repetition of her vows, and without those violent emotions which his absence would have occasioned, could she have known that it would have been protracted beyond the avowed term of three months.

But very different sensations agitated the mind of the ill-fated Edward Evelyn: torn to pieces by the contending passions of love and honour, his fortune would scarce support him through the dreadful conflict; and when the fair possessor of his heart bade him return to her at the earliest moment, all his prudence and resolution were necessary to prevent his dropping an expression which might alarm the watchful jealousy of love,

love, or a look which might betray the words that dwelt upon his lips—'I go, to return no more.'

Mr. Evelyn, the father, accompanied his son to Oxford; and having settled the plan of his studies, and the economy of his expences, he left him with more than usual regret; which he attributed to a heightened opinion of his virtue, from the late severe trial of it; and to the commencement of a friendship, which seemed to bind still more fast the ties of paternal love.

A letter explanatory of his intentions, and calculated to calm as much as possible the mind of the gentle Amanda, was soon transmitted by Edward Evelyn to his father; which he requested him to deliver into the hands of Miss Honeyworth, if the contents had his approbation.

The effect such a letter must produce, will be better conceived than described; the first impulses were jealousy and distraction, but these soon gave way to gratitude and admiration; and these effects were as naturally succeeded by the most violent paroxysms of affection; under the influence of which, the answered Evelyn's letter, with reiterated injunctions to recal his banished love, to preserve inviolate his plighted faith, and to cherish a hope, which maintained it's seat in her bosom, that Heaven would smile on their affection, and ultimately reward their constancy and truth. But this letter Mr. Evelyn, to whose care it was committed, did not think necessary to communicate to his son, who had forborne to solicit an answer, which he knew would only add to his anguish, and put his resolution to a trial in which he doubted his own strength.

As it had been previously concerted between Mr. Evelyn and his son, that the latter should spend the next vacation in town, instead of returning to the country, so his departure from the university to the metropolis, of which the father was informed by a letter from his tutor, affected him with no other surprize, than at it's being unaccompanied with one from his son; a neglect which he was the less able to account for, because he had ever been remarkably punctilious in the discharge of his dutiful and affectionate attentions; yet this circumstance produced no very considerable degree of uneasiness, and he consoled himself for this disappointment

with the expectation of a pleasing account of his son's safe arrival in the metropolis.

But when several succeeding posts failed to bring him this desirable intelligence, his anxiety took the alarm, and he dispatched letters of enquiry, at the same time, to his friend in London, and his son's tutor, at the university, and waited the result with inexpressible impatience.

The ordinary course of the post brought him answers to both: but they only tended to render him completely miserable, by acquainting him that his son had neither reached the metropolis, nor returned to his college.

Thunder-struck with information, which at once blasted all his hopes, cut off every future prospect of comfort and happiness, and consigned him to drag out the miserable remainder of his life in wretchedness and woe; he flew to Honeyworth Hall, to demand from the friend of his heart the consolation he was unable to afford himself.

But his afflictions were too keen to admit of his being guarded against the consequences of making the unfortunate Amanda acquainted with the occasion of them. Having entered the breakfast-parlour, as usual, without ceremony, he recounted his misfortune, and bewailed his wretched fate, in language too pathetic for the ears of love, and much as Mr. Honeyworth and his lady were affected at the melancholy tale, their attention was soon called off from the subject of it, by the situation of the unfortunate Amanda, on whom it had produced such an effect, as immediately opened the eyes of her disconsolate parents, and accounted for the gloom which, since the departure of Edward Evelyn, had apparently clouded the countenance of their once smiling and sprightly daughter. They saw the treasure of their hearts devoted to all the horrors of hopeless love, and solicitude painted her to their imaginations sinking under the weight of irremediable woe; and it was at this moment that parental affection triumphed over the dignity of descent, the consciousness of superiority, and the expectations of a splendid alliance. To have delivered the drooping hand of their Amanda to that of the worthy, the avowedly generous Edward Evelyn, would have been the consummation of their happiness; and while they poured

forth the tribute of praise, which was due to the disinterested father, and his noble-minded son, they mingled their heart-felt approbation of conduct which they were compelled to admire, with affectionate reproaches against that rigid virtue which had in all probability effected the destruction of the one, and threatened the other with a still less enviable fate.

All the enquiries which their own anxieties, or the kind offices of friends could suggest, were now set on foot for the recovery of the lamented Evelyn, but no traces of him could be discovered; and after two years spent in fruitless attempts, all hopes were abandoned; and the wretched father, the pining mistress, and her still more unhappy parents, found themselves completely bereft of even the most distant hope of future consolation. But the increased affection of the afflicted father and mother, to whom the misfortunes of their daughter had rendered her still more dear, and the grateful attentions of the most unfortunate of human beings, the pang-worn father of Edward Evelyn, were unceasingly exerted in sedulous endeavours to calm the mind of the beautiful and amiable Amanda; who, equally solicitous on her part to administer comfort to parents, unparal-elled in tender indulgence, suppressed her sorrows, stifled the rising sigh, and stopped the current of the bursting tear, though the "concealment, like a worm in the bud, preyed on her delicate cheek."

Among the little amusements which were devised by the friends of Amanda; to betray her into a temporary forgetfulness of her distresses, none seemed to answer that purpose so effectually as excursions to the shore of that sea from whence their residence was only a very few miles distant; and hither a collation was frequently carried, and some of those neighbouring ladies and gentlemen who had formerly stood highest in her esteem, were constantly invited to forth parties, the cheerfulness of whose conversations might produce the desired effect on the gentle, the love-born Amanda.

It was in one of these excursions that a ship was observed at anchor, at a small distance from the shore, whose ensigns displayed the distinctions of a captured enemy; and some of the younger part of the company having expressed an inclination to visit her, Amanda was

prevailed on to be of the party, and they embarked in a boat which had been procured for the purpose, gratified their curiosities, and were on their return to their friends, when a sudden squall of wind filled their sails with such impetuosity, that being light and unable to resist the impression, the boat overset, and the unfortunate passengers were committed to the merciless waves.

A boat from the ship having instantly put off to their assistance, they were all in a few moments rescued from impending death, but the beautiful Amanda; who, having been seized by a most atrocious billoo, was instantly carried to such a distance from her companions, that her fate appeared inevitable before the boat could possibly reach her.

But who can describe the horrors which rent the hearts of her miserable, her distracted parents! Those who have felt most sensibly the sweet sensations of parental love; those who have seen the most amiable, the most dutiful of children, torn from the warm embraces of affection, and hurried at once to violent and inevitable destruction; those who have in vain supplicated Heaven to assist them, and invoked the earth to cover them; may conceive, and such only can conceive, the horrors which surrounded the parents, the friends of Amanda!

Yet let not mortals imagine that the prayers of the virtuous are ever offered in vain; nor let despair pervade the human mind, even in the most severely trying moments of excruciating distress. At this critical instant, when some supernatural power could alone assist, a boat appeared from behind a point of land which had hitherto concealed it from the anxious spectators of this tremendous scene, and directing its course to the vessel, had now almost reached the lifeless but still floating Amanda. Every signal was made from the shore which could point out the object of their concern; but these efforts of their solicitude were unnecessary, the boat had now passed the unfortunate fair, when she was discovered by the officer by whom it was commanded, who, having directed the crew to follow him, plunged instantly into the waves, and having grasped the unconscious beauty, bore her triumphantly to his boat, by which she was in a few minutes conveyed to her more than distracted parents.

Gratitude to her deliverer was suspended

spended, by the most anxious attention to her recovery; and this being speedily effected, Mr. Honeyworth turned to his benefactor, to discharge some part of the heavy, the immeasurable debt: but what were his emotions, what the feelings of his heart, when he saw the restorer of his daughter strained to the heart-bursting bosom of his friend, and recognized the features of the long-lost, long-mourned, Edward Evelyn!

The adventures of this enterprising, and now happy youth, will be comprized in a very few words: his mind wholly occupied by the mistress of his heart, he found himself incapable of pursuing his studies with advantage; and, conscious that the affection of his father would prove an insurmountable obstacle to a resolution he had formed of devoting himself to the service of his country, he withdrew from the university to Portsmouth, and entered himself on board a ship of the line, which was ready to sail on a voyage to a distant part of the globe.

But his manners, his sobriety, his alacrity, and the indefatigable assiduity with which he applied himself to learn

every duty of his new profession, soon recommended him to the attention of one of those many humane, sensible, and gallant commanders, who confer honour on the British navy and on their country; he was soon advanced to the rank of an officer, and to a companion-ship more suitable to his birth and education: and having shortly an opportunity of giving such proofs of courage, conduct, and seamanship, on a trying and arduous occasion, as rendered it proper to dispense with the usual forms of the service, the commander of the Squadron had conferred on him a lieutenant's commission, and in that capacity he had just returned to England, as commander of the ship already mentioned, in the capture of which he had borne an active and honourable part.

It is unnecessary to relate what followed; the apostrophe with which the tale commenced will be sufficiently explanatory of its conclusion. And it only remains for us to observe, that the paths of honour and virtue are the only sure roads to fame, fortune, and happiness.

## THE ORACLE.

**T**HE powerful and wicked Morullah, lord of one of the most magnificent kingdoms of the East, consulted an Oracle, on the birth of two twin-sons, concerning their succession to the throne, which was insecure, as he had usurped it from his brother, now an old man, who had no other child living than one daughter, nearly of the same age as the two young princes. The answer of the Oracle was obscure; but implied, that the eldest of them would be murdered by the new-born prince, in case of her being suffered to live till the age of twenty; after which period she would reign. This information disturbed her father much. He was a virtuous prince, and knew what he had to fear from his brother's temper; but Morullah, whose cunning equalled his impiety, and who beheld him old, enfeebled, and sickly, judged it prudent to wait till his death, before he perpetrated the murder of his child, who would then have less chance of being avenged; and contenting himself for the present with having a strict watch kept over her, that she

might not be removed out of his reach, made infinite merit of his forbearance, well knowing that his brother could not proceed to violent measures against him. This conduct might have made an impression on one who had received less piercing proofs of his disposition than the dethroned king had done: on him it made none; wherefore, going to the cave of an aged dervise skilled in prophecy and the holy arts, and who had befriended him since his youth, he acquainted him with the answer of the Oracle, and conjured him, with testimonies of the liveliest grief, to guard the life of the innocent Azinda, when his death should happen, which he had foretold him near. Every assurance, capable of convincing the least credulous heart, was afforded him by the dervise, whose integrity and honour he had long known; and the proofs of them were soon required, for the pious prince lived not three moons after this conference.

During the last sickness of his brother, Morullah caused a double watch to be held over the young prince; and, on

the day of his death, appointed murderers to render it that of her's too: but the vigilance of the dervise permitted not the perpetration of this crime. In the habit of one of the murderers, in the dead of the night, he procured admission into the palace; and concealing her under his robe, found means to make his escape by back ways with which he had been well acquainted before the time of the usurper.

His cave was some leagues distant from the city, and thither he conveyed his charge. As he was then little known at court, and unsuspected by Morullah's courtiers of having been the favourite of the former prince, no place they so little thought of searching into. Beneath its roof Azinda therefore was safe from her pursuers; and was brought up by the dervise, whose daughter she believed herself to be, with holy precepts to a practice of virtue. Her form was lovely, and her temper docile.

The king, mean time, enraged at her escape, and unable to form any conjecture as to the means, gave orders for all his guards and murderers to be tortured for their neglect; but, at last, finding it impossible to recover her whose absence might prove so fatal, he rendered himself as easy as was in his power, by causing every precaution to be taken that could ensure the safety of the eldest prince, whose name was Mirvan; confining him strictly to the palace, and suffering no young or unknown female to approach him.

As the princes grew up, their dispositions were easily discerned. The external appearance of each was engaging; but the temper of Azor was serene as the blue sky over the valley; whilst Mirvan was haughty, impetuous, and impatient. The favourite of his father, he tyrannized over all beneath him, and bore not contradiction from any.

Nor was the good dervise less careful of the safety of his lovely charge in the desert. Each day did he bestow his precepts on the attentive Azinda; and each evening sparkling in her dark eye, appeared a soul more animated and more informed than on the preceding one. 'Thou knowest not the world,' said he, 'and snares will be laid for thy youth. Man will consider thee as his prey, and will hunt thee down as the tiger chaceth the wild deer of the forest. Thy fate is written in the heavens;

and, if thy want of firmness forbids it not, it will be fortunate. The hour draws near when thou wilt be led into the world. Neglect not the summons, or thou canst not be tried. Lo!' added he, 'I give thee this dagger; and when, articulated by an human voice, thou hearest these words, *Azinda, the hour is come!* scruple not, deliberate not, but plunge it into the breast of the speaker.' The dervise turned away, and Azinda went into the forest, to meditate on his words.

Meditation led her far; and she had already reached the entrance of the wood on the farther side, when, her soul strengthened into resolution, she beheld a beautiful white horse, richly accoutred, pacing along the road without a rider.

Beauty is attractive, though in a species inferior to our own. The stately appearance of this white horse induced Azinda to attempt overtaking him, for he went slowly on, being somewhat entangled in his trappings. She was already within a few paces of him, when an object more beautiful and more interesting deprived him of all her attention. A youth, the richness of whose dress proclaimed him of no common rank, was lying motionless on the ground; and beside him, three men, killed, and weltering in their blood. The surprize of the prince's rendered her for a time as immoveable as the unfortunate persons before her; but that emotion soon gave way to an earnest desire of succouring him in whose countenance she perceived the most signs of life. From a brook that flowed near, she threw water on his face, which, from lying on one side, she held so as to be more exposed to the air. Her endeavours were not unsuccessful. In a few moments the youth re-opened his eyes. He was without wound, but stunned by his fall. He looked round, and sighed bitterly at the fate of his companions, yet with presence of mind sufficiently recovered to return thanks to her whose care had recalled him to life. With her assistance he arose, and a house standing near on that side of the forest, she conducted him to it, supporting his steps by the way, for they yet trembled from the shock his frame had received. They were entertained with civility by persons to whom Azinda was not unknown; and the youth was conducted into an apartment.



apartment, that he might have the liberty of recovering himself more perfectly. There also he was at liberty to examine more minutely the charms of his beautiful companion. He gazed on them at first with pleasure, and afterwards with delight; till, when they were strengthened by the graces of her conversation, he found himself incapable of parting from her; and, in order to engage her continuance near him, having already been apprized of her supposed rank and situation in life, he addressed her in these words. 'Your obligation, my fair protectress, has neither been cast away on an ingrate, nor on one incapable of returning it. I am Azor, the younger prince of this empire; and the king, my father, shall know and reward the humanity of her who has restored the existence of his son, provided she will accompany me to the city, which is not many furlongs removed from hence.'

Azinda heard these words with emotion. The prince was very amiable; and she remembered the injunction of the dervise, not to refuse a summons into the world. The recollection co-operating with the attractions of Azor, she consented to accompany him. On their arrival at the palace, he presented her to his father with a warmth of commendation and gratitude seldom to be met with in young hearts, and seldom in others. He related the whole of his adventure, but dwelt little on the first circumstances of it. He had been engaged, while hunting with all his attendants, by the scouting party of an enemy, with whom, though they were not actually at war, they had not firmly settled a peace. Many of his attendants, terrified by the numbers of the foe, had fled; the rest had been killed; and he, after some time defending himself, thrown from his horse; on which, imagining he had shared the fortunes of the others, they had made off. Morullah was warm in his acknowledgments to Azinda, who received them with pleasure from the father of him she thought more amiable than any one she had yet seen. An apartment adjoining to that of the two princes was allotted her; her stay entreated; and no request denied, excepting that of being introduced to the king's eldest son.

One day, in the gardens of the palace, she was surprised by the sudden

opening of a window that looked into them; and, on raising her head, perceived it to be that belonging to the apartment next her own, and a man standing at it, gazing earnestly upon her. It was Mirvan, struck with her charms from the natural effect of them, and from his being so unused to the sight of beautiful objects. His notice distressed her, and she returned into the palace; but the heart of Mirvan returned not as she went. That of his brother had long been her's, by his own acknowledgment. She was not insensible to the virtues of this prince, and joined in his wish of their union: but could she consent to it without the knowledge of her good father, the dervise? It was not to be done, and she therefore resolved to go to his cave. In the evening, as usual, Azor came into her apartment. She acquainted him with her purpose, but he would not suffer her to put it into execution alone. He determined to accompany her; but there were no means of doing it publicly, as the king, it was more than probable, would prevent them. The night, therefore, it was resolved, should favour them, by concealing their flight from the watches that were ever stationed round the palace. The hour of one, next morning, was fixed on, and the place of their meeting the door out of the garden. After this agreement, he left her in haste, for fear of being found in her presence; but, in less than half an hour, she received a note, countermanding the time, and requesting it might be twelve, at the same place. At twelve, therefore, she descended into the garden, and found Azor waiting at the gate. She joined him in silence. The obscurity of the night rendered their motions unobserved, and a short time conveyed them to the cave. It was empty, for the dervise, as was his custom at that early hour of the morning, was meditating in the forest. They sat down on the ground, expecting his return, and entered into conversation. 'Can there,' said Azor, 'be a more perfect happiness than that of having our hearts filled, interested, by what we love? Mine, hitherto, has been lost in vague desires, of which even the accomplishment rendered me not happy; but now, Azinda, the hour is come, when I shall know happiness in the knowledge of that of another, and receive by conferring it.'

What

What were the feelings of Azinda, when she heard the fatal and predicted words; heard them from the mouth of him she loved! Her heart shuddered, but she recalled to mind the expressions of the dervise. She believed him her father, and knew of his piety and truth. She drew out the dagger unobserved; but it dropped from her hand, and her head grew giddy. Azor started, and the dervise appeared at the mouth of the cave. 'Azinda,' cried he, 'remember my words!' The venerable figure of her preserver, and awful sound of his voice, overcame her; and she plunged the dagger into the bosom of the astonished and undefending prince, who sunk down lifeless from the blow; but her senses failed her as she gave it, and a deep swoon, for a time, relieved her from the recollection of what she had done. On her recovery, she found herself in her apartments at the palace, whither the dervise had conveyed her; and he now brought her acquainted with what had passed during her insensibility, and also with such of the circumstances preceding it's cause as she was yet ignorant of.

It has already been observed, that Mirvan, struck with her appearance from the window, had become enamoured of her. He discovered the passion of his brother, and envied him a felicity he was free to enjoy; while himself was restricted by a care, of which, in his heart, he cursed the author. His apartments joined to those of Azinda; and the slightness of the partition between them suffered him to overhear the last conversation of his brother with her, and to learn their scheme of returning to the cave of the dervise, together with the plan of their meeting. This knowledge added tenfold to his torture, and he threw himself on the sofa in agony. 'Oh!' exclaimed he 'for some kind Genius, to assist me in this perplexity! Oh that I could go with Azinda to the cave of her father, in the stead of Azor!' Scarcely had he

pronounced the name of his brother, when the ceiling gave way, and divided, running back on either side, to yield a passage to the Genius, who instantly stood beside the sofa on which the unhappy prince was reclined. 'Thy wish is granted,' he cried. 'Lo! I invest thee with the appearance of thy brother, and with the power of imitating his hand: write to his mistress in his name, and appoint the time an hour sooner. Meet, and accompany her to the dwelling of the dervise, and rest there in peace.' Before Mirvan could reply, the Genius was gone. He gazed in a mirror, and beheld, with delight, the countenance of Azor. The delusive mandate was sent to Azinda, who met him, and was deceived by the form he wore. They arrived together at the cave, where he rested in peace, as the Genius had foretold.

The dervise now informed the king of the murder of the eldest prince by the rightful heir to the throne; and reminding them of the Oracle, discovered Azinda to the people, who, inflamed by his eloquence, and weary of a tyrannizing monarch, vowed to defend her rights. Morullah, enraged at the loss of his favourite son, the defeat of his darling scheme, and the impotence of his wrath against a people sick of his government, and vain of their power of abolishing it, poisoned himself through grief and shame: and Azor, who, amidst all these tumults, was yet employed in seeking for Azinda, whom he had waited for impatiently and in vain, was recalled by the messengers of the dervise, who acquainted him, as he had done the princess, with such circumstances as he had yet to learn; and afterwards introduced him into the presence of his mistress, who, in a short time, re-ascended with him the throne of her forefathers.

Let not the wicked ever rest as secure, for no human precaution can ward off the fore-doomed punishment of guilt.

## THE DUKE OF MONTAGUE'S FROLICK.

### A TRUE ANECDOTE.

SOON after the conclusion of the late peace, he had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare,

appeared, at a certain hour, in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the

gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolick. He began, therefore, by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment, but upon the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt, upon farther enquiry, that the captain, having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down into Yorkshire, whither he constantly transmitted the one moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them near the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations.

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity, as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculations, on a bench, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream; and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he did, or to believe his senses when it was repeated to him till he did. In short, he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude, of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended

him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine, chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend; that having learnt these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no imputation upon his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face; who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to reject it; and therefore, to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder; but his wonder was unpeakeably increased, when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolick by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary; it is sufficient to say that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who at length, with much difficulty, got his guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall to without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened that, soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his law-  
yer

yer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read; when, to complicate the adventure and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a little-

ment which the duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliments: 'For,' says he, 'I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction any other way.'

## THE TEMPLE OF REBELLION;

OR,

### VISION OF SECOND-SIGHTED SAWNEY.

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

WRITTEN BY MR. ADDISON, IN THE YEAR 1716.

IT is an old observation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for as our news-writers must adorn their papers with that which the critics call *the marvellous*, they are forced, in a dead calm of affairs, to ransack every element for proper amusements, and either to astonish their readers from time to time with a strange and wonderful sight, or be content to lose their custom. The sea is generally filled with monsters, when there are no fleets upon it. Mount *Ætna* immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion; and woe to the people of *Catanea*; if the peace continues; for they are sure to be shaken every week with earthquakes, till they are relieved by the siege of some other great town in Europe. The air has likewise contributed it's quota of prodigies. We had a blazing star by the last mail from *Genoa*; and in the present dearth of battles have been very opportunely entertained, by persons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our sharp-sighted malecontents discovered many objects invisible to an eye that is dimmed by whig-principles.

I question not but this essay will fall in with the present humour, since it contains a very remarkable vision of a Highland seer, who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of

Second-Sighted Sawney. Had he been able to write, we might probably have seen this vision sooner in print; for it happened to him very early in the late hard winter; and is transmitted to me by a student of *Glasgow*, who took the whole relation from him, and stuck close to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own stile.

Sawney was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognosticks. Most of his ancestors were second-sighted, and his mother but narrowly escaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to steal a sheep, he was seized on the sudden with a fit of second-sight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and presented him with a wide prospect of new scenes and objects which he had never seen till that day.

He discovered at a great distance from him a large fabrick, which cast such a glistering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a standard, streaming in a strong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thistles and flower-de-luces. As he was amusing himself with this strange sight, he heard a bagpipe at some distance behind him; and, turning about, saw a general, who

who seemed very much animated with the sound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt, upon enquiry, that they were making a procession to the structure which stood before him, and which he found was the Temple of Rebellion. He immediately struck in with them; but described this march to the temple with so much horror, that he shivered every joint all the while he spoke of it. They were forced to clamber over so many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of so many precipices, that they were very often in danger of their lives. Sawney declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every step he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they passed through a very thick grove, consecrated to a deity who was known by the name of Treason. They here dispersed themselves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks which led to the temple. The path was so very slippery, the shade so exceedingly gloomy, and the whole wood so full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greatest wariness, circumspection, and silence. They at length arrived at a great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabrick. Sawney stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendor of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of statues, which were planted up and down in a spacious court that lay before it; but, upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabrick, which made such a glittering appearance, and seemed impregnable, was composed of ice; and that the several statues, which seemed at a distance to be made of the whitest marble, were nothing else but so many figures in snow. The front of the temple was very curiously adorned with stars and garters, ducal coronets, generals' staffs, and many other emblems of honour, wrought in the most beautiful frost-work. After having stood at gaze some time before this great gate, he discovered on it an inscription, signifying it to be the *Gate of Perjury*. There was erected near it a great Colossus in snow that had two faces, and was dressed like a Jesuit, with one of it's hands upon a book, and the other grasping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular survey of several of the figures.

There was Sedition, with a trumpet in her hand, and Rapine in the garb of a Highlander; Ambition, Envy, Disgrace, Poverty, and Disappointment, were all of them represented under their proper emblems. Among other statues, he observed that of Rumour whispering an idiot in the ear, who was the representative of Credulity; and Faction embracing with her hundred arms an old-fashioned figure in a steeple-crowned hat, that was designed to express a cunning old gypsy, called Passive Obedience. Zeal, too, had a place among the rest, with a bandage over her eyes, though one would not have expected to have seen her represented in snow. But the most remarkable object in this court-yard was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the same kind with that which Virgil tells us flourished at the entrance of the infernal regions; for it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in clusters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreshed themselves in the shade of this tree before they entered the Temple of Rebellion; and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit that fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd rushed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a sword in the right-hand, and a firebrand in the left. The fore part of the pedestal was curiously embossed with a triumph; while the back part, that lay more out of sight was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worshipped, like several of old, with human sacrifices; and his votaries were consulting among themselves how to gratify him with hecatombs, when on a sudden they were surprized with the alarm of a great light which appeared in the southern part of the heavens, and made it's progress directly towards them. This light appeared as a great mass of flame, or rather glory, like that of the sun in it's strength. There were three figures in the midst of it, who were known, by their several hieroglyphicks, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valour. The last had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a star upon it's breast, which shot forth several pointed beams of a peculiar lustre. The glory which encompassed them covered the place, and darted it's rays with so much strength, that the whole fabrick and all it's ornaments began to melt. The several em-

blems of honour, which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials above mentioned, trickled away under the first impressions of the heat. In short, the thaw was so violent, that the temple and statues ran off in a sudden torrent, and the whole winter-piece was dissolved. The covered walks were laid

open by the light which shone through every part of them, and the dream-tree withered like the famous gourd that was smitten by the noon-day sun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greatest precipitation, and dispersed themselves by flight into a thousand different paths among the mountains.

## SABINUS AND OLINDA.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

**I**N a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whose cliffs are washed by the German Ocean, lived Sabinus, a youth formed by nature to make a conquest wherever he thought proper; but the constancy of his disposition fixed him only with Olinda. He was, indeed, superior to her in fortune; but that defect on her side was so amply supplied by her merit, that none was thought more worthy of his regards than she. He loved her, he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joining hands publicly, they avowed the union of their hearts. But, alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, are exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignant effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how detestable, are they, who have this fury for their guide! How certainly will it lead them from themselves, and plunge them in errors they would have shuddered at even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiable qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highly esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and injuriously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. By incautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in her breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgot those many virtues, for which she had been so long and so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion, and mistaken resentment, betrayed her into all the gloom of discontent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness of others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of nothing but revenge. How unlike what she was, the cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana!

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly, so affectionately founded; and planned every scheme which the thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of

Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit; and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship, Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his entreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to gaol, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation, and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal, and he read for her while employed in the little offices of domestick concern. Their fellow prisoners admired their contentment; and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus shewed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she

conjured

conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for ever, not to discompose himself; that, so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable, but his seeming to want happiness; nothing pleased, but his sympathizing with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make it's horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will, in favour of a very distant relation, and who was now in another country, might be easily procured and burnt, in which case, all her large fortune would revert to him, as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow, for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by

Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long, and so unprovoked, injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had from the next room herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue: she therefore re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary supplies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving heirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both were happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana; who dying soon after, left them in possession of a large estate, and in her last moments confessed, that virtue was the only path to true glory; and that, however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

## IMPERIAL CLEMENCY.

BY MR. FISHER.

THE Maréchal de Sabran had retired from the service of his king and country at the age of sixty-five, having been equally distinguished for undaunted valour, and the most extensive knowledge of military affairs. The place of his retreat was a solitary romantick chateau, the splendor and hospitality of which were every way worthy of so noble and illustrious a guest: to this abode Fame attended her hoary warrior, after having led him secure, through a series of dangers, to the highest honours which a useful monarch could bestow. Here he proposed enjoying the bright evening of that day, the meridian splendor of which had never been obscured by a cloud. Under this friendly roof, that cordial hospitality was realized which is now seldom heard of but in times remote, or in fabled tales. No surly Swifts, in all pride of upstart insolence, was placed,

like a dragon, before the gate of this seat of affluence; nor was it ever closed against the foot of even vagrant misery. Every eye invited the stranger with a condescension suited to his rank and pretensions; and the very dogs themselves, as if influenced by their lord's example, seemed to tell him he was welcome; while the board of plenty, at which he was placed without ceremony, effectually convinced him he was so.

Ye, whose days flow on in one dull scene of useless inactivity, or roll in a continued torrent of voluptuous enjoyment; who bask in the sunshine of fortune due to virtues which can alone be traced in the annals of your fires; compare your frivolous existence with that of the old Maréchal de Sabran, and while ambition excites you to envy his fame, let reason urge you to the imitation of his virtues!

Of all those who from friendship or want sought his protection, none were received with more apparent satisfaction than those who, like himself, had devoted their lives to arms. Scarcely any distinction was known among persons of this description. It was enough that the stranger either was, or had been, a soldier: his arrival was announced; the *Maréchal* ran to meet him; and all his necessities were relieved as soon as known. The account which his guests had to give of their several exploits in the field, brought back the remembrance of what he had himself been, and what he hoped his son might prove when he should be no more. To educate this youth in the early knowledge and practice of true virtue and honour, was the chief pleasure and occupation of his age. This he did not attempt by implanting on the unprepared soil abstruse and metaphysical notions of this world or the next, which never can be learned too late; but, by the insertion of such plain truths as naturally spring from the harmony and order of things. Was the point, for instance, to investigate the Deity, his existence was proved by that of creation; his benevolence, by the blessings diffused around it. The lily of the vale served as an emblem of his purity; and every spontaneous note which warbled from the spray or grove, seemed to indicate that praise is due to his sacred name. All dark and disconsolate ideas, by which superstition is too apt to cast a gloom over the present, or cloud the prospect of futurity, were either wholly rejected as dangerous, or reserved till the powers of reason should be sufficiently strong to compare ideas with a proper degree of just and philosophical discrimination. By these cares and attentions from a fond, but not a too fond parent, the young Comte de Sabran, at a very early period, had acquired a fund of real knowledge, which few others attain after all the labours of what is called a compleat system of education. His ideas, naturally fluent and extensive, were confined within proper bounds by the aids of a well-informed judgment; though a tenant of the shade, he conversed with men; nor, in his choice of a companion, gave that preference to a brute, which can only be supposed to originate in a similarity of tempers and manners. The enraptured *Maréchal*, who saw this plant of his care flourish beneath his fostering

hand, already received the reward of his labours in the shade he foresaw it would in time afford to the wretched, and the fruits it would in due season bring forth to his country.

The Comte, who was now entering on his fifteenth year, was impatient for the time when his father's expectations should be put to the desired test. With what transport did he listen to him, when addressed in the following manly terms!

'Sabran,' said the hoary sage and warrior, for the two characters were equally blended in his soul, 'a new scene is now opening before you; and I hope you are prepared to act your part in it agreeably to the maxima you have received from me. If so, my boy,' continued he, a tear of auspicious presentiment stealing down his aged cheek, 'then shall my grey hairs go down with resignation to the grave, and my last breath be expired in calling down blessings on thy head. Remember, my son, that every man, however free by nature, is born the servant of that society in which he is a subject: let the slave be led on by mercenary views; a gentleman should act from nobler motives. Duty and fame are the two objects he must have in view; nor can he, without forfeiting his claim to true nobility, attend to any other.'

'Take,' added he, as he delivered his sword into his hands, 'this faithful companion of thy father's labours; and with that keep clear the path to glory, which his arm has hewn out for thee: the fortune, the rank, the titles, it has gained me, must, I know, be thine; but that is not enough, I expect thee to deserve them. Take, then, this trusty sword; not to be polluted by the streams of private vengeance: reserve it, with thyself, for what alone has a claim to both, thy country. Be this, in a word, thy rule on every occurrence; never to unsheath this sword but with mercy, never to resign it but with life!'

The Comte received the present with eyes that for awhile alone spoke the language of his heart: then, drawing it on a sudden, and pointing to the blade, he exclaimed, with all the fervour of youth—'Let the enemies of my country appear, and the blood in which I hope to see it tinged, shall prove if yours has degenerated in my veins!'

Every



Every thing being prepared for the young hero's equipment, he took leave of a parent from whom he till then had never been absent a day, and joined the regiment in which a commission was assigned him.

Three years of peaceful inactivity lingered away ere war gave scope to his valour, and relieved the torment of impatience. Of this delay he never failed to complain with energy, when a temporary indulgence, or the customary leave of absence, permitted him to visit the place of his nativity, and the venerable author of his being. It was during one of these pleasing intervals, that an accidental circumstance took place which determined the happiness of his life.

Sequestered from the village, but nearly adjoining to his father's park, stood a small neat mansion, that contained a treasure he had occasionally seen, but the intrinsic value of which he had till now little suspected. Maria, if some eyes might not deem her in every sense the most beautiful, must be universally allowed the most lovely of her sex. She was formed to shine in courts: but the envy of a maiden aunt condemned this flower to droop unseen, and wither in the shade. In this dull scene of vegetative existence, her only resource against Ennui was in books; and by these she endeavoured, as much as possible, to beguile those slow-paced hours which ever attend on the steps of melancholy. Having wandered through the fields one evening, to taste such faint relief as the beauties of nature could afford to her pensive mind, she had seated herself in the shade, to read that part of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* which so pathetically describes her disconsolate namesake at Moulins. Insensibly, the drowsy god had given a respite to her cares, and closed those eyes which the less tranquil state of her mind had condemned to too tedious vigils. The book lay open at her side; and the name of MARIA was half blotted from the page by a tear of sympathy which had fallen upon it: her cheek, more beautiful in languor, was gently reclined on her left-hand; and the breeze, that seemed to wanton around her with delight, had half removed the lawn which before concealed her bosom. What wonder the unpractised heart of young Sahran was moved with a sight that would have thawed the coldest anchorite to warm desires! To see, to admire, and for

the first time to love, were the revolutions of a moment; the next conveyed him imprudently into her arms. In that auspicious, and yet unlucky minute, appeared the ill-boding figure of Miss Dorothee de Taillis, the very pious and discreet aunt of whom honourable mention has already been made. Her ideas, at best, were seldom of the most charitable kind; the reader may therefore form a tolerable guess at their import, on witnessing the scene just described: and, indeed, it must be granted, that a young fellow in regimentals, in a grove, and in such a situation, gave but little room for favourable conjectures.

Aunt Dorothee flew to the charge like an Amazon: with her left-hand she seized the unsuspecting Comte by the neck; and, with her right firmly clenched, began to buffet him with unremitting zeal and assiduity. This unexpected attack in the rear, obliged the young hero to face about; and would have afforded poor Maria an opportunity of flight, had not the manner in which she was surprized caused her instantaneously to faint away; and she remained in a state of insensibility till the contest between her aunt and lover was brought to a crisis.

The first object that presented itself to her waking eyes was her enraged kinswoman, who would not have been ill-matched with the Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Maria gave a shriek, and again fainted. Young Sahran would have flown to her relief; when Aunt Dorothee immediately interposed, and by this manœuvre received the embrace intended for Maria, in which position they both fell to the ground. Aunt Dorothee exclaimed, in a tone much less unpleasing than usual, that she was undone, ruined, violated! and, in spite of all efforts, kept the Comte on the turf close locked and nearly suffocated in her arms.

By this time the alarm was spread to some peasants in a neighbouring field, who came running to the spot, armed with clubs, forks, and such other weapons as their labour afforded. With some difficulty they relieved the enraged Comte from his critical situation. An explanation immediately ensued, in which Aunt Dorothee was by far the most distinguished speaker; who, after having exhausted her rage, and the patience of her auditors, in threats and invectives against the Comte and Maria, was proceeding

ceeding to less gentle usage of the latter; when her lover stepped in, and declared his resolution, in a tone that proved him to be in earnest, of sacrificing Aunt Dorotheë to immediate retaliation, unless she instantaneously desisted from her purpose. Having gained this first point, he soon insisted on a second; and, after a few preliminary articles, bore away his prize in triumph. The peasants, who had not the highest opinion of Aunt Dorotheë's character, refused to interfere; and even gave Sabran three cheers of approbation, which they knew would not go unrewarded. Thus they parted! Sabran more elate than Alexander at his return from the conquest of India; Aunt Dorotheë, with all that rancour, spite, and malice, in her heart, which the reader may suppose in a woman agitated by so many and such violent passions.

The Comte, who was to the full as much in love as if he had been making it for years, and whose intentions towards the object of his wishes were every way honourable, was by no means desirous, as yet, to discover the secret to his father. After some deliberation, he procured lodgings for Maria in the neighbourhood. But who can stop Fame in a country village? The short space of two hours brought the whole affair, with additions, to the Maréchal, who immediately surmised the couple *tête à tête* in their new apartments. 'Heigh-day!' exclaimed he, at entering—but not in a tone of passion; 'what! Monsieur le Comte getting the girls into a corner already!' The Comte made no answer; and he proceeded—'Well, Miss! and so I find you have been laying love-baits for my son? But—' Here Maria trembling in every limb, threw herself at his feet, and entreated him, with a voice of supplication which must have touched even a Nero, not to condemn her unheard. There was a something even in Maria's aspect that pleaded irresistibly in her favour, before her lips uttered a single syllable; and so sweet were the accents which flowed from that source of candour and truth—that had she asked for empires, no other idea would have resulted from the request, than how they might be procured for her. Maria was suffered to proceed: she told the Maréchal, in few words, not one of which failed to reach his heart, that she presumed he was equally mistaken as to her designs and character. She said, that, like La-

vina, she had been left a solitary shepherdess of the woods; with this difference, that Lavina found comfort in the arms of a tender parent, while she had been consigned to the care of a relation who seemed to find a malicious pleasure in aggravating her distress. At the mention of the park-scene, the Maréchal could not help exclaiming to his son—'What! attempt the virtue of an innocent female, and to steal a march upon her when she was asleep too!'

The Comte soon undeceived the Maréchal in his hasty conjectures: and when he came to the part Aunt Dorotheë had acted in the affair, the old gentleman's muscles took a very different turn; and gravity was the least prevailing passion in his face. Maria then discovered her name and family, (at which the Maréchal seemed greatly affected) protesting, in at one of angelick sweetness, that she had none of those base designs on the Comte's son, which the Maréchal had unkindly suggested. 'I believe you, child, most sincerely!' said the Maréchal, taking one of her hands in both his: 'but what do you suppose were my son's designs on you?' Maria blushed, and was silent. The Comte, on being asked the same question, immediately replied—'Matrimony!'—'Matrimony!' exclaimed the Maréchal: 'what, no sooner enlisted in the service of Mars, than that of Venus must follow! Well, I always asserted that they were closely connected together.' The pause of a minute which followed these apostrophes, made the two young lovers tremble for the event. Maria conceived the old gentleman's hesitation to originate in her want of fortune; but how different would her presentiments have proved, had she known what passed in the Maréchal's heart during that short interval! He seized Maria's trembling hand with an emotion that appeared evidently in every feature, and pressed and kissed it with an ardour that shewed at once the fullness and candour of his heart. 'And are you really, Maria, the virtuous orphan of my friend?'—'Was my father your friend, Sir?' returned Maria with surprise. 'Yes,' cried the Maréchal, 'he was, indeed, my friend; nay, more, my benefactor! Nor is there a name under Heaven more dear to me than that of Clancy! Your father, it is true, was unfortunate; but where is the virtuous man who has not

'not been so! Oh, Maria! Maria!' continued the Maréchal de Sabran; 'now no longer an orphan, now no longer the wretched child of sorrow, let me wipe away that tear which duteous recollection has drawn from its crystal source!' And he in vain strove to hide those which stole down the furrows Time had made in his own ancient cheeks. 'Here, my son,' said he to the Comte, 'take this fair hand, which monarchs may envy thee; and could I suppose the want of fortune would render it less precious in thy eyes, dear as thou art, and must be, to my paternal fondness; by Heaven I could discard thee for ever!'—'And, by Heaven!' added the enraptured Comte, 'I should, in that case, well deserve your severest resentment, with every other curse that could be heaped upon my devoted head!' Nothing now remained but to fix the day of their happy union.

'You are both yet very young,' said the Maréchal to his son, when pressed on the subject, merely to tantalize him, 'and marriage, after all, is a serious affair.'—'Ah, Sir!' exclaimed young Sabran, 'it is so! and let us therefore get over it as soon as we can.' The Maréchal gave a smile of approbation, and immediately named the day which was to render his son the happiest of mortals.

One puff of Fame conveyed this news to Aunt Dorotheé, whose ears were ever open to intelligence, as her tongue was on the rack till employed in liquidating the debt to others. What pen can describe her agitated mind at that moment! It was, indeed, painted on her face in colours equal in number, though not in lustre, to those of the rainbow, and would have baffled the art of every painter in Europe. The tea-equipage was overset in her first paroxysm of rage; her cap was rent away like a sail in a storm, and the motley locks that mantled like ivy round her temples, at once to hide and mark out the ravages of Time, were strewed like autumnal leaves on the carpet. In this attracting deshabille she sallied forth from her solitary mansion, followed by her monkey, parrot, squirrel, and a whole groupe of cats, the only objects that ever experienced one single mark of her benevolence; and, with the hasty strides of a Virago, made the best of her way to the Château de Marli.

'God of my fathers!' exclaimed the Maréchal, who first observed her at a distance, 'what infernal spectacle presents itself to my view?'—'Ahl!' cried Maria, 'it is my aunt! Shield me from a sentiment of which I have so repeatedly been the trembling victim!'—'Fear nothing, my angel!' said young Sabran, clasping her to his bosom; 'thou art now mine; and from this hour my arm is to be thy protection.' Aunt Dorotheé entered; and, had an artist been present, the portrait he might have taken of a fury would have immortalized his pencil. Finding it in vain to reason with so desperate a being, who began to exercise her vengeance in effectual depredations on the Maréchal's superb furniture, he ordered his servants to escort her to the door; from which she retired, railing at beauty, marriage, and mankind.

The eve of the bridal-day now arrived, and every thing was in readiness for the celebration of the nuptials on the ensuing morn; when the Comte received an order to join his regiment, which was ordered abroad, without a moment's delay. War had been suddenly declared, and every thing prepared for the most vigorous exertions. No plea for neglect of duty could appear admissible to the old Maréchal, who had always been a strenuous promoter of rigid discipline; and, however painful the task necessarily proved to his son, he knew he must not hesitate to obey. The tender Maria, heedless of her sex and weakness, was now resolved to accompany her lover in disguise to the field, and share all his dangers. 'My presence,' said she to the Maréchal, who very properly opposed her design, 'will animate him to heroic deeds!'—'No, my child,' replied the Maréchal, though evidently pleased with her spirit; 'no, I am persuaded he will require no other incitement to duty than that of honour: when this is satisfied, he will return still more worthy of the rewards which love has, in your person, destined for him. Your charming society, Maria,' added he, embracing her, 'will be necessary to console me in his absence.'

The two armies met early in the campaign; a most obstinate engagement ensued; and never did Victory more deeply tinge her laurels in human gore than on this awful occasion. The Comte de Sabran, who performed all that Fame

or his fire could with, received several dangerous wounds in the conflict; and Rumour, who, like a river, increases as she goes, proclaimed them to be mortal.

The *Maréchal's* grief was every way suited to the calamity. In feeling himself a parent, he did not, however, forget that he was a hero. 'He is gone!' said he; 'but not without his share of glory! He is no more! but he died, as I ever wished him, in the service of his country!'

The disconsolate Maria heard these sentiments; but, alas! they conveyed no balm to her wounded heart. She had lost all that was dear to her in a world which had ever afforded her but too little enjoyment; and to indulge her sorrows in solitude was now the only object that claimed her attention. In a few weeks she disappeared; and a letter informed the *Maréchal* that her resolution was to end her wretched remnant of life in the gloom of a cloister. As she had not mentioned the place of her destination, the *Maréchal* was unable to prevent this fatal step; and, after many fruitless researches and enquiries, he gave up all hopes of ever seeing or hearing from her more.

But what was his joy and surprise, when, after a short interval of melancholy, a letter from his son convinced him that the youth was still in being, and in a fair way of recovery! The report of his death had been premature; though accounts were received from the army in which he was numbered with the slain.

The *Maréchal's* answer announced the sudden retreat of Maria, in consequence of her error; and a truce of six months being agreed on by the contending powers, the Comte de Sabran obtained leave of absence, and determined never to return till he had found out the spot which contained the treasure of his soul. With this view, he visited every convent where he supposed she might be concealed; and, after incredible fatigues and anxiety, (during which he seldom tasted food, or suffered sleep to approach his eyelids) he at length traced her to Vienna, whither she had been invited by a boarding-school friend, whom alone she had made the confidante of her intentions. Under the feigned title of her brother, he was first allowed an audience at the grate; and he even obtained permission, under that sanction, to visit her within the inclosure. There he found she had already taken the veil, and even her last vows;

but love prevailed over all the dictates of religion; and a plan was concerted for her release, which he immediately put into execution.

Night was the time fixed on for this desperate attempt, and every precaution was taken to prevent a discovery. The guard was secured by an ample bribe; the Comte scaled the walls as the clock struck twelve, and found Maria prepared to second his exertions. Many obstacles, however, retarded his designs; nor were they accomplished before the sentinel was relieved on whose aid and secrecy they had relied. The soldier now on duty, observing him and Maria descend from the wall by a rope-ladder the Comte had taken care to provide, immediately fired; when poor Maria fell at his feet. Not doubting but that she was mortally wounded, he sacrificed the guard, by whom he supposed he had been basely betrayed, to the first impulse of his resentment; and, in the distraction of his soul, was meditating the like vengeance on himself, when Maria (who by this time had recovered from her swoon) arrived soon enough to prevent the fatal stroke. Once more he clasped her in his arms; but the report of the sentinel's musquet having given a general alarm to the guards, he was conveyed, with Maria, to a place of security. Murder and sacrilege were the two crimes of which he stood clearly convicted; crimes which excluded the most distant hope of mercy. He was accordingly ordered to prepare for inevitable death; and the lovely Maria was condemned to share his fate.

The day was come, the awful preparations were made, and the vile arm of an executioner was already raised to cut off two persons in the bloom of health and youth, culpable in the eyes of erring man, but more than innocent in those of Heaven, when the old *Maréchal* de Sabran, doubtless conducted by Providence, arrived at the melancholy spot, just in time to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. His name and virtues were respected even by those enemies who had so often shrunk before his valour; and no sooner had he claimed the two culprits, and declared his intention of appealing to the feelings of the Emperor, than orders were given to defer the execution till the event of his suit should be known.

Being admitted to the Imperial presence,

sence, what was his conduct? Did he rend his grey locks in token of affliction, or descend to more abject acts of humiliation, in order to excite pity? No; he appeared, he looked, he spoke, with the confidence of a man who felt his claims to attention. The words he made use of were few. 'Sire,' said he, 'I am a father; alas! I must soon cease to be so, for my son and daughter have offended you! I come not hither in the forlorn hope of defrauding the claims of justice, which I have ever respected; but of pleading for honour, which has been equally dear to me. If my children are guilty, let them perish, but not by a vulgar hand: mine, Sire, shall do the office of an executioner; and the same sword that pierces their hearts, shall soon find access to mine. I am a-Maréchal of France; my name is Sabran; and this request, I trust, will not be refused to the fame of my ancestors, and to my own!'

The Emperor heard him with astonishment; nor was it till after a pause

of some minutes, that he could make him this gracious reply.—'Go, it is impossible that your children can have been guilty; or if they have been so, unfortunate, whatever be their crimes, I forgive them, for your sake.'

This sentence was highly extolled by all but the bigotted clergy, ever enraged to see victims snatched from their vengeance; these complained that the interests of Heaven were sacrificed to those of humanity: but, in spite of their influence, Sabran and his beloved Maria were restored to the arms of their now enraptured parent, and soon after united in the softest bands that Hymen ever entwined. The sovereign, to whose benevolence they owed these blessings, was not long without his reward: in the very next campaign the young heir to his throne was rescued from his fate by the Comte de Sabran; who never failed to tread in the footsteps of his father, and seemed still more to inherit his god-like virtues, than his titles, his rank, and most ample fortune.

## THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

### A VISION.

**T**HERE is nothing more common than for an author to nod over his standish, and write out several sheets of paper (as it were) in his sleep, while he vainly imagines himself broad awake; on the contrary, the real slumbers of a sound mind are frequently instructive, through the justness of the imagination; and a morning may be employed to very good purpose in penning a dream of the preceding evening.

Last night I went to bed, as usual, with a calm, untroubled mind, after the business of the day; the natural consequence of health and innocence, the two solid blessings of life. In my sleep, I fancied myself in the midst of a lonely delightful country landscape, in the spring of the year. The freshness of the greens, the luxuriance of the flowers, and the melody of the birds, all conspired to please me. While I entertained myself with the prospect, a person like a bride approached me; she was dressed in a yellow silk, with a coronet of myrtle, interwoven with flowers, on her head:

Nothing was wanting before to make my happiness complete but a companion. Transported at the approach of so fair a creature, I seized her hand, which she seemed not to disapprove. I led her to a rising ground, where the trees made a thick shade; we seated ourselves on a bed of violets, and I began to address her with a tenderness my youth had never felt before.

At that moment, two women, dissimilar in their mien and habit, intruded upon our retirement. The one appeared in full bloom, her cheeks dimpled with smiles, her hair flowing in the wind, and her limbs exposed to sight; there was an affected levity in her gestures, and she discovered a solicitousness to please, in spite of her seeming negligence. The other came on with a more regular, majestic pace: she wore a white, unspotted veil; through which, nevertheless, it was easy to observe an uncommon dignity in all her motions.

The gay appearance of the first was as agreeable to me, as the awful presence of the last was unwelcome. Her

looks, as she lifted her veil, gave a check to my transports; while the other smiled upon me with approbation. They both now contested who should accost me first: whereupon, the airy person thus bespoke the matron-like female—

‘Why should you break in upon the solitude, and interrupt the happiness, of this youthful pair? Is it not sufficient that you have your votaries amongst persons of maturer years, and are adored by hoary heads?—Be happy,’ continued she, turning to us, ‘if love can make you so: you are in the prime of life, and the present season is indulgent to your wishes.’

While she spoke the whole creation seemed to rejoice; my heart was fired into rapture, and I gazed on her with satisfaction. The other, observing my manifest dislike of her, cast on me a look of compassion, and disappeared.

All restraint removed, I was now happy in my imagination beyond expression: I reproached my own folly for waiting so many irretrievable days in labour, in application of thought, and in studying the romantick visions of philosophy; I reflected on the short remaining space of my youth, and the exquisite charms of the lovely object that lay beside me, who seemed to court my affection, and with longing eyes to chide my delays.

Abandoned to my present bliss, I attempted the most endearing caresses; when instantly I heard a violent noise, as if the elements were all at variance. The sky was darkened, lightning flashed from the clouds, the flowers withered, the verdure of the fields was blasted, and the raven and the owl perched over me, with their boding notes. Struck with horror at the sudden change, I sought for the person whose speech had animated me before; but the phantom was vanished. This added to my dread, and I felt an immediate aversion for the beauty I purposed to take into my arms; at the same time, I had the mortification to perceive her heart as averse to me.

When our common terror was now grown to the height, the uproar and the darkness increasing upon us, a gentle gleam of light broke faintly through the gloom; and I could perceive the person coming towards us, whom, in the security of our joys, we had rejected. Here-

upon I recollected the compassionate look with which she left us; and entertained some hopes of succour, of which we then stood in the utmost need; for the scene of horror that surrounded us, had reduced us not only to despise each other, but to abhor even ourselves.

As she drew near she threw up her veil, and disclosed a countenance full of sweetness and composure; such a mixture as arises from prudence and innocence united. The violent convulsions of nature did not discompose her looks. We immediately prostrated ourselves at her feet; when she reached out her hand, and raised us with an indulgence we little expected. The thunder ceased, and the violence of the storm abated; when I would have excused the rude treatment she had received from me; but she, touched with my grief and confusion, prevented me in the following words—

‘It was my tender concern for you that brought me hither before, and the same compassion prevailed upon me to return. I can easily pardon your first fault, and am not surprized at the powerful influence which the presence of Vice had over you. Your youth, your inexperience, the weakness of your reason, and violence of your passions, all plead strongly for you. But if, after this severe warning, you continue deaf to my admonitions, I shall forever withdraw my protection from you.’

I was preparing to reply, when she prevented me again to this effect—

‘Remember, promises in the hour of distress are very deceitful; they shew the fear and anguish, not the resolution, of the soul. Take time and leisure to reflect coolly on your past conduct; learn the habit of reasoning without passion, and your actions then will be conformable to the dignity of your nature: sudden resolves are only the lightning of a dark mind; deliberate counsels yield a continued light, and will conduct you safely through life.’

As she spoke my fears vanished, my disorder ceased, and I felt my whole anxiety relieved. I viewed my lovely bride with pleasure, whose beauty now seemed to receive a fresh lustre, and her eyes glanced with equal complacency on me; when the divine form continued

nured thus her speech.—‘ I come not to disunite, but to cement your loves, and make them lasting. Improve your courtship into wedlock. Let your inclinations and your interests be always one: go hand in hand in all your undertakings; make your offspring, by your examples, an ornament and a blessing to society; and count your children the childre<sup>n</sup> of the publick.’ At these words, she smiled on us with a superior grace; and, rising

from the earth, marked her swift passage through the air with a track of light.

By this time the few remaining clouds were all dispersed, the flowers revived, the birds renewed their songs; and I waked, smitten with the glorious form of Virtue, ravished with her counsels, and inspired with fresh resolutions to practise what appeared so amiable in a dream, and what I find so reasonable now I am awake.

## CONSTANTIA;

OR,

### UNEXAMPLED MAGNANIMITY.

BY MR. HAYLEY.

CONSTANTIA was the daughter of a merchant, who, being left a widower at an earlier period of life, with two beautiful little girls, bestowed upon them a very fashionable and expensive education. It happened that, when Constantia had just attained the age of twenty-one, her sister, who was a year older, received and delighted in the addresses of a man, considered as her equal in rank and fortune; a man who was not, indeed, devoid of affection to his mistress, yet distinguished by a superior attention to her dower. This prudent lover informed the old gentleman that he was a warm admirer of his eldest daughter, and that he was also happy in having gained the young lady's good opinion; but that it was impossible for him to marry, unless he received, at the time of his marriage, a particular sum, which he specified. The worthy merchant was disconcerted by this declaration, as he had amused himself with the prospect of a promising match for his child. He replied, however, with calmness and integrity: he paid some general compliments to his guest; he said, he should be happy to settle a very good girl with a man of character, whom she seemed to approve; but he was under a painful necessity of rejecting the proposal, because it was impossible for him to comply with the terms required, without a material injury to his youngest daughter. The cautious suitor took a formal leave, and departed. The honest father, in a private conference with his eldest child, gave her a full

and ingenuous account of his conduct. She applauded the justice of his decision; but felt her own loss so severely, that the house soon became a scene of general distress. Constantia, finding her sister in tears, would not leave her without knowing the cause of her affliction. As soon as she had discovered it, she flew to her father; she thanked him for his parental attention to her interest; but, with the most eager and generous entreaties, conjured him not to let a mistaken kindness to her prove the source of their general unhappiness. She declared, with all the liberal ardour and sincerity of a young affectionate mind, that she valued fortune only as it might enable her to promote the comfort of those she loved; and that, whatever her own future destiny might be, the delight of having secured the felicity of her sister, would be infinitely more valuable to her than any portion whatever. She enlarged on the delicacy of her sister's health; and the danger of thwarting her present settled affection. In short, she pleaded for the suspended marriage with such genuine and pathetic eloquence, that her father embraced her with tears of delight and admiration; but the more he admired her generosity, the more he thought himself obliged to refuse her request. He abhorred the idea of making such a noble-minded girl—what she was desirous, indeed, of making herself—an absolute sacrifice to the establishment of her sister; and he flattered himself, that the affection of his eldest girl, which the kind zeal of Constantia

had represented to him in so serious a light, would be easily obliterated by time and reflection. In this hope, however, he was greatly deceived: the poor girl, indeed, attempted at first to display a resolution which she was unable to support; her heart was disappointed, and her health began to suffer. Constantia was almost distracted at the idea of proving the death of a sister whom she tenderly loved; and she renewed her adjurations to her father with such irremittible importunity, that, touched with the peculiar situation of his two amiable children, and elated with some new prospects of commercial emolument, he resolved at last to comply with the generous entreaty of Constantia, though at some little hazard of leaving her exposed to indigence.

The prudent lover was recalled. His return soon restored the declining health of his mistress: all difficulties were adjusted by a pecuniary compliance with his demands; the day of marriage was fixed; and Constantia, after sacrificing every shilling of her settled portion, attended her sister to church with a heart more filled with exultation and delight than that of the bride herself, who had risen from a state of dejection and despair to the possession of the man she loved. But the pleasure that the generous Constantia derived from an event which she had so nobly promoted, was very soon converted into concern and anxiety. In a visit of some weeks to the house of the new-married couple, she soon discovered that her brother-in-law, though entitled to the character of an honest and well-meaning man, was very far from possessing the rare and invaluable talent of conferring happiness on the objects of his regard. Though he had appeared, on their first acquaintance, a man of a cultivated understanding, and an elegant address, yet, under his own roof, he indulged himself in a peevish irritability of temper, and a passion for domestic argument, peculiarly painful to the quick feelings of Constantia, who, from the exquisite sensibility of her frame, possessed an uncommon delicacy both of mind and manners. She observed, however, with great satisfaction, and with no less surprize, that her sister was not equally hurt by this fretful infirmity of her husband. Happily for her own comfort, that lady was one of those good, loving women, whose soft, yet steady af-

fection, like a drop of melted wax, has the property of sticking to any substance on which it accidentally falls. She often adopted, it is true, the quick and querulous stile of her husband; nay, their domestic debates have run so high, that poor Constantia has sometimes dreaded, and sometimes almost wished, an absolute separation; but her lively terrors on this subject were gradually diminished by observing, that although they frequently skirmished after supper, in a very angry tone, yet, at the breakfast-table the next morning, they seldom failed to resume a becoming tenderness of language. These sudden and frequent transitions from war to peace, and from peace to war, may possibly be very entertaining to the belligerent parties themselves; but I believe they always hurt a benevolent spectator. Constantia shortened her visit. She departed, indeed, disappointed and chagrined; but she generously concealed her sensations, and cherished a pleasing hope that she might hereafter return to the house with more satisfaction, either from an improvement in the temper of it's master, or, at least, from opportunities of amusing herself with the expected children of her sister: but, alas! in this, her second hope, the warm-hearted Constantia was more cruelly disappointed. Her sister was, in due time, delivered of a child; but it proved a very sickly infant, and soon expired. The afflicted mother languished for a considerable time in a very infirm state of health; and, after frequent miscarriages, sunk herself into the grave. The widower, having passed the customary period in all the decencies of mourning, took the earliest opportunity of consoling himself for his loss by the acquisition of a more opulent bride; and, as men of his prudent disposition have but little satisfaction in the sight of a person, from whom they have received great obligations which they do not mean to repay, he thought it proper to drop all intercourse with Constantia. She had a spirit too noble to be mortified by such neglect. Indeed, as she believed, in the fondness of her recent affliction, that her sister might have still been living, had she been happily united to a man of a more amiable temper, she rejoiced that his ungrateful conduct relieved her from a painful necessity of practising hypocritical civilities towards a relation whom in her heart she despised. By the death of her sister she



was very deeply afflicted; and this affliction was soon followed by superior calamities.

The affairs of her father began to assume a very alarming appearance. His health and spirits deserted him on the approaching wreck of his fortune. Terrified with the prospect of bankruptcy, and wounded to the soul by the idea of the destitute condition in which he might leave his only surviving child, he reproached himself incessantly for the want of parental justice, in having complied with the entreaties of the too generous Constantia. That incomparable young woman, by the most signal union of tenderness and fortitude, endeavoured to alleviate all the sufferings of her father. To give a more cheerful cast to his mind, she exerted all the vigour and all the vivacity of her own; she regulated all his domestic expences with an assiduous but a tranquil œconomy, and discovered a peculiar pleasure in denying to herself many usual expensive articles both of dress and diversion. The honest pride and delight which he took in the contemplation of her endearing character, enabled the good old man to triumph, for some time, over sickness, terror, and misfortune. By the assistance of Constantia he struggled through several years of commercial perplexity: at last, however, the fatal hour arrived which he had so grievously apprehended; he became a bankrupt, and resolved to retire into France, with a faint hope of repairing his ruined fortune by the aid of connections which he had formed in that country. He could not support the thought of carrying Constantia among foreigners in so indigent a condition; and he therefore determined to leave her under the protection of her aunt, Mrs. Braggard, a widow lady, who possessing a comfortable jointure, and a potable spirit of œconomy, was enabled to make a very considerable figure in a country town. Mrs. Braggard was one of those good women, who, by paying the most punctual visits to a cathedral, imagine they acquire an unquestionable right, not only to speak aloud their own exemplary virtues, but to make as free as they please with the conduct and character of every person both within and without the circle of their acquaintance. Having enjoyed from her youth a very hale constitution, and not having injured it by any foolish tender excesses either of

love or sorrow, she was, at the age of fifty-four, completely equal to all the business and bustle of the female world. As she wisely believed activity to be a great source both of health and amusement, she was always extremely active in her own affairs, and sometimes in those of others.

She considered the key of her store-room as her sceptre of dominion; and, not wishing to delegate her authority to any minister whatever, she was very far from wanting the society of her niece as an assistant in the management of her house; yet she was very ready to receive the unfortunate Constantia under her roof, for the sake of the pleasure which would certainly arise to her—not, indeed, from the uncommon charms of Constantia's conversation, but from repeating herself, to every creature who visited at her house, what a great friend she was to that poor girl.

Painful as such repetitions must be to a mind of quick sensibility, Constantia supported them with a modest resignation. There were circumstances in her present situation that galled her much more. Mrs. Braggard had an utter contempt, or rather a constitutional antipathy, for literature and music, the darling amusements of Constantia, and indeed the only occupations by which she hoped to soothe her agitated spirits under the pressure of her various afflictions. Her father, with a very tender solicitude, had secured to her a favourite harpsichord, and a small but choice collection of books. These, however, instead of proving the sources of consolatory amusement, as he had kindly imagined, only served to increase the vexations of the poor Constantia, as she seldom attempted either to sing or to read, without hearing a prolix invective from her aunt against musical and learned ladies.

Mrs. Braggard seemed to think that all useful knowledge and all rational delight are centered in a social game of cards; and Constantia, who, from principles of gratitude and good-nature, wished to accommodate herself to the humour of every person from whom she received obligation, assiduously endeavoured to promote the diversion of her aunt; but having little or no pleasure in cards, and being sometimes unable, from uneasiness of mind, to command her attention, she was generally a loser; a circumstance

circumstance which produced a very bitter oration from the attentive old lady; who declared that inattention of this kind was inexcusable in a girl, when the money she played for was supplied by a friend. At the keenness, or rather the brutality, of this reproach, the poor insulted Constantia burst into tears, and a painful dialogue ensued, in which she felt all the wretchedness of depending on the ostentatious charity of a relation, whose heart and soul had not the least affinity with her own. The conversation ended in a compromise, by which Constantia obtained the permission of renouncing cards for ever, on the condition, which she herself proposed, of never touching her harpsichord again, as the sound of that instrument was as unpleasant to Mrs. Braggard as the sight of a card-table was to her unfortunate niece.

Constantia passed a considerable time in this state of unmerited mortification, wretched in her own situation, and anxious, to the most painful degree, concerning the fate of her father. Perceiving there were no hopes of his return to England, she wrote him a most tender and pathetic letter, enumerating all her afflictions, and imploring his consent to her taking leave of her aunt, and endeavouring to acquire a more peaceable maintenance for herself, by teaching the rudiments of music to young ladies; an employment to which her talents were perfectly equal. To this filial petition she received a very extraordinary and a very painful answer, which accident led me to peruse a few years after the death of the unhappy father who wrote it.

It happened, that a friend requested me to point out some accomplished woman, in humble circumstances, and about the middle season of life, who might be willing to live as a companion with a lady of great fortune and excellent character, who had the misfortune to lose the use of her eyes. Upon this application, I immediately thought of Constantia. My acquaintance with her had commenced before the marriage of her sister; and the uncommon spirit of generosity which she exerted on that occasion, made me very ambitious of cultivating a lasting friendship with so noble a mind; but living at a considerable distance from each other, our intimacy had for several years been supported only by a regular correspondence. At the time of my friend's application, Con-

stantia's letters had informed me that her father was dead, and that she had no prospect of escaping from a mode of life which I knew was utterly incompatible with her ease and comfort. I concluded, therefore, that I should find her most ready to embrace the proposal which I had to communicate; and I resolved to pay her a visit in person, for the pleasure of being myself the bearer of such welcome intelligence. Many years had elapsed since we met, and they were years that were not calculated to improve either the person or the manners of my unfortunate friend. To say truth, I perceived a very striking alteration in both. It would be impossible, I believe, for the most accomplished of women to exist in such society as that to which Constantia had been condemned, without losing a considerable portion of her external graces. My friend appeared to me like a fine statue that had been long exposed to all the injuries of bad weather; the beautiful polish was gone, but that superior excellence remained which could not be affected by the influence of the sky. I was, indeed, at first, greatly struck by a new and unexpected coarseness in her language and address; but I soon perceived, that although her manners had suffered, she still retained all the spirited tenderness, and all the elegance of her mind. She magnified the unlooked-for obligation of my visit with that cordial excess of gratitude with which the amiable unhappy are inclined to consider the petty kindnesses of a friend. I wished, indeed, to assist her, and believed that chance had enabled me to do so; but there were obstacles to prevent it of which I had no apprehension. The first reply that Constantia made to my proposal for her new settlement in life was a silent but expressive shower of tears. To these, however, I gave a wrong interpretation; for, knowing all the misery of her present situation, I imagined they were tears of joy, drawn from her by the sudden prospect of an unexpected escape from a state of the most mortifying dependence. She soon undeceived me; and, putting into my hand two letters which she had taken from a little pocket-book—'Here,' she said, 'is the source of my tears, and the reason why nothing remains for me but to bless you for your kind intention, without receiving any advantage from your design of befriending so unfortunate

'fortunate a wretch,' Constantia continued to weep; and I eagerly searched into this mysterious source of her distress. I found the first letter in my hand contained her petition to her father, which I have mentioned already; the second was his reply to her request; a reply which it was impossible to read without sharing the sufferings both of the parent and the child. This unhappy father, ruined both in his fortune and his health, had been for some time tormented by an imaginary terror, the most painful that can possibly enter into a parental bosom; he had conceived that, in consequence of his having sacrificed the interest of his younger daughter to the establishment of her sister, the destitute Constantia would be at length reduced to a state of absolute indigence and prostitution. Under the pressure of this idea, which amounted almost to frenzy, he had replied to her request. His letter was wild, incoherent, and long; but the purport of it was, that if she ever quitted her present residence, while she herself was unmarried, and her aunt alive, she would expose herself to the curse of an offended father; and his malediction was indeed, in this case, denounced against her in terms the most vehement that the language of contending passions could possibly supply. Having rapidly perused this letter, I endeavoured to console my poor weeping friend, by representing it as the wild effusion of a very worthy but misguided man, whose undeserved calamities had impaired his reason. 'My father,' replied Constantia, 'is now at rest in his grave, and you, perhaps, may think it superstitious in me to pay so much regard to this distressing letter; but he never in his life laid any command upon me which was not suggested by his affection; and, wretched as I am, I cannot be disobedient even to his ashes.' Constantia, though she shed many tears as she spoke, yet spoke in the tone of a determined martyr. I repeated every argument that reason and friendship could suggest, to shake a resolution so pernicious to herself; but I could make no impression on her mind: she had determined to adhere strictly to the letter, as well as the spirit of her father's interdiction; and, as I perceived that she had an honest pride in her filial piety, I could no longer think of opposing it. Instead, therefore, of recommending to her a new

system of life, I endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her present situation. 'Perhaps,' replied Constantia, 'no female orphan, who has been preserved by Providence from absolute want, from infamy and guilt, ought to repine at her condition; and, when I consider the more deplorable wretchedness of some unhappy beings of my own sex, whose misery, perhaps, has arisen more from accident than from voluntary error, I am inclined to reproach my own heart for those murmurs which sometimes, I confess to you, escape from it in solitude; yet, if I were to give you a genuine account of all that I endure, you, I know, would kindly assure me, that the discontent, which I strive in vain to subdue, has not amounted to a crime.' She then entered into a detail of many domestic scenes; and gave me so strong a picture of a life destitute of all social comfort, and harassed by such an infinitude of dispiriting vexations, that I expressed a very sincere admiration of the meek and modest fortitude which she had displayed in supporting it so long. 'I have, indeed, suffered a great deal,' said Constantia, with a deep sigh; 'but the worst is not over; I am afraid that I shall lose all sense of humanity: I can take no interest in any thing; and, to confess a very painful truth to you, I do not feel, as I ought to do, the undeserved attention and friendship which I am at this moment receiving from you.' I would have tried to rally her out of these gloomy phantasies; but she interrupted me, by exclaiming, with a stern, yet low voice—'Indeed it is true; and I can only explain my sensations to you, by saying that I feel as if my heart was turning into stone.' This forcible expression, and the corresponding cast of countenance with which she uttered it, rendered me, for some moments, unable to reply; it struck me, indeed, as a lamentable truth, to which different parts of her much-altered frame bore a strong though silent testimony. In her face, which was once remarkable for a fine complexion, and the most animated look of intelligent good-nature, there now appeared a fallow paleness, and, though not a sour, yet a settled dejection; her hands also had the same bloodless appearance, retaining neither the warmth nor the colour of living flesh:

flesh: yet Constantia was at this time perfectly free from every nominal distemper.

The entrance of Mrs. Braggard gave a new turn to our conversation, but without affording us relief. That good lady endeavoured to entertain me with particular attention; but there was such a strange mixture of vulgar dignity and indelicate facetiousness in her discourse, that she was very far from succeeding in her design. She asked me, if I was not greatly struck by the change that a few years had made in the countenance of her niece; hinting, in very coarse terms of awkward jocularity, that the loss of her complexion was to be imputed to her single life; and adding, with an affected air of kindness, that, as she had some very rich relations in Jamaica, she believed she should be tempted to carry the poor girl to the West Indies, to try all the chances of new acquaintance in a warmer climate. I perceived the pale cheek of Constantia begin to redden at this language of her aunt. As the expressions of that good lady grew more and more painful to her ingenuous pride, the unfortunate Constantia, who found it impossible to suppress her tears, now quitted the room; but she returned to us again in a few minutes with an air of composed sorrow and of meek endurance.

I soon ended my mortifying visit, and left the town in which Constantia resided, with a disposition to quarrel with Fortune for her injustice and cruelty to my amiable friend. It seemed to me as if nature had designed that an affectionate activity, and a joyous benevolence, should be the vital springs in Constantia's existence; but that chance having thrown her into a situation which afforded no nourishment to the lovely qualities of her heart and mind, she was perishing like a flower in an unfriendly soil.

My imagination was wounded by the image of her destiny; but the generous Constantia, seeing the impression which her sufferings had made upon me, wrote me a letter of consolation. She arraigned herself, with an amiable degree of injustice, for having painted to me, in colours much too strong, the unpleasant qualities of her aunt, and the disquietude of her own condition: she flattered me with the idea, that my visit and advice to her had given a more cheerful cast to her mind; and she encouraged me to

hope that time would make her a perfect philosopher. In the course of a few years I received several letters from my friend, and all in this comfortable strain. At length she sent me the following billet.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Am preparing to set out, in a few days, for a distant country; and, before my departure, I wish to trouble you with an interesting commission: if possible, indulge me with an opportunity of imparting it to you in person where I now am. As it will be the last time I can expect the satisfaction of seeing you in this world, I am persuaded you will comply with this anxious request of your much obliged and very grateful

CONSTANTIA.

In perusing this note, I concluded that Mrs. Braggard was going to execute the project she had mentioned, and was really preparing to carry her niece to Jamaica; yet, on reflection, if that were the case, Constantia might, I thought, have contrived to see me with more convenience in her passage through London. However, I obeyed her summons as expeditiously as I could. In a few minutes after my arrival in the town where she resided, I was informed, by the landlord of the inn at which I stopped, that the life of my poor friend was supposed to be in danger. This information at once explained to me the mystery of the billet. I hastened to the house of Mrs. Braggard, and, in the midst of my concern and anxiety for my suffering friend, I felt some comfort on finding that in our interview we should not be tormented by the presence of her unfeeling aunt, as that lady had been tempted to leave her declining charge to attend the wedding of a more fortunate relation, and was still detained, by scenes of nuptial festivity, in a distant county. When I entered the apartment of Constantia, I perceived in her eyes a ray of joyous animation, though her frame was so emaciated, and she laboured under such a general debility, that she was unable to stand a moment without assistance.

Having dismissed her attendant, she seemed to collect all the little portion of strength that remained in her decaying frame, to address me in the following manner:

'Be not concerned, my dear friend,  
' at

at an event which, though you might not, perhaps, expect it so soon, your friendship will, I hope, on reflection, consider with a sincere, though melancholy satisfaction. You have often been so good as to listen to my complaints; forgive me, therefore, for calling you to be a witness to that calm and devout comfort with which I now look on the approaching end of all my unhappiness! You have heard me say, that I thought there was a peculiar cruelty in the lot that Heaven had assigned to me; but I now feel that I too hastily arraigned the dispensations of Providence. Had I been surrounded with the delights of a happy domestick life, I could not, I believe, have beheld the near approaches of death in that clear and consolatory light in which they now appear to me. My past murmurs are, I trust, forgiven; and I now pay the most willing obedience to the decrees of the Almighty. The country to which I am departing, is, I hope and believe, the country where I shall be again united to the lost objects of my tenderest affection. I have but little business to adjust on earth. May I entreat the favour of you," continued Constantia, with some hesitation, "to be my executor?—My property," added she, with a tender, yet ghastly smile, "being all contained in this narrow chamber, will not give you much embarrassment; and I shall die with peculiar peace of mind, if you will kindly assure me I shall be buried by the side of my dear unhappy father." The tender thoughts that overwhelmed her in mentioning her unfortunate parent, now rendered her utterance almost indistinct; yet she endeavoured to enter on some private family reasons for applying to me on this subject. I thought it most kind to interrupt her, by a general assurance of my constant desire to obey, at all times, every injunction of her's; and observing to her, that her distemper appeared to be nothing but mere weakness of body, I expressed a hope of seeing her restored. But, looking stedfastly

upon me, she said, after a pause of some moments—"Be not so unkind as to wish me to recover; for, "in the world, I only fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty." The calm and pathetick voice with which she pronounced these affecting words of Shakespeare, pierced me to the soul; I was unable to reply, and I felt an involuntary tear on my cheek. My poor friend perceived it, and immediately exclaimed, in a more affectionate tone—"You are a good, but weak mortal; I must dismiss you from a scene which I hoped you would have supported with more philosophy. Indeed, I begin also to feel that it is too much for us both: if I find myself a little stronger to-morrow, I will see you again; but if I refuse you admittance to my chamber, you must not be offended. And now you must leave me; do not attempt to say Adieu, but give me your hand, and God bless you!" Pressing her cold emaciated fingers to my lips, I left her apartment, as she ordered me, in silent haste, apprehending, from the changes in her countenance, that she was in danger of fainting. The next morning she sent me a short billet, in a trembling hand, begging me to excuse her not seeing me again, as it arose from motives of kindness; and in the evening she expired.

Such was the end of this excellent, unfortunate being, in the forty-second year of her age. The calamities of her life, instead of giving any asperity to her temper, had softened and refined it. Farewel, thou gentle and benevolent spirit! If, in thy present scene of happier existence, thou art conscious of sublimary occurrences, disdain not this imperfect memorial of thy sufferings and thy virtues! And, if the pages I am now writing should fall into the hand of any indigent and dejected maiden, whose ill fortune may be similar to thine, may they soothe and diminish the disquietude of her life, and prepare her to meet the close of it with piety and composure!

## THE TALISMAN OF TRUTH.

**H**OW plentiful a source of misfortunes is an extravagant imagination! The pleasures which it procures us, are much inferior to the sufferings we often experience from it. Although inward contentment, accompanied by outward circumstances of prosperity, forms the most happy state, an unbounded imagination may destroy this contentment, and render useless the most propitious favours of fortune. I have known some striking examples of this truth: I have seen a young man, to appearance the most worthy of being envied, who nevertheless merited compassion and pity.

Observe the method that I took to convince him, that he was the author of his own misfortunes, and that it depended only on himself to know, and to remove the cause of them.

He was very fond of Oriental tales: I wrote a short one, somewhat in the Arabian style. Although that manner might not have been sufficiently sustained to gratify his high relish of this species of writing, my story clearly conveyed the counsel I wanted to give him; and I will beg the reader's acceptance of it.

An Indian king, a descendant and favourite of the powerful Genii who preside over the destiny of the most distinguished mortals, had a son, long the sole object of his wishes, whose birth overwhelmed him with joy. He implored the auspices of the heavenly powers; two Genii instantly flew down in opposite directions, and stopped their flight in the court of the palace, amidst the acclamations and transports of the people for this happy event of the prince's nativity. They were invisible to every body but the king; and appeared before him at that moment when the new-born infant was to be shewn, for the first time, to the grandees of the kingdom.

By some unfortunate circumstances these two Genii were rivals: for some reasons mentioned in the ancient Tartarian tales, one of them always made a point of artfully opposing the undertakings of the other.

The good Genius approached the child; and, after having shook his gol-

den wings over him, pronounced these words—

'Beloved infant! I endow thee with all possible gifts of person and understanding; the knowledge of the sciences, the gift of languages, and every agreeable talent, that all men may admire, and all women adore thee; I add honours and riches: be the wonder of thy age.'

'Yes,' continued the rival Genius, advancing to the other side of the cradle, and blowing a feverish blast upon the forehead of the child, 'yes, I confirm all these gifts; and I will add to them that of the most ardent and extensive imagination. By that thou wilt embrace objects, the most distant asunder, under one interesting view, and animate beings the least susceptible of life; by that the language of thy tongue, and of thy pen, shall glow with the brightest colours of poetry, and excite universal admiration; by that thou wilt form to thyself a new creation, a new order of things; thou shalt find charms and interest in a thousand objects, on which men of confined fancy look with coldness and insensibility. This my gift shall carry thy desires beyond the bounds of nature.'

The father could not contain his joy, as he listened to such glorious advantages, announced to his child by two mighty powers, who would infallibly bestow them. But the first Genius was grieved at what he heard: he understood the treacherous and double sense of his rival's words. In the benevolence of his spirit he let fall a tear, unobserved, on the bosom of the infant.

Having seen his colleague depart, he approached the father, and taking from his arm a talisman, gave it him, saying—'Forget not to put this stone into the hands of thy child, as soon as he shall have attained the age of reason: it is called the Talisman of Truth. Teach the young man to apply it to his forehead, whenever, transported by his extravagant imagination, he loses sight of the impossibility of accomplishing the desires of his heart.'

The good Genius knew that the virtue

tue of his present would enable the young prince to render abortive the wishes, and to triumph over the persecution, of his evil antagonist.

The father took care to deposit the precious Talisman in a place of safety; but, being suddenly surprized by death, he had not time to communicate to his prince, or any other person whatever, the information which the Genius had given him, nor to indicate the place where he had concealed the Talisman.

The young prince arriving at the age of reason much sooner than ordinary, began to display the immense riches of his mind, and the talents with which he was endowed by the good Genius. From the first moment of his launching into the career of his studies, he astonished every body by the promptitude of his perception: his preceptors could hardly supply the voracity of his understanding, and the extent of his memory. At the same time, he shewed the finest disposition for the polite arts: nothing more was requisite than to indicate them, by placing specimens before him; he would anticipate their principles, divine their rules, and instantaneously point out their characteristick excellences. A sight so surprizing excited the greatest admiration: the most scrupulous observers acknowledged the novelty of the phenomenon; and the multitude, struck only with the gracefulness of his figure, regarded him as a wonder.

But scarcely had he advanced beyond the state of childhood, and felt the first ardour of youth, when the fate pronounced upon him by the bad Genius was accomplished, and the fire of an excessive imagination was lighted up in his mind. By little and little his ideas became gigantic, and his desires immoderate. The excess of this gift, so agreeable when it is governed by reason, proved his severest torment. Nothing that he saw, nought of all that which surrounded him, could content or fill his mind: every thing appeared beneath him and his sensations; it was in his imagination alone that he found objects suitable to his extravagant conceptions; he disdained realities; they inspired him with disgust. Drawn aside by the force of this tyrannical imagination, it was not without constraint that he took a part

in society, or could bear his existence in the face of the world: his ideas transported him so far beyond the limits of common sense, that nobody was able to follow him. He led an agitated and melancholy life in the midst of happy circumstances. This fatal fire consumed and preyed upon his health; and kept him in a state of continual suffering, difficult to be comprehended by those who were unacquainted with it's cause.

He wandered about the apartments of his spacious palace; he sought it's most retired corners, where the statues and monuments of his ancestors suggested ideas which soon transported his imagination beyond the bounds of the universe. As in this situation he was contemplating on death, and the immensity of eternal existence, the last relics of his beloved father, which had been deposited at the foot of a sacred urn containing his ashes, one day excited his curiosity. He determined to see and examine them; and, among the fibres, the bow, the royal turban, and other precious remains, he was struck with the brilliancy of an unknown stone, richly set, and surrounded by these words—  
‘My son, apply this stone to thy forehead: it is the gift of the good Genius who presided at thy birth; it contains a remedy for all thy ills.’

The young man obeyed; and the touch, in an instant, dispersed the poisoned vapour he had inhaled from the blasting breath of the evil Genius. A sudden happy calm took possession of his soul; his extravagant ideas, his disordered and impracticable desires, vanished; truth spread it's clear and constant light over his imagination: the prince was restored to himself, and became sensible of his happy lot, and the just value of those objects which ought to interest and affect him.

All his other endowments shone out now to his own glory, and the benefit of human nature. His imagination, moderate in comparison of it's former excesses, but always lively and active, added charms to his sensations, and gave a new interest to his conversation. He now found his happiness to consist in adding to that of others; he loved his fellow-creatures; and, in return, was cherished and admired by them.

## THE GAMESTER RECLAIMED.

'LOVE,' says Ovid, 'conquers all things;' and nobody knew the force of that passion better than the poet of Sulmo.

Jack Townly, one of the most accomplished young fellows of the age, gay, lively, smart, well-dressed, and happy in his address, was admired by everybody who knew him, for his company; and particularly well received in all circles of the fair sex, to whom he was a very agreeable companion.

At that ticklish time of life, one-and-twenty, Jack came to the possession of a plentiful estate by the death of a piggardly father, but did not follow that father's example in the enjoyment of it. He was of a more liberal turn of thinking, and spent his fortune like a gentleman.

Falling one day in company with Mrs. Prattle, a lady famous for picking up a genteel livelihood by putting the two sexes *matrimonially* together, she proposed the rich heiress, Miss Collier, as an object worthy of his attention. He was entirely of *her* mind, with regard to the object; but hinted that there would be no chance for his addresses to succeed, as she was perpetually surrounded with so many lovers of superior fortune. 'You do not know,' said Mrs. Prattle, with a significant look, 'what may be done by management.' There was no more said upon the affair: the conversation took a general turn.

From that time, however, Mrs. Prattle thought upon the proposal which she had made to Mr. Townly, as she found he was very desirous of the alliance, but apprehensive of difficulty in bringing it about. She employed all the arts she was mistress of in his service, and exerted them with so much success, that she soon put him into the possession of the lady and her riches, for which he handsomely rewarded her.

Jack's happiness, by marrying Miss Collier, increased every day. Before his wedding, he considered her only as a rich heiress; but he found, upon a closer connection, that she possessed numberless good qualities and amiable accomplishments which riches cannot purchase, but which add a lustre to

them. She was not less agreeably surprised to find many engaging qualities in her husband, that did not appear during the courtship. In short, the Townly's were as happy a couple as ever lived; and their felicity seemed to be of a permanent nature, because they had a sincere regard for each other; and, by a thousand little assiduities, not to be explained, and only to be understood by a few *rare aves*, endeavoured to increase it.

The best dispositions in the world are liable to be corrupted, and the best resolutions to be broken. Jack Townly, happy in himself, his wife, and his circumstances, became, in a luckless hour, acquainted with Major Brown; an Arthurian, an adventurer; a man who, being thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of gaming, and in all the shabby arts of raising a fortune, took infinite pains to ingratiate himself with young fellows who abounded in money, and were not so *knowing*, in order to fleece them. Jack, with all his good qualities, being, at the same time, very ignorant of the world, was a proper object for the Major, who followed him, like his shadow, wherever he went.

Jack being animated, one evening, by repeated losses with the Major, to an extravagant pitch, staked the remainder of his fortune, and lost it. The dice were loaded, and he was ruined. He had not a shilling of his own to command. Happily for him, in the midst of his misfortunes, his wife's jointure remained: *that*, too, would have gone, had it not been secured.

When he came home, far beyond the usual hour, Mrs. Townly threw her arms about his neck, and tenderly embraced him. Instead of returning her caresses, he flung himself from her, and stood at a distance, gazing at her, with his eyes fixed, like the statue of despair. In that attitude he stood some time, though not long. He traversed the room with all the marks of distraction in his countenance, frequently turned up his eyes to heaven, and then directed them to Mrs. Townly; attempted several times to speak, but seemed to be deprived of the powers of articulation.

Mrs.



Mrs. Townly, astonished at the alteration in her husband's behaviour, the distraction in his looks, and the irregularity of his motions, conjured him, in the most pathetic, most affectionate manner, to communicate the uneasiness which he felt, and to make her a partaker of the sorrows that struggled for a vent.

'You went out,' said she, 'in good spirits; and appeared to be quite happy with Major ——.'

At the word *Major*, Jack, as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, started from his chair, and cried, 'D—n him!' with an unusual emphasis.

'Why should you, my dear,' replied she, with great mildness, 'be so exasperated against a man ——'.

'I'll hear no more,' interrupted he—  
'I am ruined—ruined by him. Curse on his lucky hand!'

This last exclamation sufficiently alarmed Mrs. Townly, and rendered her more solicitous to know what he so much strove to conceal. Her importunities prevailed, however, and he made a full confession of his follies.

'Well, my dear' returned she, smiling, with as much good-humour as if nothing had happened, 'do not make yourself wretched on my account. My jointure is still left, and on that we may live genteelly private. The shock is sudden, and the blow severe; but we may still be happy, if we can persuade ourselves to be contented with a little. As I did not marry you for the sake of your fortune, the loss of that fortune will not lessen my esteem for you; and if your affection for me is not diminished by this alteration in your affairs, I shall not even whisper a complaint against my lot.'

'Excellent woman!' said Townly, catching her in his arms; 'thou art a treasure, indeed! Such a wife is of inestimable value; but such a wife I do not deserve! My folly stares me in the face; I feel myself contemptible, nay more, criminal; for surely I had no right to squander that which I received from thee.'

At the conclusion of this speech, the following letter was delivered to him.

DEAR MR. TOWNLY,

I Never was more concerned in my life, than to hear you had been stripped by Major Brown; especially as he told me that you had lost all your for-

tune to him. But I have the pleasure to inform you that your situation is not desperate, except you will tamely give it up. The Major, in the foolish triumph of his heart, bragged to me, when he came home, that he had bubbled his friend, Jack Townly, finely, by loaded dice. You have nothing, therefore, to do, Sir, but to apply to a proper magistrate, and secure the villain; for such I esteem the man who gets his money so unfairly. As I have formerly received many favours from you, I should think myself very ungrateful if I delayed a moment to let you know a piece of news in which you are so greatly interested, and which, I hope, will animate you to act with spirit. Your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE ROPER.

P. S. My compliments to Mrs. Townly—if she will accept of them.

'Here's an honest girl!' said Jack, on reading this extraordinary epistle. 'Does she not deserve to be pardoned for all the errors which she has committed, for this generous action? How few, in her situation, would have behaved in so laudable a manner? This girl and I,' continued he, addressing himself to Mrs. Townly, 'have been acquainted; but I assure you, my dear, our intimacy entirely ceased when you became my wife—Is she not a generous girl?'

In this manner did Jack pour out the effusions of his heart, from which the above letter removed the load of anxiety that heavily oppressed it. The turn it gave to his spirits made him appear quite another creature. Mrs. Townly observed the alteration in her husband with a joy which she never knew before: so necessary are the pains of life to render it's pleasures more exquisite.

'I am quite in love with Charlotte,' said Mrs. Townly, 'for interesting herself in my dear Jack's affairs; and am sure she has, with all her failings—who is without failings?—a good heart. This single action of her's in your behalf, veils, in my opinion, all her former irregularities and indiscretions, and renders her rather an amiable object. I beg the favour of you, my dear, to keep this letter, and to make the contents of it publick among your friends; for you are under great obligations

'gations to the writer of it; and, with my consent, shall not be ungrateful for them.'

Townly, after a few more effusions of his heart on this unexpectedly fortunate event, applied to a proper magistrate, secured the Major, made him refund every shilling he had unfairly won, and liberally recompensed Charlotte for

the recovery of his fortune: and his restoration to affluence, at a time when he had not the least reason to hope for it, made such a deep impression upon his mind, that he never touched a card nor rattled a dice box during the remainder of his life; lest he should, by being led into similar temptations, be plunged into similar distresses.

## THE ELDER SISTER AND THE YOUNGER SISTER.

WRITTEN DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

### THE DISPUTE.

'ALL this,' cried I, 'may be as you have said; but yet I shall always consider it as the interest, nearly in an equal degree, both of South Britain and North Britain, to keep on amicable terms with each other. The former, without dispute, is the more powerful country; but what of that? Had she not better be the friend than the tyrant? Her most valiant defenders are from Scotland; and they will hardly fight less ably for her when actuated by a principle of love instead of fear. They consider England as an overgrown and haughty neighbour, assuming the humiliating title of Patroness, only for the purpose of exacting services of which she is herself to be the judge as well as the rewarder. The natural consequence is, that when they are rewarded at all, it is very inadequately.'—'Why, how the devil,' exclaimed the Baronet in a passion, 'would you have them be rewarded? They reward themselves, as far as I can see. Don't they creep into our country, our ministry, our estates, our houses, our very arm-chairs, and all with impunity, while we stand looking on? They leave nothing for us to do.'—'Perhaps they are in the right,' I returned, 'since we leave every thing for them to do. But this leads me back to my original question. Would it not have been better, if, instead of forcing them upon such measures, we had early sought their friendship, and by our voluntary kindnesses have engaged their gratitude?' Sir William laughed—'The first time,' said he, in

an ironical tone, 'I ever heard Gratitude and Scotland named together. Poor Gratitude! No, my friend; trust me, the climate is too cold for her: you may meet with her in the Wilds of America; you may discern some faint gleamings of her through the black clouds of Spanish pride, the airy veil of French levity, or the revengeful spirit of an Italian. In brutes of all species you may find her; but a Scot is an animal whose very nature is incompatible with her existence. There is not a native of that countrified country, who, for his own interest, would not brave any hardship, descend to any meannesses, or commit almost any crime. Interest is their invariable idol; and their eye is fixed upon it as true as the needle. Patriotic love, in old times, was esteemed a virtue; with them it is a vice, for they make it exclusive; and I am firmly of opinion, that it would not give the Scots half an hour's uneasiness, if they beheld all the rest of the world in one general conflagration, provided every thing was safe upon their own barren mountains.'—'Oh!' replied I, 'this is a prejudice worse founded than any ever yet nourished in the country from whence you exclude all merit. I believe the generality of persons are more actuated by motives of self-love than by any other; but, to suppose a man incapable of feeling Gratitude because he was born on such a side of such a river—'tis a folly to think of it!—' And do you really believe a Scotchman capable of gratitude?'—'To be sure I do; as capable as any other.'—'And I engage this moment



The ELDER SISTER & the YOUNGER SISTER.



'to pay you twenty guineas, if, on travelling down into Scotland as far as Kirkwall, you meet with one individual whom a sense of obligations could influence so far as to make him give up the value of half-a-crown, or do any single act in the smallest degree prejudicial or disagreeable to himself.'—No,' said I, 'you will excuse me: I have but just crossed the Atlantic for the fourth time, and I have no mind to travel into the Orkneys in search of Gratitude. Leave me in my opinion, and remain you in your own.'

No more was said on the subject, and we parted soon after. I returned home, and fell into so deep a meditation on what had been asserted on either side, that I stirred not off my chair for two hours. Of this meditation what was the result? The next morning, at eight o'clock, I got on horseback; and, unattended by any one, proceeded on the north road, till I arrived at Durham, where I remained the first night.

#### THE OLD HORSE. RENFREW.

LET it not be supposed that I was actually romantic enough to be setting forward in quest of a person capable of feeling the emotions of Gratitude in any uncommon degree; the truth was, I had always been fond of travelling, and had never seen Scotland. The season was the finest in the year, and I was weary of living an idle life at home. These were powerful incentives, and I yielded quietly to them.

On crossing the Borders, I overtook, and travelled two stages with, a young couple who were going to be married. The lover was aid-du-camp to General B—; a rank he had attained to without recommendation, and entirely through the bounty of the other, who had raised him from a situation mean enough: in return, he ran away with his favourite daughter. 'This,' thought I, 'is a bad setting off; but these are English.'

I employed near a twelvemonth in visiting the towns along the coast of Fifeshire, Aberdeenshire, and Cromarty, reserving Edinburgh till I should be on my way home. I went no farther north than Dingwall, and returned by the route of Inverness, Stirling, and Glasgow. The primitive idea of my journey was by this time forgotten, when an occurrence in the little town of Renfrew unexpectedly awakened it.

It was early one evening when I got into this place. I was looking through the window of the inn, which admitted a prospect of the market-place, when I observed a gentleman, with a very fierce face, riding briskly up towards the house. His horse, to what circumstance owing I did not remark, took fright, and started so violently, and withal so suddenly, that he threw him. Several persons, who were gathered round the inn-door, ran to his assistance; and I followed them. He was up before any one could reach the place, with no other hurt than a sprained ankle. Let me say, in his excuse, that he fancied his leg was broke. The horse—I loved him at the first *coup-d'oeil*—stood, in the mean time, close beside; his eyes bent down on his master's face, with regret, as much as it could be, pictured on his own. The man—I execrate his memory—in the first place, swore; in the second, hobbled on two steps forwarder, and reached, from the holsters of his saddle, a pistol, which he applied to his horse's ear, and shot him through the head in an instant. He then abandoned himself, with infinite *sang-froid*, to the care of two fellows, and was led into the house. I learned afterwards that the horse was very old, had done him uncommon service, and had been in his possession upwards of fourteen years. But one part of the intelligence I received made me amends for all the rest: 'Heaven be praised!' cried I, when I heard it; of two instances of flagrant ingratitude I have met with since I came out, the one was furnished by an Englishman, and the other by an Irishman!

#### THE RENCONTRE. EDINBURGH.

I LEFT Renfrew early the next morning; and, two days after, arrived at Edinburgh. When I had got within a few miles of that city, I was induced, by the uncommon fineness of the weather, and by the appearance of a steep hill before me, to relieve my horse, (the same I had brought from England) and walk up it. It was early, for the sun yet shone obliquely; and all around was so still, that not a sound could be heard, excepting that of the crows, as they alighted in numbers on the adjoining fields of stubble. A thick wood lay on one side of the road, through which the strengthening rays were beginning to pierce; and, nearly at the top of the hill before,

there,

me, I perceived a chaise winding slowly up, with two figures walking at some distance behind it; an old man of a very gentleman-like appearance, and a young lady leaning on his arm. A dog, of the largest Newfoundland breed, followed them. The figure of the young lady was inexpressibly elegant; a long mourning robe might, perhaps, set it off to advantage: however, I was engrossed by the admiration she excited in me, when suddenly the universal silence was disturbed by the shrill blast of a hunter's horn, and immediately after a hare crossed the road, pursued by a pack of dogs that rushed after her out of the wood. She had scarcely reached the opposite hedge, when they overtook her. She was strangled in an instant. What evil could I not have wished to the cruel wretches who thus took delight in exciting one creature to destroy another! The noise of this circumstance occasioned the old gentleman and his fair companion to turn round. I had got nearly up to them. The young lady's eyes were glittering: '*Le pauvre animal!*' cried she; while the gentleman, taking off his hat, discovered to me a venerable white head. I saluted them both. 'Poor animal, indeed!' returned I, in the language she had used: 'I am almost ashamed of my species.'—'But you hunt so savagely here,' said the old man: 'The French are much more civilized.'—'The French, my dear Sir, hunt in post-chaises: does that circumstance take from the inhumanity of the diversion? The unfortunate subject of it feels as much the agonies of death, whether we witness them from the back of a horse or the inside of a wooden machine. But though hare-hunting is cruel, there is no degree of ingratitude in it. What can be said in excuse of him who causelessly tortures a faithful and serviceable creature?' I then related to them the story of the Irish officer, in abuse of whom they joined me very freely. The old gentleman seemed pleased with my conversation; and, on our attaining the summit of the hill, where the chaise was waiting to receive them, having understood that I was a traveller who had never before been at Edinburgh, he asked me to ride along with them, and rather to dine at his house than at an inn. On our arrival there I accepted the invitation; and,

mounting my horse, rode gently on by the side of the chaise.

#### THE VISIT. EDINBURGH.

WE got to the place of our destination very soon after; and I followed the equipage of my host to the door of a house of very good appearance, situated in one of the best parts of the town. We found within a lady and two gentlemen, seemingly waiting his arrival. The lady was young and handsome, though not equally so with her I had seen before, of whom I found she was the elder sister, each being daughter to the venerable old gentleman. He was saluted by the name of St. Mar; and presented me to his two male visitors, one of whom he called Lord Ebberstone, and the other Major Bruce: but it was a welcome surprize to me to discover, in the person of the latter, a very old acquaintance, with whom I had spent a number of years abroad. Our pleasure was mutual. He named me to the company with a better grace than I could possibly have done it myself; and a very few minutes after served to place us all on the easiest footing with one another.

I had leisure, during the time we staid in the house of St. Mar, to form some opinions respecting him and his two daughters. The eldest, I could perceive, was not his favourite: Lord Ebberstone was very visibly her admirer; and it was equally plain that her father did not approve the encouragement she gave him. Her behaviour could not be called that of an absolute flirt; but it was extremely different from the mild, the interesting, and unaffected manners, of her sister Adeline. This younger, I have already observed, was the hand-somer of the two; but she did not so much excel through the delicacy of her features, though they were uncommonly engaging, as by the placid expression of her eye, the gentleness of her voice, and the unformal reserve of her deportment. Lord Ebberstone seemed a young man possessing much levity, and engrossed by himself; nevertheless, he was amusing. The conversation of St. Mar, plain, sensible, and nervous, inspired every one with a desire of imitating him in theirs: It will not, therefore, be questioned, if the day appeared short, or was in reality instructive.

On the approach of evening, Lord Eberstone took his leave; and I was preparing to follow him, when my old acquaintance prevented me, and desired I would not think of residing at an inn so long as I should stay at Edinburgh. He was a bachelor, possessed of a house infinitely larger than was needful for himself; I must take up my abode with him; he would take no denial. In truth, I was little disposed to offer him one; for such a proposal to a stranger was most welcome. I accepted it, therefore, with the acknowledgments it merited; and immediately after, with Bruce, quitted St. Mar and his daughters, having returned them a thousand thanks for their on my part undeserved hospitality.

#### THE NARRATIVE.

ON arriving at the house of my friend, as I had discovered he was on a footing of much intimacy with the family, and I was extremely desirous of learning farther particulars respecting it, I failed not to entreat that he would satisfy my curiosity: 'I am not surprized at it,' he replied. 'A man so respectable, so amiable, as St. Mar, cannot but engage attention: I, however, have known him but a few years; yet, during that time, have been apprized of occurrences singular enough in themselves.'

'The father of this old gentleman,' proceeded Bruce, 'was a French refugee, who being in circumstances extremely narrow, came to settle in Scotland for cheapness. After residing here for some years, he died, and left two sons, of whom only the youngest, (him you have seen) was married. His situation was much more embarrassed than that of his brother; for, besides having a wife and family, he had the mortification to see his father's property divided in a very unequal manner. Some possessions he (old St. Mar) had acquired abroad, which, though very inconsiderable, were nearly all they had to depend on, being, without reserve, bequeathed to the elder. His wife, however, he lost in a short time; and then, though his expence was lightened, his embarrassments were encreased, for he knew not how to dispose of his young family, the two daughters you dined with to-day. Fortunately for him, his brother proved to have more the spirit of a friend in his favour than their father had had:

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he adopted the youngest girl, Adeline, to whom he had always been partial; and when he went abroad, to settle near his property, carried her away with him, and has educated and been a parent to her ever since. This excellent uncle is but lately dead; in consequence of which, Adeline has returned home. Her sister was provided for in a different manner: she had a godmother, an old widow lady, who, till the day of her death, resided, in Edinburgh, and whose name was Cranfoun. Having lost an only daughter of her own, and finding a life of solitude irksome, she took a fancy to Victorina, and had her to live with her. Her affection greatly encreased by time; and, perhaps, it was strengthened by the circumstance of a nephew of her husband, an officer in the army, becoming attached to her young charge. Cranfoun, as Victorina grew up, resolved never to marry any other woman; and she, on her part, being under obligations so infinite to his aunt, felt no inducement to withhold her encouragement of his addresses. At the breaking out, however, of this unhappy war, he was ordered to America; and, during his absence, Mrs. Cranfoun died. Her jointure naturally fell to him; but the possessed, distinct from that, an estate of near five hundred a year; which, to complete her benefactions, and reckoning on her marrying her nephew, she left to her god-daughter. Victorina returned to superintend her father's household, which now became the seat of ease and independence; and in twelve months afterwards her lover was remanded home. No obstacle remained that could be deemed of sufficient weight to retard their nuptials, which would have been concluded before his departure from Scotland, but for the extreme youth of the lady. They seemed equally attached to each other; and as for St. Mar, though he might possibly have married his daughter, what is termed more advantageously, with the fortune she was then mistress of, a principle of honour and gratitude forbade his harbouring any such ambitious views, or requiring so ill the man whose affection had perhaps been the chief cause of her prosperity. In a word, their immediate marriage was

resolved on, and even the day was fixed; when, about a week before the expected period, intelligence came from abroad, which though at the time it considerably distressed every party concerned, and is now producing effects much more fatal than could have been apprehended, was, I had almost said, fortunate for Cranstoun, as it gave him the most glorious opportunity of proving his heart a noble one, in the highest sense of the word.

During his stay in America, he had become acquainted with Lord Ebberstone, and had acquired his esteem. He lay under obligations to him; for his lordship had by his interest considerably promoted him, and it was much in his power to do so, as his uncle was the general officer under whom Cranstoun served. Besides, he had done him various other offices of friendship, which were all remembered with the most perfect sense of gratitude.

The intelligence I mentioned respected this young nobleman, who still remained in America. He was accused of not having, on a certain occasion, behaved himself with proper courage. Himself and Cranstoun had been sent on a private expedition, with a small body of men; whose evidence, however, as at the material moment they had been removed to some distance, was not sufficient to bring him off. He was standing trial; and, for want of testimony in his favour, it was feared the result would be unfortunate for him. The heart of the generous Cranstoun bled at this news: it was rent either way, for he was powerfully attracted on both sides; yet a very short time sufficed him for hesitation. There was, in truth, no time to be lost. He bade adieu to his intended bride; to all his hopes of immediate happiness at home; and, with an eagerness that might even be termed impatience, flew to New-York, where his presence produced every effect his friendship and gratitude had prayed for. Lord Ebberstone was acquitted with honour; and profusely bestowed his acknowledgments on the ill-fated Cranstoun. Fewer acknowledgments, and more real generosity, had done higher honour to his disposition,

The extreme fatigue Cranstoun had undergone during his precipitate voyage, his attendance on the trial, together with the unremitting agitation of his mind, threw him into a fever, which increased so rapidly, that his life was in a very few days despaired of: he, however, recovered; but he had lost his friend.

Lord Ebberstone, at the time his disorder was at the height, being ordered home, had hastened his return, fearful of his recovery, and desirous of being in Scotland before him. The truth was, he had, some years before, seen and become enamoured of Mademoiselle de St. Mar. His own fortune was in a shattered condition; and a woman who possessed five hundred a year was an object, independent of his regard. He therefore, on his landing at Portsmouth, hastened hither with all possible expedition; visited Monsieur de St. Mar, and made an offer of himself to his daughter. The generous old gentleman was immovable, though he believed his circumstances infinitely superior to what they really were: his word was engaged to Cranstoun; he was under the highest obligations to him and his; and was not, therefore, to be affected by the offers, however pompous, of a man whom he despised for his meanness, and hated for his treachery. It was not so with the ungrateful Victorina: the idea of being a viscountess was dazzling; Lord Ebberstone was young, lively, and a coxcomb; and she, unfortunately, was independent. That her independence proceeded in a manner from the person she was preparing to injure, from an old and faithful lover, was not a consideration of sufficient weight to influence her actions: she accepted the splendid proposal of her titled admirer; and is now, it is reported, shortly to be married to him. Meantime, the unfortunate Cranstoun is returning, ignorant of the reception that awaits him here, and of the occurrences which have taken place during his absence. St. Mar is made wretched by them. How the other will bear up against his ill-fortune, remains to be known. I heartily wish that he may have fortitude enough to despise, as they deserve, the treachery of his friend, and the levity of his ungrateful mistress.



'Poor Cranstoun!' exclaimed I, as Bruce made an end of his narrative, how sincerely do I pity him, and excrete those who have so ill repaid his kindnesses! I knew his father, and have repeatedly heard himself spoken of as the most noble-minded of men. What pity that he did not fix his affections on the gentle Adeline! If there be really any such thing as reading the heart in the countenance, it may be affirmed she would not have used him so.—'I believe not,' replied Bruce; 'but I have already observed, she has lived entirely from home. This day was the first I ever saw her; for, when you overtook her father and her, he was returning from the place whither he had gone to meet and fetch her to his house. I agree with you, that her countenance and manners are much more prepossessing than those of her sister.'

#### THE RETURN.

We continued a long time conversing on this subject, for I felt myself interested by the story of St. Mar, and was not at all disposed to neglect the permission he had given me to visit himself and his daughters. I saw them again the next day; and a frequent repetition of my attendance served only to strengthen the sentiments I had at first formed. My respect and esteem for the old gentleman and his youngest child augmented in proportion as the behaviour of Victorina contracted the indulgence I was inclined to allow her youth. Lord Ebberstone's character required little penetration to be discerned; nor did the indifference with which his mistress viewed his person, and the veneration she felt for his title, demand much more. With regard to her sister, had I been disposed to doubt my own judgment, the concurrence of every one who saw her would have been more than sufficient to re-assure me: she became the universal favourite; her beauty was much talked of; her good sense was infinitely praised; but her mild and judicious affability of manner was adored. The few relations that St. Mar had in Scotland, in particular, distinguished her by their regard: one old lady, who lived at a village some few miles distant from Edinburgh, more than the rest, became attached to her, and found her conver-

sation so delightful, that Adeline was pressed to spend as much time as possible at her house. The invitation was not neglected; for the home of her father being under the dominion of an elder sister, not naturally sweet-tempered, and now engrossed by the assiduities of a lover, and the preparations for her marriage, was not a circumstance that could render it agreeable to the lovely stranger.

Above a month had elapsed from the period I am now speaking of; during which I had formed, through the kind offices of Bruce, an acquaintance of much intimacy with St. Mar; when his once intended son-in-law returned from the Western Continent. I was not present at his first entrance into the house; but afterwards understood that no surprise attended it, as he had been informed, on his first arrival in Edinburgh, of the unlucky circumstances that had taken place during his absence. He bore the recital with the most perfect marks of philosophy. 'I am sorry,' said he, 'that my once amiable Victorina has done any thing with which she *might* be reproached. My intention is never to reproach her. On the contrary; my wishes for her happiness, let her bestow her hand on whom she pleases, shall be as fervent as those for my own. Yet am I doubly concerned that she should consent to form that of a man who *must* be undeserving of her. His conduct is what chiefly wounds me; there was treachery in it; in Victorina's there was none; since she was free to dispose of her heart, no legal tie assuring it mine.'

Far different was the behaviour of St. Mar; he wept on beholding his favourite Cranstoun, and asked pardon of Heaven and him for the ingratitude of his daughter. 'I have only,' he cried, 'one means of reparation to offer: an alliance otherwise attained to—a more amiable child.'—'Enough, my good old friend,' returned Cranstoun, in a resolute but dejected tone: 'Ask not my forgiveness; I respect, I venerate you; For you and yours I form the best and most earnest wishes; but the alliance you speak of cannot be. It is no rudeness in me to say so, because I know not the lady it concerns. Let it suffice, that Cranstoun is still as warmly as ever your friend; and, I will add, the friend of Victorina too.'

Thus did the strength of mind of the

injured lover bear up against an evil which it was supposed would much more visibly have affected him. Every one, whilst they commiserated his case, set no bounds to the admiration of his fortitude; or to their censure of those whose conduct had so severely put it to the proof. Bruce only, having long been intimate with him, and knowing the quickness of his sensibility and the warmth of his passions, could not be persuaded to believe but that there was more in the case than appeared. 'Some change,' he asserted, 'must have taken place in Cranstoun's bosom, or he never could be possessed of this uncommon degree of tranquillity: some mystery must remain behind, and my long acquaintance with him authorizes me to attempt the unveiling it.'

#### THE FAIR FRIEND. NORTH AMERICA.

BRUCE was not mistaken; and an opportunity, that presented itself to satisfy his curiosity, very soon after, proved that he was not.

Cranstoun, early one morning, came in to breakfast with us. The conversation, for some time, subsisted on indifferent subjects; till, by a natural turn, that of St. Mar and his family was introduced. My friend and I joined in wishing that the amiable Adeline might make amends for the levity of her sister; and were proceeding vehemently in her praise, when Cranstoun interrupted us. 'You are talking,' cried he, 'of one who is a stranger to me. I have not seen Adeline; and, if it can be avoided, I never will: so shall my declining her father's offer be nowise insulting to her.'—'But, for the very reason that you have not seen her,' said Bruce, 'why should you decline it? Why should you never see her? Perhaps you might like her better than you ever did her sister.' Cranstoun remained silent; he even appeared embarrassed. 'Ah, my friend!' proceeded Bruce, 'the whole truth is not out. While every one has been admiring and wondering at your fortitude on a recent occasion, I have only been divining within myself from what cause it could proceed. One spring seemed to me more natural than any other; and now this indifference you express for seeing the younger daughter of St. Mar confirms my suspicions. Confess at

once.'—'Yes, at once,' replied Cranstoun, recovering from his embarrassment, and re-assuming an air of composure; 'for why should I deny it? No, Bruce; you are not mistaken. I acknowledge ingenuously you are not; and that an event lately occurring to me in America, has weakened the bonds that attached me to Victorina, and enabled me to bear up against her desertion with so much of what I find is here termed philosophy. I will even go farther, and relate the circumstance to you, that you may no longer have it in your power to blame me for avoiding any connection with the lady you both seem so much to admire.' Bruce expressed much curiosity to hear his recital. I acknowledged the confidence he was willing to repose in me; and, observing us both attentive, he began—

It is not,' said he, 'necessary for me to mention the motive of my last voyage to America. It is well known here; and you, I believe, are not ignorant of the illness which the fatigue I had undergone occasioned, and which prevented my immediate return hither: a return, which it would be superfluous to assert, I was extremely impatient for. My impatience, I am of opinion, increased the disorder; at least, it was at the height at the time Lord Ebberstone set off from New York for Portsmouth. I knew not of his departure until it had taken place, and it affected me sensibly, for we had agreed to return together in the same vessel. I had been removed, on the increase of my fever, by Lord Ebberstone's directions, for an obvious reason, from the town to a small village a few miles distant from it, where the attendance I received was extremely insufficient; or rather, it consisted entirely of the care of an honest black, an old and faithful servant; and a very ignorant practitioner, who lived and slaughtered with impunity in the place. But the better part even of this inadequate assistance I was condemned to lose. My unhappy black going to New York with the hope of procuring me superior advice, was surrounded by a skimming party, who knew him to be my servant, and were anxious to lay hold of that opportunity to revenge themselves for the loss of a favourite officer, who some time before had fallen by my hand. Their number

was not considerable; and the unfortunate victim was even joined by some soldiers of our corps, who endeavoured to bring him off, but in vain. He was shot in an hundred places; and an hour after, ill and nearly dying as I was, I had the mortification of seeing the faithful fellow brought in covered with streams of blood, that flowed from every part of his body. Dreadful as the object must at any time have been, it was not surprizing, in the condition I was, that I immediately lost the sense of recollection and every vital power. For a considerable while, as I was afterwards informed, I remained in a state of inanimation; and, on my recovery from it, could scarcely recal to mind what or where I was; when I perceived an old woman, of a friendly and benevolent appearance, administering that help I so much stood in need of; and a young and beautiful lady hanging over me, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. As soon as I was capable of attending to them, they told me that they lived in the next house; that they had understood from a soldier, whose authority was strengthened by that of my landlady, the extreme distress I was in, and had believed it incumbent upon them, as fellow-creatures, to assist me. They bade me then be composed, assured me that nothing on their parts should be wanting to forward my recovery, and that the elder of them should stay and be my nurse. Soon after this, the young lady, whose very voice soothed me into a degree of tranquillity I had not for long known before, left me to dispatch one of the soldiers for proper medical assistance, and I saw no more of her that day. But the next, and every following one for the space of a fortnight, she came occasionally into my chamber, and testified a pleasure, on observing my slow return to health, that would, had I not before been indebted to her for my life, have called forth all my gratitude. Alas! had gratitude been all I felt, I might now have been happy: but the fortnight that was to circumscribe her stay expired; and when I had lost her, I found, too certainly, that I loved. How bitter was my grief, when, on enquiring for her the first morning her usual visit was omitted, the old woman, who still continued with me, re-

plied she was gone; and added, with a tone nearly as mournful as my own heart, that she *never* would return. *Never!* Oh! fatal word, that still sounds in my ears! I thought myself again reduced to the extremity of sickness. I would have given up every prospect of beholding again my native country, only to have seen her once more. But it was in vain to hope it. The old woman would not even tell me whither she was gone. Perhaps it was to some clime so distant that I could not have supported the shock. As it was, life became indifferent to me. Nevertheless, I recovered; and, with a mind overwhelmed with sorrow, left the beloved country wherein I had seen, for the last time, all that was amiable. My health was confirmed by the voyage home; but my heart yet bears it's first impressions of grief. I cannot forget the angel form of my lovely benefactress; and the remembrance of that, and of her gentle virtues, it was, and not any degree of real fortitude, that enabled me to bear with the composure I have manifested throughout, the disappointment, if such it can be called, that awaited me at home.

Cranston here ended, and received from the lips of Bruce and myself the testimonies of commiseration that were so much his due. We joined in praising the conduct of his fair American, and even commended the constancy he was desirous to maintain by avoiding the society of Adeline. He listened to us with a countenance expressive of melancholy satisfaction; and, oppressed as he had been by the subject, retired soon after, though with a promise of meeting us in the evening at the house of St. Mar, whither he had been invited; his faithful mistress being absent on a party of pleasure into the country with her lover, and Adeline not returned from a visit she was making to the old lady whom I before mentioned as being particularly her friend.

#### THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WE found him with the good old gentleman on our arrival. The evening was uncommonly fine, and they had gone into the garden at the back of the house, to enjoy the last rays of the sun. We joined them in a thick grove, open

on one side only; which was at the further end of the walk, and where they were sitting on seats of moss. We sat down by them, and entered into conversation. America had been the subject, and it was now continued. St. Mar, as usual, in terms the most unadorned, communicated sentiments that could only proceed from the soundest good sense; and Cranstoun entitled himself to the strictest attention by the manliness and generosity of his opinions. We had been engaged in this manner for above an hour, and St. Mar was proposing to remove into the house, the fun being perfectly withdrawn, when upon the walk, which was not from that part of the grove where we were perceptible, we heard a noise, and could distinguish the stepping of a person in haste. Our conversation ceased, and we were listening with some degree of anxiety, when the large Newfoundland dog, which, in the former part of this narrative, I had occasion to speak of, rushed in among us, and seeing to many persons, made a sudden halt; then, observing Cranstoun, who as well as Bruce and myself had arisen from his seat, he flew to him, leaped with his fore feet upon his shoulders, and testified by every motion an extraordinary joy. Cranstoun, on his part, started back with the most perfect amazement: his colour in an instant changed, and he cried out involuntarily, as it seemed—'Echo! my noble dog! what are you doing here? In Scotland! in Edinburgh! How am I to understand? Whose is this dog?'—'My youngest daughter's,' said St. Mar; 'she brought him from America, and I fancy is just now returned from her visit to the good old lady.' As he spoke, Adeline, in her mourning robe, appeared at the entrance of the grove. She had saluted us in general; and was proceeding up to her father, when the figure of Cranstoun, whom the dog was still caressing, struck her eye, and she remained immovable: For him, how may I describe the emotions that appeared on his face! 'The daughter of St. Mar!' he cried. 'Almighty Heaven!' He was going on, when the linking form of Adeline demanded all our attention. The surprise had been more than she could bear, and she sunk on the bosom of her father. However, she faintly not. 'You, Cranstoun!' at last she exclaimed. 'Is it possible? Can

you be he so injured?'—'What can this mean?' cried St. Mar, scarcely able to support himself. 'What am I to believe?'—'That your daughter is an angel,' interrupted the delighted Cranstoun; 'That I am conscious of all her merits, and love her more than my life.' This answer could not but redouble the astonishment of him who received it; and, from the agitation of all the parties concerned, there was no prospect of the affair's being speedily cleared up; when Bruce, more calm, as being less nearly interested, interposed; and gave it as his opinion, that if Mademoiselle was led back into the house, and the colonel, (meaning her lover) would endeavour to tranquillize himself, there might be some chance for Monsieur de St. Mar's having the business explained to him; whereas, now, he was lost in uncertainty. This advice was pursued; and, on our becoming somewhat more settled, Cranstoun repeated the circumstances he had made us acquainted with in the morning; and it appeared, that to the gentle virtues of Adeline he was indebted for the assistance which had left so deep an impression on his heart. At the time she so materially befriended him, her generous uncle, whose foreign possessions I now for the first time understood had been American ones, was just dead; and in little more than a fortnight, as he had observed before, she had been, by her father's letters, and by the departure of the vessel under the care of whose captain she was to sail, compelled to leave the West and him.

#### THE CONCLUSION.

A DESCRIPTION of the joy he expressed, I will not attempt; it will easily be imagined. 'Learn now, my much esteemed friend,' said he, addressing himself to St. Mar, 'the true cause of my indifference whenever your Adeline was mentioned. The faithfulness of my attachment to herself could alone have influenced me. But now, having recovered my lamented innocent, having discovered her to be the child of my St. Mar, of my destined father, shall I be less happy than I was before?'—'Forbid it, every tie of gratitude, every wish of reparation!' exclaimed the old man with vehemence. 'What says my child? Can Adeline be ungrateful or indifferent to the much-injured

injured friend, whose constant regard—' So well merits,' interrupted Adeline, ' a reward superior to what any of us can bestow.—My father, what can I say? My sister's conduct I have ever blamed: shall I then make it an example? No; the injuries of the one the other shall redress. Let Victorina be happy with Lord Ebberstone; I shall not envy her lot. Title to me is nothing, and fortune is a poor object of regard. The noble mind of a Cranstoun is superior to them both; and Adeline, if she cannot equal, at least shall imitate his virtues.' The answer made to the generous girl was worthy of him who made it. When he had done speaking—' Now,' exclaimed I, ' I may leave Scotland whenever I chuse, and return to convince the mistaken baronet of his error. I was right. Living witnesses can be produced to prove that I was.' My words occasioned some surprize. I was asked the meaning of them; and explained it by relating the dispute I had had with Sir

William Rawdon, who maintained that no gratitude could be found in North Britain. ' And Lord Ebberstone too,' cried I, ' is an Englishman: I have no draw-back from that quarter.' In truth, my joy was nearly as perfect as that of any one present. I felt the general delight, and exulted in the bright prospect that lay before the amiable Adeline and her generous lover; that bright prospect no cloud ever obscured. In three weeks after, they were married. Ten days before that period, Victorina had bestowed her hand on Lord Ebberstone; and the two sisters now live in character. The *viscountess*, brought up with views of affluence, caressed and admired from her earliest years, exists in splendid poverty, the scorn of an empty top, who fancies title, fame, and distinction, honour: the *younger sister*, the child of precarious bounty, the unhoping and unflattered charge of circumscribed charity, is the idol of the most exalted of men; the pride of her father's age, and the happiest of women.

## THE DESART ISLAND.

EARL Dorset was a nobleman of distinguished abilities; he had served in the reign of Edward the Third, King of England, and in particular, had acquired uncommon reputation at the famous battle of Cressy. He married an amiable lady, by whom he had an only daughter, named Helen, whose beauty and accomplishments gained her a crowd of admirers.

Among the several distinguished characters that resorted to the house of Earl Dorset was the Duke of Suffolk, who had for some time conceived a partiality in favour of the fair Helen. He at length opened the matter to her father, who readily agreed to the match, and flew with impatience to communicate the agreeable intelligence to his beloved daughter; but, what was his surprize, when he had scarce ended his speech, to find her bathed in tears, and declaring she never could consent to such an union, as she had already entertained a sincere regard for another! Lord Dorset determined, if possible, to find out the object of her choice; and intreated of her, in the gentlest manner, to inform him

who was the person she had so unluckily placed her affections upon.

After some hesitation, she acquainted him, that it was no other than a gentleman distantly related to her family, named Dudley, whom she had been acquainted with from her infancy. Dorset was almost distracted at this intelligence. The first step he took was to order young Dudley to quit his house immediately; and he determined to marry his daughter, at all events, to the Duke.

Helen flew to her mother, who loved her tenderly, and implored her, in the most pathetic terms, to dissuade her father from his intended purpose, and to give his consent to her union with Dudley. Lady Dorset could afford her but little comfort; she endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a proceeding, but without effect; and, after Dudley had seen his beloved Helen once more, and they had vowed mutual constancy, he departed, as it was supposed, for the country; but his intentions were different, and he determined not to live, without forming some project to see his beloved mistress. For this purpose, he procured a proper disguise;

disguise; and going to a convent adjoining to Lord Suffolk's house, which he well knew Helen constantly frequented, engaged himself as one of the religious. This scheme succeeded, and he frequently had opportunities of seeing and conversing with his mistress. Lord Suffolk came often to visit Helen; and at length told her father he fancied he was not agreeable to the lady, as he always remarked she had a settled melancholy in her countenance, which she strove in vain to hide. Her father endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, and afterwards severely reprimanded his daughter for her indifference to the Duke.

The next morning she repaired, as usual, to the convent, and there found Dudley waiting. She communicated to him her father's intention of sacrificing her to the Duke in a few days, which threw him into a fit of despair; and, snatching up a sword, he would have put an end to his life, had not Helen prevented him, by promising never to consent to be united to another. This promise, in some degree, made him happy, and they soon after parted.

She repaired to her apartment in the utmost agitation of mind, which had such an effect on her, that it confined her to her room for some days. When she had somewhat recovered, she hastened as usual to the chapel, and was greatly disappointed at not seeing her lover. She waited some time without effect, and returned home in a perplexity of mind not to be described. She again applied to her mother, intreating her to tell her the fate of Dudley. What was her astonishment, when Lady Dorset informed her he had been discovered, and conveyed to prison, by the order of the king, where he was to remain till she agreed to give her hand to Lord Suffolk.

Suffice it to say, she remained for some months in a state of insensibility, continually calling on the name of her lover. When her reason was somewhat restored, she resolved to offer up her prayers to the Supreme Being for the safety of the unhappy youth. For this purpose she hastened to the chapel; but, as she was descending the steps, she perceived her beloved Dudley. She was unable to utter a word, but fell lifeless in his arms. When recovered, he acquainted her he had just escaped from prison, and intreated her to consent to marry him, and fly

to France, or that moment should be his last.

The charming Helen was so perplexed between love and duty, that she did not know on what to resolve. He resumed his intreaties, and she at length consenting, one of the brethren of the holy order joined their hands. The next night they proceeded to a village in the West of England, and embarked for France. Helen little regarded the dangers of the sea; all her grief was for her father, whom she heard from a person on board was already in search of her.

They had scarce lost sight of the port, when a terrible storm arose, and they expected every minute to be swallowed up by the waves. Helen's grief redoubled; she fell continually into fainting fits, calling in vain on the name of her parents. The storm continued some days, when they were driven upon the unknown coast of a Desert Island. Dudley entreated the captain to set them ashore, as he found the life of his beloved Helen to be in the most imminent danger. The captain complied with their request; and they wandered about a considerable way from the sea-side, when they beheld a delightful place, which seemed to yield every thing Nature could afford in her highest luxury.

They remained for some time gazing on this enchanting spot; but could perceive no form like their own, or hear any thing but the bubbling of fountains, and the warbling of the birds. Dudley at length resolved to build a little hut, and there to live with his enchanting mistress upon the spontaneous productions which the place produced.

After they had remained in this island for near five years, and were blessed with several pledges of their mutual love, it happened one winter's evening, when they had just retired to rest, a dreadful hurricane arose, which desolated the fields, and tore up the trees by the roots. They heard the billows roar, and the lamentations of some unfortunate people, who had, no doubt, suffered by a wreck. Dudley and Helen hastened immediately to the shore, where they beheld several persons lying lifeless on the sands.

The next object that presented itself was a venerable old man, stretched at the bottom of a tree, and shewing some signs of life. Helen immediately ran up to him; and, looking wildly on him, cried out—

out—' My father !' and fainted by his side. Dudley perceiving the distress of Helen, flew to her assistance; and soon discovered the stranger to be Lord Dorset; who, with his consort, had embarked in search of his daughter. They immediately conducted him to their cabin; and, after he was somewhat recovered, he embraced his children, but told them there was one thing yet which would forever destroy his happiness. His beloved wife, he feared, had shared the same fate as the rest by the storm.

Helen was almost distracted. She intreated her husband to fly to the shore, and search after the object of their wishes. Dudley complied; and, after he had wandered about for some time, he saw at some distance a lady, to all appearance breathless, in the arms of a slave. He presently recollected in her face the features of Lady Dorset. He bore her to his cabin, where she soon after recovered; and opening her eyes, and looking steadfastly on Helen and Earl Dorset, exclaimed—' Gracious Heaven! my husband band alive! and in the arms of his

' daughter!' She could scarce utter these words, but fainted in Dudley's arms. When she revived, their joy is not to be described. She perceived Dudley on his knees; and tenderly embraced him and her daughter. They all four mingled their tears of joy together. A few days after, several officers, and others of the crew, who had been preserved from the wreck, discovered the delightful abode of their noble chief. They were received with the greatest cordiality by Dudley and his engaging partner. The beauties of this charming island, which seemed to it's new inhabitants another Eden, made such an impression on the followers of Lord Dorset, that they determined to make it the place of their future abode: and it is asserted by M. D'Arnaud, a celebrated French writer, from whom the above little history is chiefly taken, that several of their descendants were found there some years afterwards, when this, valuable island was discovered by the Portuguese, which from it's being covered with wood they call Madeira.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

BY MR. HUME.

**M**ANKIND, according to Plato, that fanciful philosopher, were not, in their original, divided into male and female, as at present; but each individual person was a compound of both sexes, and was in himself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature. This union, no doubt, was very entire, and the parts very well adjusted together, since there resulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inseparable companions. And so great was the harmony and happiness flowing from it, that the Androgynes, (for so Plato calls them) or Men-Women, became insolent upon their prosperity, and rebelled against the Gods. To punish them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient, than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before so perfect.

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Hence the origin of men and women, as distinct creatures. But notwithstanding this division, so lively is our remembrance of the happiness we enjoyed in our primeval state, that we are never at rest in this situation; but each of these halves is continually searching through the whole species to find the other half, which was broken from it: and when they meet, they join again with the greatest fondness and sympathy. But it often happens, that they are mistaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way corresponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as is usual in fractures. In this case the union is soon dissolved, and each part is set loose again to hunt for it's lost half, joining itself to every one it meets by way of trial, and enjoying no rest, till it's perfect sympathy with it's partner shews, that it has at last been successful in it's endeavours.

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Were I disposed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual love betwixt the sexes in so agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory.

When Jupiter had separated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by so severe an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compassion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repose or tranquillity. Such cravings, such anxieties, such necessities, arose, as made them curse their creation, and think existence itself a punishment. In vain had they recourse to every other occupation and amusement. In vain did they seek after every pleasure of sense, and every refinement of reason. Nothing could fill that void, which they felt in their hearts, or supply the loss of their partner, who was so fatally separated from them. To remedy this disorder, and to bestow some comfort, at least, on the human race, in their forlorn situation, Jupiter sent down Love and Hymen to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the best manner possible. These two deities found such a prompt disposition in mankind to unite again in their primitive state, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful success for some time; till at last, from many unlucky accidents, dissention arose betwixt them. The chief counsellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with prospects of futurity; as settlement, family, children, servants; so that little else was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had chosen Pleasure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counsellor as the other, and would never allow Love

to look beyond the present momentary gratification, or the satisfying of the prevailing inclination. These two favourites became, in a little time, irreconcilable enemies, and made it their chief business to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No society had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a close union, but Care insinuates himself; and, bringing Hymen along with him, dissolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to some other half which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleasure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and, calling Love to his assistance, they under-hand contrive to join each half, by secret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious consequences; and such complaints arose before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to summon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both sides, he ordered an immediate reconciliation betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happiness to mankind: and that he might be sure this reconciliation should be durable, he laid his strict injunctions on them never to join any halves without consulting their favourites, Care and Pleasure, and obtaining the consent of both to the conjunction.

Where this order is strictly observed, the Androgyne is perfectly restored, and the human race enjoy the same happiness as in their primeval state. The sam is scarce perceived that joins the two beings together; but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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